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presents

GONE WITH THE WIND

LOANED TO THE NEGRO IN HOLLYWOOD COLLECTION

BY WILLIAM SMALLWOOD

SHOOTING SCRIPT
February 27, 1939

presented to William Smallwood
with sincere best wishes
Selznick International Pictures

Script **A** 742

DATE February 27, 1939

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WILLIAM SMALLWOOD

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DATE February 27, 1939

TITLE "GONE WITH THE WIND"

BY

RECEIVED BY

FADE IN: (Miniature)
LONG SHOT - FORT SUMTER - with Confederate flag being raised.

DISSOLVE TO:

RETAKE
1

EXT. FRONT VERANDAH - TARA - MEDIUM SHOT (LATE AFTERNOON, APRIL, 1861)

Scarlett O'Hara, in her billowing skirts, forms the apex of a triangle of which the sides are the Tarleton twins - handsome, long-legged, high-booted - lounging on either side of her with their mint juleps. The whole grouping is formal in composition, like a "conversation piece," with the columned Colonial house a decorative period background. After the first few words from Scarlett, the CAMERA moves in closer until it is on a LARGE CLOSE UP of SCARLETT.

Scarlett (disgusted)
War, war, war! Fiddle-dee-dee! This war talk's spoiling all the fun at every party this Spring! If either of you boys says "war" just once again, I'll walk in the house and slam the door!

The twins look uncomfortable and embarrassed.

Scarlett
Besides, you know there isn't going to be any war.

Brent (indignantly)
Not going to be any war!

Stuart
Don't be a goose, honey!

Brent
Of course there's going to be a war!

Scarlett
Great balls of fire! I'm so bored I could scream!

Scarlett rises indignantly and starts toward the door. Brent and Stuart call to her, almost together, both rising.

Brent
Scarlett, honey, please. We're sorry.

Stuart
We'll talk about something else. I promise we will.

Scarlett sits down again.

Scarlett
All right, but remember, I warned you --

Relieved, the boys group themselves around her again.

RETAKE

CONTINUED (2)

1

Stuart

We're eating barbecue with you over at Twelve Oaks tomorrow, don't forget.

Brent

And we want all your waltzes tomorrow night at the ball.

(nodding to his twin, then to himself, in succession)

First Stuart, then me, then Stuart again, and so on.

Stuart

Promise?

Scarlett

(leading them on)

Why, I'd just love to --

Delighted, the boys let out a Rebel yell and jump up to start whirling with each other in back of Scarlett.

Scarlett

(smiling demurely)

If only I didn't have every one of them taken already.

Catastrophe! The boys come back to her, crestfallen.

Brent (dismayed)

Why, honey!

Stuart

But, Scarlett, you can't do that!

Scarlett

I couldn't risk being a wallflower just to wait for you two to get expelled from college again, now could I?

Stuart

How about if we tell you a secret?

Scarlett (suddenly as alert and curious as a child)

What?

Stuart

Well -

(hesitates, then plunges ahead)

You know Melanie Hamilton from Atlanta --

Brent

Ashley Wilkes' cousin? She's visitin' the Wilkeses at Twelve Oaks --

Scarlett

That goody-goody! Who wants a secret about her?

Stuart
simul- (Well, anyway, they say --
taneous-
ly {

Brent
(We heard --

Stuart (eagerly)
Ashley Wilkes is going to marry her!

Scarlett (incredulously)
It isn't so!

The twins misunderstand the shock and think they have
been great successes as newsbearers.

Brent
Why, Scarlett, of course it's so!

Stuart
You know the Wilkeses always marry their cousins.

Brent
almost (Well, we've told you the secret.
simul- (
aneous- (
ly { Stuart
(Now do we get all the waltzes?

Scarlett (automatically, stunned, quietly)
Of course.

The boys jump up, elated, and whirl around in a dance,
a little away from Scarlett:

Brent (as they dance)
Whee-ee! I'll bet the other boys will be hoppin' mad.

Stuart (as they dance)
Let 'em be mad. We two can handle 'em.

They haven't noticed that Scarlett has risen to her
feet and has started away. Suddenly they are aware of
this and step down off the verandah, calling after her:

Brent
Scarlett!
Stuart
Where're you going?

2
ALREADY
SHOT

LONG SHOT - FRONT VIEW OF TARA - CAMERA SHOOTING TOWARD
VERANDAH

Walking swiftly, determinedly away from the verandah to-
ward CAMERA, comes Scarlett, her face a study in pain and
shock. Beyond her the twins may be seen at the top of the
verandah steps, gazing after her in consternation. To one
side of verandah in back of a box hedge are the twins'
horses. A couple of hound dogs lie close to horses' feet.
Scarlett's expression is strained, taut, as she cuts
across the lawn, PASSING CAMERA.

changes 6-25-39

4

3 CLOSER SHOT - THE TWINS (STILL GAZING AFTER SCARLETT)

(RETAKE

ONLY IF

Brent

TARLETON Now what do you suppose has gotten into her?

HAIR DOES

NOT

Stuart

MATCH) Do you suppose we said something that made her mad?

Brent

When Scarlett gets mad, everybody knows it. She don't hold herself in like other girls do.

CUT TO:

RETAKE

CLOSE UP - SCARLETT

3 A

- walking swiftly through the grounds - stricken.

Scarlett (with passionate intensity to herself
as she goes)

It isn't true! It can't be true! Ashley loves me!

Mammy's voice

Miss Scarlett! Miss Scarlett! Where you goin' widout yo' shawl, and the night air fixin' to set in?

3 B

CLOSE SHOT - MAMMY

ALREADY

SHOT

- calling out to Scarlett from a window:

Mammy

And huccome you didn' ask the gempmun to stay for supper?
You --

RETAKE

LONG SHOT - SCARLETT

4

- walking away from the house across the lawn, Mammy at window in b.g.

Mammy

You ain' got no more manners dan a fiel' han' - and after Miss Ellen and me done labored wid you.

RETAKE

CLOSE UP - SCARLETT

5

Scarlett

Melanie Hamilton! He couldn't! That mousy little --

Mammy's voice

Miss Scarlett, you come on in de house!

Scarlett (calling back impatiently)

Oh, I'm going to wait for Pa to come home from the Wilkeses.

CONTINUED:

CAMERA FOLLOWS Scarlett as she hurries through the grounds.

She passes the tree where a little pickaninny is pulling the rope and ringing the bell which is the message to the field hands that it's quitting time.

6

SERIES OF CUTS OF QUITTING TIME AT THE PLANTATION

7

COTTON FIELD

Slaves at work plowing furrows. The quitting bell is heard faintly. One of the slaves, Elijah, stops.

Elijah

Quittin' time.

Another huge black slave, known as Big Sam, turns on Elijah sharply

Big Sam

Who said?

Elijah

I sez.

Big Sam

You can't sez. I'se de foahman. I'se de one dat sez when it's time to quit.

(he calls to the other slaves)

Quittin' time.

The other slaves stop work. The bell stops ringing. Jonas Wilkerson draws up on a horse.

Wilkerson

How much plowin' you got done today, Sam?

Big Sam

More'n yesterday, Mistah Wilkerson.

Wilkerson

I want more than that tomorrow.

The distant sound of horse's hooves on soft soil. Big Sam looks off:

8

LONG SHOT - GERALD O'HARA

- on his finely bred big white horse riding at breakneck speed toward direction of the cotton field.

9

CLOSER SHOT

Gerald rides by, waves in greeting to the slaves as he passes.

Gerald
Hi, Sam!

Sam (raises his hand in half-salute)
Howdy, Marse Gerald!

SWING CAMERA TO FOLLOW Gerald as he gallops away into the distance into a pasture of blooded cattle.

9A
SHOT

EXT. PASTURE - CLOSER SHOT

As the grazing cattle look up, startled as Gerald whirls through them on his horse at a full gallop. MOVE CAMERA (Gerald and the camera in the same direction as in Sc.9) to follow Gerald as his horse jumps across a narrow stream to a glade where a half dozen fine saddle horses are pastured. They stampede as Gerald gallops in and out of the scene, ducking expertly under the low-hanging branch of a tree as he passes.

9B
SHOT

ROADSIDE FENCE - CAMERA SHOOTING ACROSS ROAD TOWARD FENCE

The fence is a 'snake fence' made of split logs. On it there is a sign:

TARA
POSTED. NO HUNTING
GERALD O'HARA, OWNER

Between the road and the fence is a ditch. Chickens and geese are on the road. They scatter at the sound of the horse approaching at a gallop. PAN THE CAMERA slightly along the fence as Gerald O'Hara, on his hunter, enters scene riding TOWARD CAMERA. He jumps the fence to the road, crosses the road at an angle, heading directly for the fence at the opposite side of the road. As the horse takes off for the second jump,

CUT TO:

SHOT
9C

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FENCE

As the horse clears it easily and lands.

10
RETAKE

CLOSE SHOT - GERALD

Gerald pulls up his reins, pats his mount.

Gerald (to his horse)
There's none in the County can touch you, nor in the State.
He sets about smoothing his hair and his cravat.
Scarlett's laughter is heard off scene. Gerald looks

RETAKE
10

CONTINUED (2)

in her direction. CAMERA SWINGS OR CUTS to:

SCARLETT sitting under a tree.
(NOTE: THIS MAY BE SCARLETT'S INTRODUCTION, AND SHOULD
BE STAGED ACCORDINGLY.)

Over her we hear Gerald's voice:

Gerald (off scene)
Well, Katie Scarlett O'Hara ---

11 CLOSE SHOT - GERALD

Embarrassed, he dismounts, slips the reins over his arm
and starts toward Scarlett, as she enters to him. He
pinches her cheek.

Gerald
So, Missy -- you've been spying on me!
(with indignation)
And like your sister Suellen, you'll be telling your mother
on me-- that I was after jumping again.

Scarlett
No, Pa. I'm no tattle-tale like Suellen. But after you broke
your knee last year at that same fence...

Gerald
I'll not be having me own daughter telling me what I shall
jump and not jump. It's me own neck, so it is.
(he slaps his horse, and the horse starts out alone)

Scarlett
All right, Pa. You jump what you please.

12 LONG SHOT

Gerald and Scarlett at left of scene; Gerald's horse
trotting up the road on its own.

RETAKE
13

BACK TO CLOSE TWO SHOT GERALD AND SCARLETT

Scarlett links her arm in his and they start to walk.

Scarlett
How are they all over at Twelve Oaks?

Gerald
The Wilkeses? Oh, they're in the stew you'd expect with the
barbecue tomorrow, and talking nothing but war, and --

CONTINUED:

RETAKE

13

CONTINUED (2)

Scarlett (interrupting)
Bother the war! Was...Was anyone else there?

Gerald
Oh...their cousin Melanie Hamilton from Atlanta, and her brother Charles.

A shadow passes over Scarlett's face, which darkens with anger and dislike.

Scarlett (contemptuously)
Melanie Hamilton!

Gerald
And a sweet little thing she is - with never a word to say for herself - like a woman should be.

Scarlett
She's a pale-faced, mealy-mouthed ninny - and I hate her!

Gerald
Ashley Wilkes doesn't think so.

Scarlett (flaring)
Ashley Wilkes couldn't like anybody like her!

She flies off on a run.

Gerald (calling after her)
Here! Where are you off to? Scarlett!

The authority of his voice stops her.

Gerald
What's this about, daughter?

Scarlett
Oh, let's go in the house, Pa.

Gerald (comes up to her)
What's your interest in Ashley and Miss Melanie?

Scarlett
Oh, it's nothing, Pa.

Gerald
Has Ashley been trifling with you? Has he asked you to marry him?

Scarlett
No.

Gerald
Nor will he! I had it from John Wilkes this afternoon in the strictest confidence that Ashley's to marry Miss Melanie. It's to be announced tomorrow night at the Ball.

Scarlett takes the news badly. Tears come to her eyes.
Involuntarily she blurts out:

13

CONTINUED (2)

Scarlett doesn't answer. They have stopped near the top of the hill that commands a view of the surrounding country-side. Gerald gestures off with his arm.

14

PROLONGED PANNING SHOT (OR INDIVIDUAL CUTS AS DISCUSSED) TARA FROM THEIR VIEWPOINT.

This Shot should take in not alone the blossoming dog-wood trees, the slaves trailing in from the fields after work, the rich, red, cotton land, but also the yard back of the house itself with its outbuildings, stable, tool shed, corral, row of great oaks by the slave cabins, the scuppernong arbor, the smoke house, the cotton gin and the press, and all the real activities of the plantation which center there. In conclusion, CAMERA PANS to a distant plowman topping a distant hill silhouetted against the sunset, the ploughed earth red as a wound along the furrows. Over it:

Gerald's voice (continues)

Why, land is the only thing in this world worth working for, worth fighting for, worth dying for - because it's the only thing that lasts.

15

BACK TO TWO SHOT - GERALD AND SCARLETT

Scarlett (disgusted)

Oh, Pa, you talk like an Irishman.

Gerald

'Tis proud I am that I'm Irish, and don't be forgettin' that you're half Irish, Miss --

16

BACK TO PANORAMIC SHOT

Gerald's voice (continues)

--And to anyone with Irish blood in them, the land they live on is like their mother...But there, you're just a child. 'Twill come to you, this love of the land - There's no getting away from it if you're Irish.

17

REVERSE SHOT ON THE BACKS OF GERALD & SCARLETT

Looking at the land, Gerald puts his arm around her. CAMERA RETREATS BACK, BACK, BACK, until we have the tiny, silhouetted figures of Gerald O'Hara and his daughter gazing over the lands of Tara, beautiful in the sunset, to the thematic musical accompaniment which we will use for Tara throughout the picture.

FADE OUT.

18-19

ALREADY
SHOT

FADE IN:

INT. TARA - STAIRCASE - MAMMY - NIGHT

Mammy is discovered on the landing looking out of window. Off screen we hear the girls quarreling.

Suellen's voice

I am going to wear your green dress --

Scarlett's voice

Oh, no you're not!

Carreen's voice

Oh, do let her wear it, Scarlett!

hs

CONTINUED:

Mammy

Yon she come!

(she turns and calls up the stairs)

Miss Scarlett -- Miss Suellen -- Miss Carreen -- yo' ma's
come home!

(voices (Suellen's voice
(Now we'll see if I'm going to wear it.

(to- (Scarlett's voice
(Shut up -- I'm sick of hearing about it.

(Carreen's voice
(All right, Mammy.

Mammy

...A-acting lak a wet-nurse fo' dem no-good, low-down w'ite-
trash Slatterys 'stead o' bein' here to eat her supper!

(she leans a little over the banister and calls out
of scene)

Cookie, stir up de fiah! Miss Ellen home.

(then she goes immediately into her muttering again
as she continues down the stairs)

Miss Ellen got no business wearin' herself out --

(she breaks off as she crosses the hall to yell to
someone off scene)

Pork! Bring dat lamp to de do' -- Miss Ellen home! --

(again starts muttering)

--wearin' herself out waitin' on folks dat did dey be wuth
shootin' dey'd have darkies to wait on dem. An ah has said--

(she breaks off)

Oh, Mist' Gerald --

Pork enters the scene, holding high a candle in a round,
low, silver saucer.

Mammy (continuing)

-- Miss Ellen home --

Gerald (from off scene)

In the name of heaven! Why should she let those white-trash--

Mammy and Gerald and Pork speak simultaneously.

(Gerald (off scene)
(--- take her away just at her supper hour and just when I'm
(wanting to tell her about the war talk that's going on in
(Atlanta!

(to- (Mammy
(Ah has said time an' agin', it doan do no good doin' nuthin'
(gether (fer w'ite trash.

(Pork
(Dey is de shiftlesses, mos' ungrateful passel of no accounts
(livin'!

CONTINUED:

18-19

CONTINUED (3)

Mammy (to dogs)

Shut up, dogs! -- barkin' in de house lak dat!

As Pork opens the door:

Mammy (to boy)

Git up, boy! Doan you hear Miss Ellen comin'? Go out an' git her medicine-chist!

A carriage is drawing up in front of the steps. Mrs. Ellen O'Hara gets out. Already standing on the porch, awaiting her and somewhat in the shadow, is Jonas Wilkerson. Several hound dogs swarm on the verandah and leap about her delightedly.

Pork (addressing Ellen as she mounts steps)

We wuz gettin' wuh'ried 'bout you, Miss Ellen. Marse Gerald he tuk on terrible at you runnin' out ter holp dem w'ite trash Slatterys 'stead of eatin' yo' supper!

Ellen

It's all right, Pork, I'm home.

Jonas Wilkerson steps out from the shadow, confronting her. He is nervous, twirling his hat in his hand, brushing his nose and sniffing -- a characteristic gesture.

Wilkerson

We finished plowing the creek bottom today, Mrs. O'Hara. What do you want me to start on tomorrow?

Ellen (pausing)

Mr. Wilkerson...

(regarding him with obvious distaste)

I've just come from Emmy Slattery's bedside. Your child has been born.

Wilkerson (pretending astonishment)

My child, Ma'am? I'm sure I don't understand --

Ellen (coldly, completely disregarding his performance)

Has been born and -- mercifully -- has died. Goodnight, Mr. Wilkerson.

20

REVERSE ANGLE

Featuring Wilkerson's silhouetted head in the f.g., a look of hatred on his face as Ellen passes by him through the open door into the house. Pork follows her, carrying the flaring candle. The door closes.

21

INT. MAIN HALL

Ellen inside the front door. Mammy has come back into the hall and is taking Ellen's hat and coat. Pork sets the candle down on the opposite end of the hall table from its mate. They start down the hall towards Ellen's study.

21

CONTINUED (2)

Mammy

You doan never git no res' on yo' piller fer hoppin' up at night time nursin' darkies an' po' w'ite trash dat could ten' to deyseff -- when you ought ter be eatin' yo' supper.

Ellen

I wasn't hungry, Mammy.

(to Gerald)

Mr. O'Hara, you must dismiss Jonas Wilkerson.

Gerald

Dismiss him, Mrs. O'Hara? The best overseer in the County?

Ellen

He must go tomorrow morning the first thing.

22

LONG SHOT - STAIRWAY

Ellen's daughters, Suellen and Carreen fly down the stairs toward their mother, screaming and gurgling. Scarlett follows them, a little more slowly.

Carreen

Mother, where have you been?

Scarlett

almost (I thought you'd never come --

simul-

tane-

ously (

Suellen

Scarlett says I can't wear her green dress to the barbecue tomorrow!

23

CLOSE SHOT - GERALD AND ELLEN

Gerald (to Ellen)

So the Yankee Wilkerson and the white trash Slattery girl --

Ellen cuts him off as the girls run into the Close Shot.

Ellen

We'll discuss it later, Mr. O'Hara.

24-27

CLOSE SHOT - ELLEN AND THE GIRLS

The three girls throw their arms around Ellen at one time, continuing to talk almost simultaneously.

Suellen

Why can't Scarlett wear my pink dress and let me wear her green?

They start walking down the hall toward the parlor, the girls still gathered around Ellen like puppies, Scarlett a little apart.

CONTINUED:

Ellen

Your pink gown is lovely, Suellen, and you may wear my garnets with it.

Suellen gurgles delightedly. Ellen turns to Scarlett, noticing her expression, pats her cheek affectionately.

Ellen

Scarlett, you look tired, my dear. I'm worried about you.

Before Scarlett has to answer, Carreen interrupts:

Carreen

Mother, can't I stay up for the ball tomorrow night?

Ellen (turns her attention to Carreen)

You may go to the barbecue and stay up through supper, Carreen...but no balls till next year...

(by now they are at the door to the parlor)

It's late now, and we'll have prayers.

(they start in to the parlor)

My prayer book, Pork.

As they exit into the parlor, Scarlett still a little behind the others,

DISSOLVE TO:

28

INT. PARLOR - NIGHT

A circle of yellow light. Ellen is on the floor on her knees, the open prayer book on the table before her and her hands clasped upon it. Gerald is kneeling beside her; Scarlett and Suellen on the opposite sides of the table, their voluminous petticoats in pads under their knees; Carreen kneeling facing a chair, her elbows on the seat. The house servants are kneeling by the doorway: Mammy; Pork, straight as a ramrod; two maids graceful in spreading bright calicoes; the cook, gaunt and yellow beneath her snowy head-rag; Prissy; and a little colored house boy, very sleepy. Their dark eyes are gleaming expectantly. Ellen's eyes are closed, her voice rises and falls, lulling and soothingly. The negroes sway as they respond.

Ellen

--- and to all the saints that I have sinned exceedingly in thought, word, and deed through my fault, through my fault, through my most grievous fault ----

29

ANOTHER ANGLE - FEATURING ELLEN

Ellen and all

---therefore I beseech Blessed Mary, ever Virgin ----

30

CLOSE SHOT - SCARLETT

Her face has come up as though to show the Diety the depths of her suffering. She does not respond with the others.

All (Except Scarlett) (OS)

--- Blessed Michael, the Archangel, Blessed John the Baptist --

Then a bright light seems to turn on suddenly within Scarlett and an ecstatic smile spreads over her face.

Scarlett (as she looks up with sudden revelation, gasps to herself)

But Ashley doesn't know I love him.

(a sudden thought)

I'll tell him. And then he can't marry her!

31

CLOSE SHOT - ELLEN

She looks over severely at Scarlett as she continues the prayer.

Ellen and All

--- the holy Apostles Peter and Paul --

32

CLOSE SHOT - SCARLETT

She realizes her mother's eyes are on her and bows her head with the others.

Scarlett (joining with others)

--- and all the Saints to pray to the Lord our God for me.

On the portrait of the pious Scarlett, we

FADE OUT.

33-34

FADE IN:

INT. SCARLETT'S BEDROOM - CLOSE SHOT - SCARLETT

- standing in her underclothes and stays, clinging to the bedpost.

Scarlett (ecstatically)

I'll remember how beautiful this day is till I die!...

(suddenly, as o.s. Mammy pulls her tighter)

Ooo!

CAMERA PULLS BACK to a LONG SHOT of the room to show Mammy lacing Scarlett in. On the bed lies a long clothes box with Scarlett's dress for the ball.

Mammy

Jus' hole on an' suck in.

CONTINUED:

At this moment, Prissy comes in the room with a tray full of food. She starts to set it down. Scarlett sees her.

Scarlett (over her shoulder)
You can take all that back to the kitchen! I won't eat a bite!

Prissy, scared, starts to turn away with the tray.

Mammy
Yas'm, you is! You is gwine ter eat eve'y moufful of dis.

Mammy wins. Prissy sets down the tray and beats a hasty retreat.

Scarlett
No, I'm not! Finish lacing me because we're late already.

Mammy (giving the last tug)
Whut mah lamb gwine wear?

Scarlett (points to a fluffy dress)
That.

Mammy (in arms)
No, you ain'! You kain show yo' buzzumbefo' three o'clock.
(Scarlett grabs up the dress)
Ah sho gwine speak ter yo' Ma 'bout you!

Scarlett
If you say one word to mother I won't eat a bite.

Mammy, who has been on her way out, suddenly stops dead on this. She admits defeat by coming back to Scarlett and carefully dropping the twelve yards of green sprigged muslin over the mountainous petticoats and hooks up the top of the tight, low-cut basque, talking the while.

Mammy
You keep yo' shawl on yo' shoulders. Ah ain' figgerin' on you gittin' freckled affter de buttermilk Ah been puttin' on you all dis winter, bleachin' dem freckles you got on de beach at Savannah.

The dress on -- and to Scarlett's satisfaction -- Mammy turns back to the tray.

Mammy
Now, Miss Scarlett, you be good an' come eat jes' a 'lil.

Scarlett (belligerent and determined)
No! I'm going to have a good time today and do my eating at the barbecue.

Mammy (squares off)
Ef yo' don't care 'bout how folks talks 'bout dis fambly Ah does! Ah has tole you an' tole you dat you kin allus tell a

Mammy (continuing)

lady by dat in front of folks she eat lak a bird! An Ah ain' aimin' ter have you go ter Mist' John Wilkes' an' eat lak a fiel' han' an' gobble lak a hawg.

Scarlett

Fiddle-dee-dee! Ashley Wilkes told me he liked to see a girl with a healthy appetite.

Mammy (shakes her head)

Whut gempmums says an' whut dey thinks is two diffunt things. An' Ah ain' noticed Mist' Ashley axin' fer ter mahy you.

This stops Scarlett, and she sits down to the tray and starts throwing food down herself hastily and distastefully.

Mammy

But don' eat too fas'! No use havin' it come right back up agin.

Scarlett, eating, now discovers that she can take nourishment after all, but her tone of complaint continues:

Scarlett

I don't think Yankee girls have to act like such fools. When we were at Saratoga last year, I noticed plenty of 'em acting like they had right good sense and in front of men, too!

Mammy (snorts)

Yankee gals! Yas'm, but Ah din' noticed many of dem gittin' proposed ter at Saratoga.

Scarlett

Yankees must get married. They don't just grow.

Mammy

Men mahys dem fer dey money.

Gerald's Voice (o.s.)

Scarlett! Scarlett O'Hara!

Scarlett is on her feet and hastily prepares to leave.

Gerald's Voice

If you're not here before I count ten, Katie Scarlett, we'll be going without you!

Scarlett snatches up her hat and parasol, runs to the window, and looks out as she calls in answer.

EXTERIOR (SHOOTING THROUGH WINDOW WITH SCARLETT IN F.G., FROM HER ANGLE)

The O'Hara carriage before the verandah steps, ready to start off. Pork, Suellen, and Carreen are in the carriage -- and Gerald stands beside the carriage, holding the bridle of his horse.

CONTINUED:

35

CONTINUED (2)

Scarlett (calls down)
I'm comin', Pa!

36

INT. SCARLETT'S BEDROOM

Scarlett turns back to Mammy, who is gathering up the clothesbox from the bed, and other things necessary for the day's visit.

Scarlett (exiting)
But, oh dear, my stays are so tight, I know I shall never get through the day without belching.

She is out the door, and as Mammy starts to follow, we

QUICKLY DISSOLVE TO:

37

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - TWELVE OAKS IN DISTANCE (COSGROVE)
- EXTREME LONG SHOT

The O'Hara carriage and Gerald on horseback. In the distance ahead of the O'Haras, we see other carriages on the road going toward Twelve Oaks. Pork is driving the O'Hara carriage. Mammy is on the seat beside him with the long clothesboxes containing the girls' dresses for the evening. Suellen, Carreen, and Scarlett sit in back. Gerald, riding alongside, pays little attention to his daughters. He is singing: "Peg in a Low Backed Car."

BACK TO:

38

CLOSE SHOT - SCARLETT & OTHERS IN CARRIAGE

Scarlett hiccoughs.

Suellen
You wouldn't do that if mother were here. Pig!

Scarlett slaps her. Suellen slaps her back. Scarlett slaps Suellen again.

Mammy (turns around and glares at them)
Miss Scarlett!

(in scandalized tone)

Miss Suellen! Behave yo'se'ves! Actin' lak po' w'ite trash chillun! If y'all is old enough to go to parties you're old enough to ack lak ladies.

The girls stop and glare at each other.

39

LONG SHOT - THE CARRIAGE (SAME AS SCENE 37)

Gerald rides gaily beside the carriage, his voice rising in a high note of the song.

John Wilkes, silver haired, erect, and radiating hospitality, stands on the verandah steps having just greeted the O'Haras. Around them the hubbub and activity of swarming guests.

John Wilkes (to Gerald)
And why isn't Mrs. O'Hara with you today?

Gerald
She's after settling accounts with the overseer. She'll be along for the Ball tonight.

CAMERA PANS SLIGHTLY to the O'Hara girls and India, John Wilkes' somewhat colorless daughter, who are standing a little apart.

Scarlett
India Wilkes, what a lovely dress!

Suellen
Perfectly lovely, darling!

Carreen
Just lovely!

Scarlett (not looking at the dress, but looking around for Ashley)
Can't take my eyes off it.

She moves on into the HALL, CAMERA FOLLOWING HER IN, still looking around anxiously for sight of Ashley.

The hall is crowded with guests, most of the young belles and bloods of the County being present. The girls in crinoline and the laughing young men in fawn and grey trousers. Colored maids are hurrying up the stairs bearing the long boxes containing their mistresses' gowns for the evening. The Wilkeses' butler and his assistants hurry through the halls, bowing and grinning and offering tall, mint topped, frosted glasses.

Young men greet Scarlett eagerly as she moves through the crowd, scarcely noticing their greetings, her mind on Ashley alone.

Feminine Voices
Scarlett, honey!
Miss Scarlett, good mornin'.
Where you goin', Scarlett?

Masculine Voices
Miss Scarlett, your servant,
ma'am.
Good mornin', ma'am.
Wait a minute, Scarlett!

Scarlett (scarcely turning her head)
Good mornin' ... Mornin' ... Mornin' ...

41 CLOSE SHOT - SCARLETT

Suddenly her face lights up as she sees Ashley!

41

CONTINUED (2)

Scarlett
Oh, Ashley Wilkes!

She starts to run toward the staircase.

42

CLOSE UP ASHLEY - (ON STAIRS)

- as he reaches the lower step - a filmy scarf in his hand. He looks up at sound of Scarlett's voice.

Ashley
Scarlett, my dear!

43

TWO SHOT

Scarlett stops a few paces away from him.

Scarlett
I've been looking for you everywhere. Come along and talk to me. I've got something I must tell you --
(almost in a whisper)
-- alone. Can't we go someplace where it's quiet?
(she is smiling and beaming)

Ashley
Yes. I'd like to. I've something to tell you, too. Something I hope you'll be glad to hear.

Scarlett's face is a mixture of fright and hope. Ashley takes her arm and starts to lead her down the hall.

Ashley
Come and say 'hello' to my cousin Melanie, first.

Scarlett
Oh, do we have to?

Ashley
She's been so looking forward to seeing you again.

Scarlett's face is a sullen mask. By now they have come upon Melanie, whose back is to them and to the CAMERA.

Ashley
Melanie, here's Scarlett.

44

CLOSE UP - MELANIE

She turns toward the CAMERA on hearing Ashley's voice and her face lights up with the greatest friendliness.

45

THREE SHOT - SCARLETT, MELANIE, ASHLEY

Melanie (advances toward them)
Scarlett! I'm so glad to see you again!

hm

CONTINUED;

Scarlett (gushing insincerely)

What a surprise to run into you here, Melanie Hamilton! I hope you're going to stay a few days with us at least.

During Scarlett's line Ashley has been tenderly adjusting the scarf over Melanie's shoulder - almost as if in caress. Scarlett watches, jealous and resentful.

Throughout the remainder of the scene Ashley grows increasingly embarrassed and annoyed at Scarlett's cattiness.

Melanie

I hope I'll be able to stay long enough for us to become real friends, Scarlett. I do so want us to be.

Ashley (quite lightly)

We'll keep her here, won't we, Scarlett?

Scarlett

Yes. We must just make the biggest fuss over her, mustn't we, Ashley?

(links her arm through Ashley's; to Melanie:)

And if there's anyone who knows how to give a girl a good time, it's Ashley. Though I expect our good times here will seem awfully silly to you because you're so serious. Everybody tells me you and Ashley just sit all the time reading books to each other. That sounds so much more thrilling than just dancing around in the moonlight.

Melanie (laughs)

Oh, Scarlett, you have so much life. I've always admired you so. I wish I could be more like you.

Scarlett

You mustn't flatter me, Melanie, and say things you don't mean.

Melanie is embarrassed, and Ashley comes to her rescue.

Ashley

Nobody can accuse Melanie of being insincere -
(to Melanie)
Can they, my darling?

Scarlett

Then she's not like you, is she, Ashley?

(with a fake laugh)

Ashley never means a word he says to any girl.

She turns straight to Charles Hamilton who has come up beside them.

Scarlett

Why, Charles Hamilton, you handsome old thing, you!

Charles

But ... oh ... Miss O'Hara ...

45

CONTINUED (3)

Scarlett turns back to Melanie as Charles attempts to say more.

Scarlett

Do you think it was kind of you to bring your good looking brother down here just to break this poor, simple, country girl's heart?

(she has extended her two hands to Charles in a manner that is neither poor nor simple)

I want to eat barbecue with you, Charles Hamilton, and don't you dare go off philandering with any other girl, because I'm mighty jealous!

Charles

O I won't, Miss O'Hara! How could I!

Scarlett starts up the stairs, looking back toward Ashley to see what impression she is making.

46

CLOSE UP - ASHLEY

Still standing with Melanie. On his face is a little amused smile.

47

CLOSE SHOT - SUELLEN AND INDIA WILKES

Who stand apart. They have observed the scene between Scarlett and Charles Hamilton and India looks like a thundercloud.

Suellen

Look at Scarlett! She's never taken any notice of Charles before. Now just because he's your beau, she's after him like a hornet.

India (looking off)

You needn't be so amused, Suellen. Look at her! She's after your beau, now.

48

SCARLETT ON STAIRS (CATHLEEN CALVERT BEHIND HER)

She is accosting Frank Kennedy, still casting glances over her shoulder hoping that Ashley is following her successful flirtations.

Scarlett

I do declare, Frank Kennedy, if you don't look dashing with that new set of whiskers!

Frank

Thank you...thank you, Miss Scarlett. I think the South needs all the dignity we can give her.

Suellen marches into scene, puts her arm through Frank Kennedy's and starts to drag him off, with Frank very embarrassed.

Frank (as he goes)
I ... I'll be back, Miss Scarlett.

Suellen glares.

Cathleen
Your little sister's mad at you, Scarlett.

Scarlett (tossing her head)
If I couldn't catch a better beau than that old maid in
britches!

The girls continue on up the stairs, Scarlett looking over
her shoulder again toward Ashley. The Tarleton twins are
in their path - a Georgia belle hanging to the arm of
each.

Scarlett
Brent and Stuart Tarleton! Are you two boys being untrue to
me?

The twins' companions giggle delightedly.

Brent (a little hurt)
O no, Scarlett. Stuart and I are planning on eating barbecue
with you.

Stuart
Both of us.

Scarlett
Well, don't you forget it - either of you.

Scarlett and Cathleen continue on up the stairs. Suddenly
Scarlett stops and stares at someone below. She catches
Cathleen's wrist.

Scarlett
Cathleen. Who's that?

Cathleen (gazing out of scene curiously)
Who?

Scarlett
That man looking at us and smiling - the nasty, dark one.

FRONT HALL - HIGH ANGLE (FROM GIRLS' POINT OF VIEW)
RHETT BUTLER

The crowd in the hall has thinned out somewhat. Ashley
and Melanie have gone. Conspicuous among those remain-
ing and lounging beside the library door, gazing up at
the two girls on the stairs, is Rhett Butler.

Cathleen's voice (in whisper)
My dear, don't you know? He has the most terrible reputation!
That's Rhett Butler, and he's from Charleston.

50

CLOSE SHOT - RHETT

With a broad, mocking smile he continues to gaze up at the girls on the stairs. He is a tall man, powerfully built. When he smiles, as he does now, he shows white teeth below a close-clipped black moustache.

51

CATHLEEN AND SCARLETT ON STAIRS - CRANE SHOT - CAMERA
LOOKING DOWN ON THEM FROM ABOVE

Scarlett is looking off once more toward Rhett in the hall below. As she turns back to Cathleen:

Scarlett (in the same guarded voice as before)
He looks as if -- as if he knows what I look like without my shimmy!

Cathleen (shocked)

Scarlett!

They go on up the stairs, CAMERA PULLING BACK BEFORE THEM

Cathleen (only a little above a whisper)
My dear, he isn't received. Why --
(by way of proof)

- he's spent most of his time up North because his folks in Charleston won't even speak to him. He was expelled from West Point, he was so fast. And then there was that business about the girl he didn't marry.

Scarlett

Tell, tell!

Cathleen (still whispering)
Well - he took her out buggy riding in the late afternoon -- without a chaperone! And then --
(the most incredible thing in the world)
Then he refused to marry her!

Cathleen's voice drops even lower, and she whispers in Scarlett's ear. By this time they have reached the top of the stairs.

(NOTE: Alternate take, if necessary, to allow for Fade Out at this point as protection against censorship)

Scarlett whispers something back.

Cathleen (aloud)

No - but she was ruined just the same.

The two girls turn away from CAMERA and enter the bedroom at the head of the stairs.

54

INT. HALL OR ROOM AT TWELVE OAKS

Opening on CLOSE SHOT OF A DOOR which is being opened by Ashley's hand.

PULL BACK to show that Ashley is opening the door for Melanie.

55

EXT. BARBECUE - THROUGH OPEN DOOR FROM THEIR ANGLE

Through the door lies a scene of gaiety and wild charm. The barbecue - a furbelow feast - is spread over the lawn. Children run under the trees. Black Mammies tag after them. Gallants and their ladies are eating, drinking, laughing - and negores, grinning and shiny-eyed, wander over the grass holding aloft great trays of food and drink.

There is a long table stretching down the center of the lawn at which many guests sit.

56

BACK TO ASHLEY AND MELANIE

Melanie's lips part as if overcome for a moment by a sense of rapture as she and Ashley look at the scene.

Melanie

Ashley!

Ashley

Happy?

Melanie

So happy.

Ashley

You seem to belong here -- as if it had all been imagined for you.

Melanie (tenderly)

I like to feel that I belong with the things you love.

Ashley

You love Twelve Oaks as I do.

Melanie

Yes, Ashley - I love it as more than a house. It's a whole world that wants only to be graceful and beautiful.

Ashley (with a sad smile)

It's so unconscious that it may not last -- forever.

Melanie (takes his arm, her voice grows softer)

You're afraid of what may happen if the war comes, aren't you? But we don't have to be afraid -- for us. No war can come into our world, Ashley. Whatever comes, I'll love you -- just as I do now -- until I die.

Ashley raises her hand and kisses it as we CUT TO:

57

EXT. BARBECUE - GROUP SHOT UNDER A TREE

Where Scarlett on a high rosewood ottoman is surrounded by a circle of young men. Scarlett is laughing.

Scarlett

Now isn't this better than sitting at an old table? A girl hasn't only two sides to her at a table!

Laughter and hearty approval as Scarlett beams around her at the circle. Brent and Stuart Tarleton and Charles Hamilton jump to their feet.

Brent

I'll get her dessert.

Stuart

She said me.

Charles

Allow me, Miss O'Hara.

Scarlett looks the three over judiciously and makes her selection.

Scarlett (as a great favor)

I think that Charles Hamilton may get it for me.

Charles

Oh, thank you, Miss O'Hara!
(he hurries away)

58

PROFILE CLOSE SHOT - RHETT BUTLER & JOHN WILKES

With Rhett in the f.g. - and shooting toward Scarlett and men around her in the b.g.

Wilkes and Rhett are standing, smoking cigars. Rhett is gazing toward Scarlett, very amused and smiling sardonically.

Rhett (to Wilkes)

Who is she?

John Wilkes (smiles, good-naturedly)

That's the hardest hearted girl in the state of Georgia. Would you like to meet her?

Rhett (shakes his head)

No, thanks. I'd rather watch her.

59

GROUP SHOT - SCARLETT AND BEAUX

Scarlett (laughing)

I don't see why everybody's so excited about going to war. It's just riding horses, same as hunting.

Stuart Tarleton

There's a lot more to it than hunting, Scarlett. You've got to know about sabres and strategy, don't you, Brent?

CONTINUED:

59

CONTINUED (2)

Brent

Yes, you do - all kinds of things.

Scarlett

I'd just love to drill a cavalry troop. And I'd only expect 'em to know one thing -- how to kill Yankees very fast.

They all laugh. Scarlett's face suddenly falls as she sees:

59 A

LONG SHOT - (FROM SCARLETT'S ANGLE) - MELANIE AND ASHLEY

Arm in arm, walking across the lawn under the trees, absorbed in each other, coming from direction of the house.

59 A

CLOSE UP - SCARLETT

Watching, jealous. Charles Hamilton's face comes into the Close Up, bending over to whisper to Scarlett. He has returned with her dessert.

Charles (whispers in Scarlett's ear)

Miss O'Hara, I love you!

Scarlett looks at the food, shakes her head, distracted.

Scarlett

I don't guess I'm as hungry as I thought.

DISSOLVE TO:

60

INT. BEDROOM AT TWELVE OAKS - LATE AFTERNOON

It is the quiet of late afternoon. The shutters are closed, and through the half open slats the sunlight streams. A door is open between this room and the adjoining room in the b.g. The beds and couches in both rooms are crowded with young ladies who are resting for the evening gaiety, three or four to a bed. Their stays are loosened, their hair let down, and they are asleep. CAMERA PANS ACROSS the array of sleeping girls in one bed, and pauses for a minute at one side of the bed where there is obviously a missing occupant. The covers have been thrown back somewhat to allow for the departure. Next to the bed sits a small negro girl who has been fanning the young ladies to keep them cool while they nap. Now she is nodding and dozing. CAMERA CONTINUES TO PAN until it reaches the door to the hall which is closed, where we pick up Scarlett, fully dressed, tiptoeing toward it. She looks back over her shoulder to be sure the little negro girl is still asleep, then noiselessly opens the door, peers out, and slips out into the hall, closing the door softly behind her.

61

INT. UPPER HALL - AT HEAD OF STAIRS - (SHOOTING UP FROM HALLWAY BELOW AT SCARLETT)

Scarlett enters scene and starts down the stairs on tip-toe. Men's voices come from the dining room below.

Gerald's voice

Gentlemen - the situation is very simple. The Yankees can't fight and we can.

Stuart's voice

There won't even be a battle - that's what I think. They'll just turn and run every time.

Scarlett sneaks down the curving stairway, keeping close to the wall.

Rafe's voice

We'll have Abe Lincoln on his knees.

Brent's voice

They can't start this war too quick to suit me.

A chorus of approval from the other men in the dining room. By this time Scarlett has descended to a point from which she can see into the dining room. She pauses, drawing closer to the banister.

62

INT. DINING ROOM - (FROM SCARLETT'S ANGLE)

Through the uprights of the banister, a portion of the dining room is visible. Here all the gentlemen of the party have gathered and are drinking.

Charles Hamilton

One Southerner can lick twenty Yankees.

Stuart Tarleton

Gentlemen always fight better than rabble. We'll finish them in one battle.

Gerald (to Ashley; his voice booming higher than any of the others)

And what does the Captain of the Troop say?

Ashley

Why, gentlemen, if Georgia fights I go with her. But, like my father, I hope the Yankees will let us leave the Union in peace.

A babble of protest from the Tarletons and the others.

Stuart

But, Ashley...!

Brent

Why, Ashley, they've insulted us!

Charles Hamilton

You can't mean that you don't want war!

64

CONTINUED (2)

Charles

Sir, I refuse to listen to any renegade talk.

Rhett

I'm sorry if the truth offends you.

Charles

Apologies aren't enough, sir!

(he walks up to him and speaks slowly)

I hear that you were turned out of West Point, Mr. Rhett Butler, and that you are not received by any decent family in Charleston -- not even your own.

Rhett (smiling)

I apologize again, sir, for all my shortcomings.

(to Ashley)

Mr. Wilkes, perhaps you won't mind if I walk about and look over your place. I appear to be spoiling everybody's brandy and cigars and dreams of victory.

(he bows and exits)

65

HALLWAY

Scarlett, on the stairs, having heard Rhett's exit speech, crouches back out of sight so that he may not see her. (Her position is such that she cannot see Rhett's direction either, when he exits from this angle.) Rhett comes out of the dining room and starts across the hall. The voices continue from inside:

Brent's voice

A Yankee coward -- that's all he is!

Rhett looks over his shoulder toward direction of the dining room, smiles a little, and walks on across the hall out of scene.

66

INT. DINING ROOM - GROUP ABOUT PUNCH BOWL

All except Ashley evidently in an ugly temper.

Charles

He refused to fight.

Ashley

Not quite that, Charles. He just refused to take advantage of you.

Charles

Take advantage of me?

Ashley (smiling)

Yes -- he's one of the best shots in the country. As he's proved a number of times. Against steadier hands and cooler heads than yours.

66

CONTINUED (2)

Charles

I'll show him!

(moves as if to start after Rhett)

Ashley (puts out a detaining hand)

Now, please -- don't go tweaking his nose any more -- your troop will want you, Charles. And after all, Mr. Butler is our guest. If you'll excuse me, I'll show him around.

67

INT. HALL

As Ashley comes out of the dining room, Scarlett runs noiselessly down the stairs and follows right in back of him until she comes to the open door of the library. She slips into the doorway, unseen by Ashley, and calls after him:

Scarlett (whispering)

Psst! Psst!

68

CLOSE SHOT - ASHLEY

He turns, startled.

69

CLOSE SHOT - SCARLETT - (FROM HIS ANGLE)

Peeking out of the partly opened door, she beckons him eagerly.

Scarlett

Ashley -- Ashley --

70

INT. LIBRARY - SHOOTING THROUGH DOOR INTO HALL, HOLDING SCARLETT IN F.G.

Ashley appears outside door.

Ashley (amused)

Scarlett! Who are you hiding from in there?

Scarlett takes him by the sleeve, pulls him into the room, closes the door.

Ashley (smiling)

Why aren't you upstairs resting like the other girls? What are you up to?

(as she shakes her head, unable to speak; still with his amused, paternal air)

What is it?

(Scarlett tries to speak -- as if she had something wonderful to tell)

A secret?

Scarlett (blurts it out)

Ashley -- I love you.

Ashley (in a predicament, distressed)

Scarlett!

Scarlett (moves closer, eyes on his)

I love you. I do.

CONTINUED:

Scarlett (passionately)

Why don't you say it, you coward! You're afraid to marry me! You'd rather live with that stupid little fool who can't open her mouth except to say --

(in sarcastic mimicry)

'Yes' and 'no' and raise a passel of mealy-mouthed brats just like her!

Ashley (rises, his tone sharp)

You mustn't say such things about Melanie.

Scarlett

Who are you to tell me I mustn't? You -- you led me on -- you made me think you wanted to marry me --

Ashley (shocked)

Now, Scarlett! Be fair. I never at any time --

Scarlett (going all out, shanty Irish)

It's true. You did. And I shall hate you till the day I die! And I can't think of any name bad enough to call you --

Ashley extends a placating, soothing hand. She slaps him full across the face with all her strength. Horrified and grief stricken, he stands a moment stunned, then sadly bows and exits.

Scarlett watches him go as though watching the end of her life. Her rage returns and she looks around her with the fury of thwarted and humiliated love. Her hand drops to a little table beside her, and she is fingering the tiny China rose bowl on which two Chinese cherubs smirk. She is suddenly aware of it and looks at it. She picks it up and hurls it viciously across the room toward the fireplace.

71

CLOSE SHOT AT FIREPLACE

The back of a sofa in the f.g., facing the fireplace. The china piece crashes, and as the sound of the crash ends we see Rhett's arms raised from the back of the sofa, as if to avoid being hit.

He lets out a long, drawn-out whistle and rises from the sofa, faces Scarlett.

Rhett

Has the war started?

72

FULL SHOT LIBRARY

Scarlett is too frightened for a moment to even utter a sound. She catches hold of the back of a chair, her knees going weak.

Rhett strolls smilingly across the room toward Scarlett.

73

TWO SHOT - RHETT AND SCARLETT

Scarlett (grasping at dignity as best she can)
Sir, you should have made your presence know!

Rhett
In the middle of that beautiful love scene? That wouldn't have been very tactful. But don't worry, your secret is safe with me.

Scarlett
Sir, you are no gentleman.

Rhett
And you, Miss, are no lady.

Scarlett
Oh!

Rhett
Don't think I hold that against you. Ladies have never held much charm for me.

Scarlett
First you take a low, common advantage of me, then you insult me!

Rhett
I meant it as a compliment...and I hope to see more of you when you're free of the spell of the thin-blooded Mr. Wilkes. He doesn't strike me as half good enough for a girl of your ...What was it? ... Your passion for living.

Scarlett
How dare you! You aren't fit to wipe his boots!
(she starts to run out of the room in a rage)

Rhett (laughs and calls after her)
And you were going to hate him for the rest of your life!

Scarlett flings out of the room, slamming the door behind her. Rhett sinks on the sofa, laughing uncontrollably.

74

FRONT HALL - TWELVE OAKS - BY THE STAIRS

Scarlett, angry, insulted, her heart pounding, is walking toward the stairs, when suddenly she hears women's voices and stops, shrinking back in the shadow of the banisters.

India's Voice
Well, she certainly made a fool of herself running after all the men at the barbecue.

Melanie's Voice
That's not fair, India. She's so attractive the men just naturally flock to her.

75

TRUCKING SHOT

With India, Suellen, Melanie, and another girl who is a little behind them, as they descend the stairs.

Suellen

O Melanie, you're just too good to be true. Didn't you even see her going after your brother Charles?

India

Yes...and she knows Charles belongs to me!

Melanie

You're wrong, India. Scarlett is just high spirited - and vivacious.

Another girl (leaning over from behind them)

Well, men may flirt with that kind of girl, but they don't marry them.

India

If you ask me, there's only one person she really gives a rap about - and that's Ashley.

Melanie

Ashley! You know that's not true. I think you're being very mean to her.

By this time the girls have come all the way down the stairs and are starting to cross the hall toward the front door.

76

CLOSE SHOT - SCARLETT

The girls have disappeared from Shot. Scarlett, shamed and horrified, raises her fists as if to pound at the stair rail.

Suddenly from outside we hear a wild, shrill cry - the Rebel yell. The cry is picked up by twenty or thirty other male voices and grows to a deafening roar. A couple of male guests appear in the hall and race past Scarlett. Others start swarming through the hall, running toward outside. She pays no attention to the commotion. Dazed, she picks up her skirts and starts to race up the stairs toward the landing, against the tide of girls and women who start pouring down the stairs.

Ad lib voices of both men and women from outside and inside:

Women (running downstairs)

What is it?...

It's war! It's come!...

Isn't it wonderful!...

A war - with battles and everything?...Send for the horses!...

Let's go see!...

Men

At last we can fight!...

Yankee thieves!...

We'll leave tonight!...

Send for the horses!...

77

INT. HALL - CHARLES HAMILTON

Charles, running in from outside, sees Scarlett on the landing above him and calls to her:

Charles

Miss O'Hara!

hs

78

CLOSE SHOT - SCARLETT - ON LANDING
(NEAR TOP OF STAIRS, BUT NOT NEAR THE WINDOW)

Charles' voice

Miss O'Hara!

Scarlett stops and turns, annoyed. Charles bounds up the steps to her.

Charles

Isn't it thrilling? Mr. Lincoln has called for soldiers - volunteers to fight against us.

Scarlett

Oh, fiddle-dee-dee! Don't you men ever think about anything important?

Charles

But it's war, Miss O'Hara! And everybody's going off to enlist. They're going right away. I'm going, too!

Scarlett (thinking of Ashley)

Everybody?

She runs to the window and looks out, searching for Ashley. Charles follows her, but she pays scant attention to him.

Charles

O Miss O'Hara, will you be sorry? To see us go, I mean?

Scarlett (sarcastically)

I'll cry into my pillow every night.

Charles, misunderstanding, takes her hand. Scarlett still searching through the window.

Charles

O Miss O'Hara, I've been wanting to ask you - but I was scared. But I thought perhaps now - now that we're going and you say that you'll be sorry - O Miss O'Hara, I told you I loved you. I think you're the most beautiful girl in the world...and the sweetest, and the dearest. I know I couldn't hope that you could love me....

79

EXTERIOR - SHOOTING FROM INSIDE THROUGH THE WINDOW
(FROM SCARLETT'S VIEWPOINT)

Amid the confusion of horses being saddled; of men and women running in all directions; Ashley, on his horse in the driveway in front of the house, lifts Melanie off the ground into his arms and kisses her.

Charles' voice

I'm so clumsy and stupid...not nearly good enough for you. But if you could...if you could think of marrying me, I'd do anything in the world for you - just anything, I promise.

Stricken, Scarlett turns back to Charles.

Scarlett
What did you say?

Charles (abashed)
Miss O'Hara, I said...I said would you marry me?

Scarlett (looks at him slowly, waits a moment,
then speaks with determination)
Yes, Mr. Hamilton. I will.

Charles (delirious with joy)
You will? You'll marry me! You'll wait for me?

Scarlett (lowering her eyes)
I - I don't think I'd want to wait.

Charles (scarcely daring to believe his ears)
You mean you'll marry me before I go?
(she nods, avoiding his eyes)
O Miss Scarlett! We'll have a double wedding with my sister
and Ashley...

Scarlett (sharply)
We will not!

Charles
No, no, of course not. Of course you want a wedding of your
own. Forgive me - I'm so clumsy --
(embarrassed, not knowing what to do, he takes her
hand)

Scarlett!
(just to call her by her name is an effort and a
thrill. He kisses her hand)
When may I speak to your father?

Scarlett
The sooner the better.

Charles (grinning all over his face with joy)
I'll do now. I can't wait. Will you excuse me...dear?
(the excitement of saying "dear" is almost too much
for him - he lifts her hand to his lips, kissing it
again and repeats:)
--dear?

He runs down the stairs and off, three steps at a time.

ANGLE SHOT THROUGH WINDOW - WITH SCARLETT IN CLOSE UP IN
THE F. G.

Scarlett, looking out the window, sees Ashley riding
away, waving back to Melanie who gazes sorrowfully after
him, her hands over her mouth.

Charles' voice (exuberant o.s.)
Mr. O'Hara! Mr. O'Hara!

Scarlett is wretched, heart-broken.

Scarlett (in a forlorn whisper)
O Ashley, Ashley --

FADE OUT.

NO SCENES 82-84

85

FADE IN:
INTERIOR PARLOR AT TARA - NIGHT

The reception after Charles and Scarlett's marriage. The room is lighted by many candles. Scarlett, in her mother's wedding dress and veil, stands in the receiving line in front of the mantelpiece between Charles on one side and her mother and father on the other, receiving congratulations from the guests. Charles is in the uniform of his troop.

The impression of a great many guests should be gained from a babble of voices, from silhouetted figures on the wall behind the receiving line - and from the people immediately ahead of and immediately behind Ashley and Melanie, who, as we pick up the scene, are the ones congratulating Scarlett and Charles.
(Some of the men we see are in uniforms of their troops - Ashley, too, in uniform)

Melanie (kissing Scarlett)
Scarlett, I thought of you at our wedding yesterday and hoped yours would be as beautiful. And it was.

Scarlett (like a sleepwalker)
Was it?

Melanie (nods emphatically)
Now we're really and truly sisters.

Melanie moves a step forward to Charles. Ashley, coming up behind her, bends to kiss Scarlett on the cheek without a word. He is embarrassed and avoids Scarlett's eyes. He takes Melanie's arm and moves off with her. Scarlett turns to look after them, tears coming to her eyes. Charles sees this, but mistakes the cause. He looks at Scarlett lovingly, presses her hand, and whispers:

Charles
Don't cry, darling. The war will be over in a few weeks and I'll be coming back to you.

Scarlett now really starts to cry and sob as she looks at him, and we

FADE OUT.

86

MONTAGE SEQUENCE:

TO BE SUPPLIED. COVERING THE VICTORIES OF THE
CONFEDERACY DURING THE FIRST YEAR OF THE WAR.

A sword in its scabbard lies beside an open, hand-written letter. CAMERA MOVES DOWN into CLOSE UP of letter. The paper is of an inexpensive type of Confederate grey, faintly ruled. CAMERA IRISES DOWN to the lines:

"---and herewith send you his sword.
May it console you in your grief that
Captain Hamilton nobly made the great
sacrifice for our glorious Cause,

CAMERA MOVES DOWN to include the next line:

"dying in camp here of pneumonia following an attack of measles."

DISSOLVE TO:

INTERIOR SCARLETT'S BEDROOM - CLOSE SHOT - SCARLETT AT MIRROR - DAY

She is trying on a widow's bonnet. She regards her own image with disgust, takes off the bonnet and reaches out of scene. CAMERA PANS A LITTLE to include what she is reaching for. It is a modish hat of brilliant hue. CAMERA PANS BACK as she tries it on and regards herself in the mirror with satisfaction. Reflected in the glass may be seen a door behind her which opens, and Mammy appears.

Mammy

Miss Scarlett!

Scarlett

I don't care - I'm too young to be a widow!

Mammy (sternly)

Miss Scarlett!

Scarlett takes off the gay bonnet and picks up the black one again.

Scarlett (coldly)

I'd just go around frightening people in this thing.

Mammy

You're not supposed to be with people. You're in mourning.

Scarlett

For what!

(throws herself down on the bed and cries)

I don't feel anything. Why do I have to pretend and pretend and pretend!

Ellen enters.

Ellen (quietly)

What is it?

88

CONTINUED (2)

Ellen comes forward to Scarlett and sits down on the bed, speaks tenderly.

Ellen
Baby, what is it?

Scarlett (crying)
My life's over - Nothing's ever going to happen to me any more.

Ellen (patting Scarlett)
Darling...

Scarlett (sitting up and looking strickenly at her mother)
Mother, you'll think I'm horrible. But I can't bear going around in black. It's bad enough, not being able to go to any parties - but looking that way, too --
(throws herself back on the bed and sobs)

Ellen (patting Scarlett's head)
I don't think you're at all horrible. It's only natural to want to look young and be young, when you are young.
(she has put her arm around her)
Baby, would you like to go visiting somewhere? Savannah, perhaps?

Scarlett (sobbing)
What would I do in Savannah?

Ellen
Well, Atlanta, then. There's lots going on there. You could stay with Melanie and her Aunt Pitty --

Scarlett stops sobbing - after a moment of silence sits up.

Scarlett
Melanie! Yes, I could, couldn't I?

88 A

CLOSE UP - MAMMY

She realizes what Scarlett is up to, turns away with a gesture of knowing disgust and busies herself with something on the bureau.

88 B

BACK TO SCENE:

Scarlett (jumps up and throws her arms around her mother, accepting the idea)
Oh, Mother, you're sweet to me. You're sweeter than anybody in the whole world.

Scarlett sees Mammy's face over Ellen's shoulder, looking at her knowingly.

88 B

CONTINUED (2)

Ellen

Would you like it, really?

(Scarlett nods slowly)

All right, then. Now stop your crying and smile.

(add in alternate take:)

You can take Prissy with you.

(rises and turns to Mammy)

Start packing Miss Scarlett, Mammy. I'll go write the necessary letters.

(she exits)

Scarlett (sitting on the bed, staring raptuously ahead of her - whispers:)

Atlanta....!

Mammy (grimly)

Savannah would be better for you. You'll jus' git in trouble in Atlanta...

Scarlett (guiltily)

What trouble are you talking about?

Mammy

You know what trouble Ah's talkin' about. I'se talkin' about Mistuh Ashley Wilkes. He'll be comin' to Atlanta when he gets his leave - and you just sittin' there waitin' fo' him --

(hisses it)

--like a spider. He belongs to Miss Melanie and...

Scarlett (who has risen and walked slowly to

Mammy. She speaks grimly and icily:)

You go pack my trunks like you've been told!

FADE OUT.

NO SCENES 89-95

96

FADE IN:

EXT. ATLANTA ARMORY (COSGROVE) NIGHT - AUTUMN, 1862

A huge banner strung across the building, reading:

MONSTER BAZAAR
FOR THE BENEFIT OF ATLANTA'S
OWN MILITARY HOSPITAL

DISSOLVE TO:

97

INT. BAZAAR - LONG SHOT

The great armory drill room is decorated for the occasion. Around the walls are little booths with pretty Atlanta girls in attendance on their customers. The floor is filled with dancers in bright evening dresses, convalescent officers of the Home Guard and of the Georgia militia in their bright uniforms. The room is lit by candles in donated candlesticks. The walls are decorated with flags, bunting, and ivy vines.

At one end of the hall is the musicians' platform, decorated with palms. On the wall behind it, draped in flags, are the portraits of Jefferson Davis and Alec Stephens.

98

LOW CAMERA ANGLE - ON DANCERS' FEET

- as they whirl in the dance.

SWING CAMERA TO:

99

CLOSE SHOT - MELANIE AND AUNT PITTYPAT

- standing in front of their booth.

Melanie

What's it matter what they say, Aunt Pittypat?

Aunt Pitty

But Scarlett's staying under my roof. So they think I'm responsible for her.

(she shudders)

And for a widow to appear in public, at a social gathering! Every time I think of it I feel faint!

Melanie (patiently)

But, Aunt Pitty, you know that Scarlett only came here to help raise money for the Cause. It was splendid of her to make the sacrifice.

THE CAMERA STARTS TO PAN, as Melanie continues to talk, to a CLOSE SHOT OF SCARLETT, who is leaning on the counter of the booth, from inside, looking very demure. CAMERA PASSES HER FACE and starts to move down to her feet.

Melanie's voice (continuing)

From the way you're talking, anyone would think she came here to dance instead of sell things!

CONTINUED:

By this time the CAMERA HAS REACHED Scarlott's feet, peeping out from under the skirt of her widow's mourning. She taps them in time to the music.

100

AUNT PITTY & MELANIE - AT BOOTH

Aunt Pitty starts to turn away, befuddled and upset.

Aunt Pitty

Well, I'd better go and explain to everybody so they don't think we're all fast.

She exits...as a bugle blows a fanfare off scene and Melanie and Scarlett look up, and Scarlett starts out of the booth.

NO SCENES
101-104

105

LONG SHOT - MUSICIANS' PLATFORM

The bugler finishes. Dr. Meade steps forward from the side of the platform. The little darky drummer boy gives a long roll on his drum. The murmur from the dancers quiets down.

Dr. Meade

Ladies and gentlemen of the Confederacy --

106

CLOSE SHOT - DR. MEADE

Dr. Meade (continuing)

It is my pleasure and privilege to announce that we have with us tonight that most daring of all blockade runners...whose fleet schooners, slipping past the Yankee guns, have brought to us here the very woolens, silks and laces we wear tonight.

(with a noble flourish)

I refer, ladies and gentlemen, to that will-o'-the-wisp of the bounding main --

107-108

FULL SHOT - THE BAZAAR (SHOOTING OVER MEADE)

Dr. Meade (continuing)

-- none other than our friend from Charleston --
(gestures grandiloquently)

There is a general stir as everyone turns and gazes in the indicated direction -- toward the side of the hall where Scarlett and Melanie's booth stands. The crowd applauds.

109

CLOSE SHOT - SCARLETT

- who now stands next to Melanie in front of booth. She has been applauding mechanically. While the applause continues, interspersed with women's cries of approval and Rebel yells from the men, she looks off scene and suddenly stops clapping, as she sees:

110

CLOSE SHOT - RHETT BUTLER (FROM SCARLETT'S ANGLE)

Dr. Meade's voice (continuing as the applause subsides)

-- Captain Rhett Butler!

Rhett smiles arrogantly, almost contemptuously.

111

LONG SHOT - CROWD APPLAUDING

They cheer madly as Rhett steps forward, clicks his heels and bows. He takes a step nearer Scarlett's booth.

112-114

CLOSE SHOT - SCARLETT - (MELANIE IN B.G., AT FURTHER END OF BOOTH)

Scarlett looking up in amazement and fright. Rhett steps in close to her.

Scarlett, alarmed, tries to escape through the entrance into the booth. Her dress catches on the boards. Rhett leans over to release her skirt.

Rhett

Permit me.

(releases her skirt)

Scarlett, still looking for an avenue of retreat, tries almost childishly to get away. Melanie comes over to Rhett, holding out her hand.

Melanie

Captain Butler, it's such a pleasure to see you again. I met you last at my husband's home --

Rhett (takes her hand gravely)

It's kind of you to remember, Mrs. Wilkes.

Melanie (with a half gesture of introduction)

Did you meet Captain Butler at Twelve Oaks, Scarlett?

Scarlett (sharply, not knowing what to say)

I - I think so.

Rhett

Only for a moment, Mrs. Hamilton. It was in the library. You... er...had broken something.

Scarlett (glaring at him, but trying to control her voice)

Yes, I remember you, Captain Butler.

Rhett

May I offer you my sympathy on your bereavement? I heard of your marriage. As brief as it was - sudden.

Scarlett (sensing his mockery, and livid)

Thank you.

Rhett (begins fingering the various wares on the counter)

And now, what are you ladies selling for the Cause?

(begins toying with props)

All these things? Oh, an egg cosy! Just what I need. You wouldn't believe the trouble I have keeping my eggs warm...Oh, and these moustache cups!

(he picks up cup with large moustache protector, tries it on his rather small moustache, puts it down, disappointed)

Haven't you a smaller size?

Before Scarlett or Melanie can reply, a one-armed officer in uniform comes into scene carrying a split-oak basket over his unwounded arm. It is full of trinkets of jewelry.

Basket Carrier (holding out the basket)

Ladies, the Confederacy asks for your jewelry...on behalf of our noble Cause.

Scarlett

We're not wearing any jewelry. We're in mourning.

Basket Carrier

Oh, I beg your pardon.

(he bows and starts to turn away)

Melanie (sincerely regretful)

I'm so sorry.

Rhett (noticing Melanie's distress)

Wait!

(takes from his pocket a large gold cigar case and as the man turns back with the basket, drops it in)

On behalf of Mrs. Wilkes and Mrs. Hamilton.

Basket Carrier

Thank you, Captain Butler.

(starts to turn away again)

Melanie

Please - just a moment.

(she removes the wedding ring from her finger and drops it gently into the basket)

Here.

Basket Carrier

But it's your wedding ring, Ma'am.

Melanie

It may help my husband more - off my finger.

(she turns aside to hide her tears)

Rhett (sincerely)

That was a very beautiful thing to do, Mrs. Wilkes.

Scarlett, not to be outdone, yanks off her own wedding ring.

Scarlett

Here -- you can have mine, too -- for the Cause.
(throws ring into basket; she watches Rhett,
waiting for approbation)

Rhett

And you, Mrs. Hamilton. I know just how much that means to
you.

Dr. Meade (hurries up to booth)

Melanie!

Melanie (turns)

Yes, Dr. Meade...

Meade

I need your approval for something we want to do that's
rather shocking.

(to Rhett & Scarlett, taking Melanie by the arm)

Will you excuse us, please?

(leads Melanie out.)

Rhett bows. When they are out of earshot, he turns on
Scarlett:

Rhett

Well, I'll say one thing -- The War certainly makes the
most peculiar widows, Miss O'Hara.

Scarlett

I wish you'd go away! If you'd had any raising, you'd
have known I never wanted to see you again.

Rhett

Now, why be silly -- you've no reason for hating me. I'll
carry your guilty secret to my grave.

Scarlett (sarcastically, but slightly relieved
and a shade more friendly, she
speaks like a silly child:)

I guess it would be very unpatriotic of me to hate one of
the great heroes of the war, Captain Butler. I do declare
I was surprised that you should turn out to be such a noble
character.

Rhett (laughs)

I can't bear to take advantage of your little girl ideas,
Miss O'Hara. But I'm neither heroic nor noble --

Scarlett (surprised)

But you are a blockade runner --

Rhett

For profit -- and profit only --

Scarlett

Are you trying to tell me you don't believe in the Cause,
Captain Butler?

112-114

CONTINUED (4)

Rhett

I believe in Rhett Butler - He's the only Cause I know. The rest doesn't mean much to me -- the bands playing and the cheering -- and people dying for a valentine called the South --

Scarlett

How dare you speak that way about the Cause!

Rhett

Now, Scarlett, please stop acting like a little patriot. The Cause means no more to you than it does to me.

Scarlett

How dare you! I'm here tonight for the Cause.

Rhett

You're here tonight because it's a party and you'd give anything in the world if you could escape from this booth.

Scarlett

You will kindly leave me, Captain Butler -- at once!

Rhett (bows)

What a shame -- just as I was going to ask you to dance.

Scarlett (amazed and interested against her will)

Dance?

(with almost a sneer)

Fiddle-dee-dee! You wouldn't dare dance with me in my widow's weeds!

There is the sound of the bugle off scene. They turn and look.

115

MED. SHOT - PLATFORM

The bugler steps back, and Dr. Meade comes to the center of the platform.

Dr. Meade

And now, ladies and gentlemen, a startling surprise for the benefit of the hospital. I have the assurance of the ladies of the committee that I will not be run out of town for what I'm about to suggest.

(he laughs. The crowd laughs with him. Then, as if announcing the most startling thing in the world, Dr. Meade springs it:)

Gentlemen, if you wish to lead the opening reel with the lady of your choice -- you must bargain for her!

116-117

SERIES OF CLOSE UP REACTIONS

Three dowagers in chaperones' corner -- aghast, shocked;

116-117 CONTINUED (2)

Young girls -- giggling, delighted;

Group of young men -- extremely pleased.

Over the hubbub from the hall, young officers giving the Rebel yell: "Ee-ya-ee!"

Dr. Meade's voice (over hubbub)
The roll of the drum will open the bidding.

118 CLOSE UP - SCARLETT

- as the drums roll. She is eager, intrigued, and trying to hide it.

119 FULL SHOT - ARMORY - (DR. MEADE IN F.G., SHOOTING FROM MUSICIANS' PLATFORM)

Dr. Meade
Come, gentlemen, come -- start the bidding! Do I hear an offer? Don't be bashful, gentlemen.

CONTINUED:

Rene Picard
Twenty dollars for Miss Maybelle Merriwether!

Another Officer
Twenty-five dollars for Miss Fanny Elsing!

119 A MED. SHOT - AUNT PITY, WITH MELANIE AND ANOTHER DOWAGER

Aunt Pitty (very shocked and fluttering)
Oh, but it's -- it's exactly like a slave auction!
(looks around helplessly)
Oh dear, where are my smelling salts?

119 B MED. SHOT - DR. MEADE

Dr. Meade
Only twenty-five dollars for giving your favorite lady the
outstanding honor of leading the reel? Gentlemen, where's
your Southern gallantry?

120 CLOSE SHOT - AT SCARLETT'S BOOTH

Noise of chatter and laughing over shot. Rhett has
ostensibly been paying no attention to the auction; with
his back to the platform, he has been toying with some
lace doilies. Now he turns, apparently displaying
interest in the bidding for the first time.

FOLLOW RHETT IN A TRUCKING SHOT as he strides through
the crowd toward the platform, calling:

Rhett
One hundred and fifty dollars in gold!

Gasps of surprise from the crowd, then a cheer.

Dr. Meade
For what lady, sir?

Rhett
For Mrs. Charles Hamilton.

The general laughter and murmur of voices ceases
abruptly. There is a gasp of surprise. All those
about Rhett turn and stare at him.

120 A CLOSE UP - SCARLETT

- reacting in amazement.

120 B CLOSE SHOT - DR. MEADE

Dr. Meade (shocked)
For whom, sir?

121

CLOSE SHOT - RHETT IN CROWD

Those about him are gazing at him in amazement and disapproval. Only a slight curl of his lips betrays his inner amusement. He casually strolls a little nearer the platform.

Rhett

Mrs. Charles Hamilton.

121 A

AUNT PITTY

- in group with Melanie and other dowager.

Pitty faints.

122

LONG SHOT

- including Dr. Meade on platform and Rhett advancing slowly toward him.

Dr. Meade

Mrs. Hamilton is in mourning, Captain Butler. Any of our Atlanta belles would be proud...

Rhett (his glance sweeps the crowd coldly)

I said Mrs. Charles Hamilton.

Dr. Meade (annoyed)

She will not consider it, sir.

123

CLOSE SHOT - SCARLETT

Scarlett (tossing her head back)

Oh, yes, I will!

She throws open the trap of the booth defiantly, and CAMERA FOLLOWS HER AS - her black dress in striking contrast as she walks through the blaze of color, her head high, not looking at any of the shocked faces as the women draw their skirts away from her - she makes her way toward Rhett.

124

REACTIONS OF SHOCK FROM GUESTS.

125

TWO SHOT - RHETT AND SCARLETT

- as they meet on the floor.

Rhett advances a step or two to meet her, smiles and bows low. Scarlett curtsies and throws her head back defiantly.

126

CLOSE SHOT - LEVI, THE COLORED ORCHESTRA LEADER

- trying to save the situation, he calls:

Levi

hm

Choose yo' partners fo' de Ferginny reel!

127

TWO SHOT - RHETT AND SCARLETT

couples forming behind them for the dance.

Rhett

Well, we've sort of shocked the Confederacy, Scarlett.

Scarlett

It's a little bit like blockade running, isn't it?

Rhett

It's worse -

(grabs her)

But I expect a very fancy profit out of it --

Scarlett (as they start to dance)

I don't care what you expect and I don't care what they think I'm going to dance and dance. I wouldn't mind dancing tonight with Abe Lincoln himself!

DISSOLVE TO:

NO SCENES 128-149

ALREADY
SHOT

LONG SHOT - WALTZERS ON FLOOR.

CUT TO:

150

CLOSE TWO SHOT - RHETT & SCARLETT (WAIST FIGURES)
- WALTZING.

Rhett

You're the most beautiful dancer I've ever held in my arms.

Scarlett (coquettishly, with something of
her old manner from her barbecue
scene)

You shouldn't hold me so close, Captain Butler. I'll be
mad if you do!

(Rhett holds her even closer and whirls her
around.)

CUT TO:

ALREADY
SHOT

MEDIUM SHOT - DANCERS WALTZING

150A

CLOSE TWO SHOT - RHETT & SCARLETT (STILL CLOSER ANGLE
THAN SCENE 150)

Waltzing.

Scarlett

Another dance and my reputation will be lost forever.

CONTINUED:

150A

CONTINUED (2)

Rhett

If you've enough courage, you can do without a reputation.

Scarlett

Oh, you do talk scandalous!

CUT TO:

ALREADY
SHOT

LONG SHOT DANCERS ON FLOOR
LOW CAMERA SETUP.

CUT TO:

150B

CLOSE TWO SHOT - RHETT & SCARLETT
AND
INDIVIDUAL CLOSE UPS.

Scarlett

You do waltz divinely, Captain Butler.

Rhett

Now don't start flirting with me. I'm not one of your
plantation beaux. I want more than flirting from you.

Scarlett (coquettishly)

What do you want?

Rhett

I'll tell you, Scarlett O'Hara, if you'll take that
Southern belle simper off your face.

(She drops her expression and looks at him,
embarrassed.)

Some day I want you to say to me the words I heard you say
to Ashley Wilkes...

(She looks up at him, gasping with fury at the
shamelessness of the reminder)

"I love you."

Scarlett, aghast at his brazen attack and at the
revelation of his interest, narrows her eyes when
she realizes that at last she has the upper hand over
this man whose insults she has been unable to cope
with in their two meetings.

Scarlett (triumphantly)

That's something you'll never hear from me as long as you
live, Rhett Butler!

CUT TO:

ALREADY
SHOT

LONG SHOT - DANCERS

Over which is heard the roll of drums. The dancers
stop and look toward the platform.

150C

CLOSE SHOT - ROLLING DRUMS

CUT TO:

151
ALREADY
SHOT

FULL SHOT - ROOM

Dr. Meade, holding a telegram, comes forward on the musicians' platform.

Dr. Meade (importantly)
Ladies and gentlemen, I have important news - glorious news!
Another triumph for our magnificent men in arms! General Lee
has completely whipped the Northern army and has swept the
Yankee rabble northward from Virginia...

Everyone waves, shouts; officers give the Rebel yell,
and we

DISSOLVE TO:

152-155

MONTAGES

Which will detail, with shots and names, the succession
of Southern victories; alternating with the growing
economic plight of the South - all punctuated by the re-
putation of the optimistic phrase:

"One more victory and the war is over."

This Montage will include such shots as:

Iron fences being torn up to make cannon;

Shortage and fantastically high prices of
commodities, etc;

It may possibly also include a shot of Rhett
as a blockade runner aboard his schooner.

DISSOLVE TO:

156

INT. AUNT PITTY'S LIVING ROOM (JULY, 1863)- DAY
CLOSE UP OF PARIS HAT BOX

- lid being taken off, revealing a green bonnet.

As WE PULL BACK we hear Scarlett's voice:

Scarlett's voice

O but, Rhett, it's lovely -- lovely! You didn't really bring it all the way from Paris just for me?

Rhett is watching Scarlett as she looks delightedly at the bonnet she has taken out of the box.

Rhett

Yes, I thought it was time I got you out of that fake mourning.

157

CLOSE SHOT - SCARLETT

Mad with delight as she examines the bonnet.

Rhett's voice

And next trip I'll bring you some green silk for a frock to match it.

158

CLOSE SHOT - RHETT

He strolls over to a chair, sits, and takes out a cigar from a new case as he talks:

Rhett

It's my duty to the brave boys at the front to keep the girls at home looking pretty.

159

LONG SHOT

- as Scarlett runs toward the mirror with the bonnet, talking as she goes:

Scarlett

Oh, it's the first new thing I've had for so long!

(She stands on a hassock to more easily see herself in the mirror, gurgles with delight, then turns to Rhett)

How do I look?

160

CLOSE SHOT - RHETT

He looks up from lighting his cigar.

Rhett (dismayed)

Awful, just awful!

(gets up and goes to her)

Scarlett (looks herself over as Rhett approaches)

What's the matter?

Rhett yanks the bonnet off her head, which she has tied on the wrong way, readjusts it so it is far more becoming than before.

Rhett

This war's stopped being a joke when a girl like you doesn't even know how to wear the latest fashions. There! Now look at yourself!

162

MIRROR SHOT - SCARLETT

She turns, looks again into the mirror and gasps at her own vision.

Rhett's voice

Isn't that better?

Scarlett

Ooh!....

(suddenly remembering)

I don't know how I'll dare to wear it!

163

TWO SHOT - RHETT & SCARLETT

Scarlett lifts her skirts to get down from the hassock, exposing a little of her pantalettes.

Rhett (eyeing her pantalettes)

You will, though. And another thing...those pantalettes.

(shakes his head)

I don't know a woman in Paris that wears pantalettes any more.

Scarlett (eagerly and impulsively)

Why, what do they --

(stopping herself)

You shouldn't talk about such things!

Rhett (laughs aloud)

You little hypocrite! You don't mind my knowing about them -- just my talking about them.

Scarlett (examining the bonnet again)

O but, Rhett, I can't keep on accepting these gifts from you.

(looks at bonnet lovingly, her resolution weakening)

Although you are awfully kind --

Rhett

I'm not kind. I'm just tempting you. I never give anything without expecting something in return. I always get paid.

Scarlett

Well, if you think I'll marry you to pay for the bonnet, I won't!

Rhett (dropping his arms, laughs and strolls away)
Don't flatter yourself! I'm not a marrying man.

Scarlett (following him)
Well, don't think I'll kiss you for it, either.

She looks at him provocatively and flirtatiously.
Rhett catches her by the arm. She closes her eyes and looks as if ready to be kissed. Rhett puts his arms about her, then, when it looks as though we were about to go into a hot love scene:

Rhett
Open your eyes and look at me.

Scarlett opens her eyes. Rhett studies them, shakes his head.

Rhett
No... I don't think I will kiss you.
(he releases Scarlett, to her embarrassment and rage)
Although you need kissing - badly. That's what's wrong with you. You should be kissed -- and often -- and by someone who knows how.

Scarlett (piqued)
And I suppose you think you're the proper person!

Rhett (judiciously)
Mmm ... I might be ... if the right moment ever came...

Scarlett
You're a black-hearted, conceited varmint, and I don't know why I let you come to see me.

Rhett
I'll tell you why, Scarlett. Because I'm the only man over sixteen and under sixty who's around to show you a good time. But cheer up -- the war can't last much longer.

Scarlett (eagerly)
Really, Rhett? Why?

Rhett
Well, there's a little battle going on right now that ought to pretty well fix things -
(soberly for a moment)
-- one way or the other.

Scarlett (anxious)
Rhett ... Rhett ... tell me ... is ... is Ashley in it?

Rhett (wearily)
So you still haven't gotten the wooden-headed Mr. Wilkes out of your mind?
(picking up his hat, disgustedly)
Yes, I suppose he's in it.

Rhett starts for the door.

Scarlett (running after him)
O Rhett, tell me ... please ... where is it?

Rhett (turning at the door)
Oh, some little town in Pennsylvania - called Gettysburg.

He exits.

DISSOLVE TO:

164

MONTAGE OF THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG

Including the initial triumphs of the Confederacy and their subsequent crushing defeat on the third day. Over this MONTAGE in gigantic letters of blood red, the one word:

GETTYSBURG!

As the montage continues, we see details of the battle and the change in its tide as first, the Confederates appear to be winning, and the subsequent turn to their crushing and bitter defeat. Over it a rolling title:

THE GHOSTS OF THERMOPOLYAE AND BALACLAVA LOOKED DOWN UPON THE MATCHLESS INFANTRY OF THE SOUTH ... THE LAST CORPS OF THE CAVALIERS.

CEMETERY RIDGE LAY BEFORE THEM, STILL UNTAKEN. "TAKE IT," SAID LEE, "AND THE CONFEDERACY IS A NATION."

THIS WAS PICKETT'S CHARGE ... AND WITH IT THE GREAT CAUSE OF THE SOUTH HURLED ITSELF FOR A LAST TIME FORWARD. FOR ONE HOUR OF BLOOD AND CARNAGE THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA TREMBLED IN THE BALANCE....

The montage continues through the crucial part of the battle, and as the Southerners are forced into retreat, the title starts again:

THEN THE RANKS OF ABE LINCOLN'S MEN CAME SWEEPING BACK, AND THE DEATH CRIES OF THE SOUTHERN NATION WERE HEARD ABOVE THE TEMPEST. THE KNEES OF THE GREAT REBELLION BUCKLED UNDER THE BLOW AND ON THE FIELDS OF PENNSYLVANIA A CAUSE WAS LOST AND A GREATER NATION FORGED.

DISSOLVE TO:

164 A

EXT. CREST OF CEMETERY RIDGE - MEDIUM SHOT - DUSK

The only occupants are the dead. At the very crest, in a small gap of the stone wall, the Confederate standard is planted, but the staff is broken in the middle and the upper half has fallen back so that the banner lies crumpled in the dust, its silent folds flowing down hill.

Beside it are two dead soldiers, Federal and Confederate. The Confederate holds a broken sword.

As the CAMERA begins PANNING SLOWLY down the slope to show the welter of the dead, the wreckage of broken guns and scattered equipment,

DISSOLVE TO:

(INT. EXAMINER OFFICE pg 59)

Scene starts on CLOSE UP of TICKER TAPE bearing Morse code. Below it a man's hand is transcribing the decoded message on a memo sheet on which is printed in the corner: "TELEGRAPHIC. Special Dispatch to the Atlanta Daily Examiner."

The message reads:

"War Department concedes Confederate casualties at Gettysburg appalling. President Davis extends sympathies to families of Southern martyrs."

As the hand is writing the last word, the CAMERA MOVES BACK QUICKLY PAST the back of the telegraph operator, and SWINGS to reveal a sub-editor standing, looking out one of the front windows of the office, and to SHOOT THROUGH THE WINDOW over his back at:

The crowd outside, in carriages and on foot, waiting in the street, quietly and tense.

Sub-Editor

Look at them waiting for the casualty lists -- Waiting for the news that will break their hearts!

CAMERA MOVES QUICKLY AGAIN to a side of the room where the printer, turning away from the press with a sheaf of galley proofs in his hand, hands them to an office boy.

Printer (philosophically)

Here are the lists -- You might as well hand them out.

CAMERA PANS WITH THE BOY as he takes the galley proofs, exits through the door beside another front window. CAMERA STAYS ON THE WINDOW, and SHOOTING THROUGH it, sees the boy appear outside at the top of the steps. He waves the galley proofs in his hands, and starts running down the stairs.

The crowd surges forward in one movement, fighting its way to get the lists. The men, including the colored coachmen and servants fighting their way from the rim of the crowd.

(165A-165L) EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF EXAMINER OFFICE - CLOSE SHOTS IN THE CROWD: (The first cuts in the tightly packed crowd nearest the steps.)

165 A AN OLD MAN, casualty list in hand, staggers against a building;

165 B A GIRL buries her face in her hands and sobs as the list falls from her fingers.

165 C A WOMAN WITH A TINY BABY in the crook of her arm gurgling and cooing as the woman reads the casualty

CONTINUED:

165 C

CONTINUED (2)

list. Suddenly she lets the paper fall from her hand and buries her face in the baby's swaddlings.

165 D

AN OFFICER ON CRUTCHES, reading the list over someone else's shoulder, the CAMERA on his face as he reads. We see his reaction as he finds the name of a loved one. He turns and swings himself slowly out on his crutches.

165 E

AN OLD COUPLE, the man in uniform with general's stars on his collar, a distinguished, white bearded soldier. A BOY OF ABOUT THIRTEEN is with them. It is he who is reading the list. He stops suddenly, tears flooding his eyes. The old man puts his hand on the boy's shoulder, his arm around the old woman.

165 F

A GROUP OF NEGROES. A colored boy is reading to them. As he presumably reads the name of their master, they break out into lamentations:

"Oh, Lord, he'p dis po' soul -- Massa's gone to Glory!"

"Lord, he'p us all -- Massa's gone!"

165 G

A WOMAN IN MOURNING WITH A LOVELY SETTER DOG BY HER SIDE. He seems to scan her face with almost human intelligence as she reads. Suddenly she falls to her knees, throwing her arms about the dog, weeping.

165 H

A GROUP OF BAKERS FROM THE CONFEDERATE BAKERY with white caps and aprons. They are mostly very old men and young boys. They share a casualty list among them.

165 J

A PRIEST stands a little apart, a casualty list in his left hand. As he discovers the names of friends and parishioners he makes the sign of the cross several times. Tears are running down his face. He turns and we see that standing beside him is a protestant clergyman. They seem to speak comfortingly to each other.

165 K

SEVERAL ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CROWD being handed the list. One woman takes a list, crushes it in her hand and stands staring.

165 L

ANOTHER WOMAN faints.

166

A CARRIAGE

Where an old lady sits alone. She hands the list to her darky driver.

Old Lady (Grandma Tarleton)

Joseph ...

Driver

Yes, Mrs. Tarleton.

CONTINUED:

Old Lady

Would you see if my grandsons are mentioned on that piece of paper...My eyes are too weak in the sun. Look under the T's.

Driver (studying the paper, reading with difficulty)

Yes, ma'am -- they's mentioned.

Old Lady

Please read it to me.

Driver (his voice fading to an emotional drop as he realizes the meaning of what he is reading)

It says, "Tarleton, Brent, lieutenant. Killed. Tarleton, Stuart, lieutenant. Killed."

Old Lady

Oh... Thank you, Joseph. You may drive home.

She closes her eyes and sinks back in the carriage. The parasol in her hand slowly dips as if her colors were coming down.

166 A

SCARLETT AND MELANIE'S CARRIAGE

Scarlett and Melanie are seated; Uncle Peter comes up to them, handing them the list which is in two pieces.

Uncle Peter

Heah yo' is, Miss Melanie. Dey was fightin' fo' dem so hard it jus' got tore in half.

Melanie (passing it to Scarlett, her fingers trembling violently)

Please, Scarlett -- you look -- the W's at the end.

Scarlett (taking the sheet nervously, her emotion as strong as Melanie's)

(hunting on the torn sheets)

Wellman - Wendell - White - Whitner - Wilkins - Williams - Woolsey - Workman -

Melanie (with a gasp of excited relief)

Oh, Scarlett, you've passed him!

Scarlett

He isn't there! He isn't there!

Melanie (laughing and crying at the same time)

Ashley's safe! He isn't listed.

Scarlett

He's safe! He's safe!

Melanie looks at Scarlett, realizes the depth of her emotion, takes her hand and presses it.

CONTINUED:

166 A

CONTINUED (2)

Melanie

Scarlett, you're so sweet to worry about Ashley like this for me.

Scarlett turns away in embarrassment, suddenly sees something off scene.

Scarlett (dismayed)

Oh, look -- Mrs. Meade.

Melanie (looks - gasps as she realizes that Mrs. Meade has lost someone)

I must go to her.

166 B

THE MEADE CARRIAGE

MRS. MEADE AND DR. MEADE

- with their small son Phil, about fifteen seated opposite them. Mrs. Meade is sobbing, rocking herself distractedly.

Dr. Meade

Don't, my dear - not here. Let's go home.

Melanie comes into the scene, opens the carriage door.

Melanie

Mrs. Meade, not ... ?

Dr. Meade

Yes. Our boy ... Darcy.

Mrs. Meade (picking up a piece of knitting from her lap)

I was making these mittens for him. He won't need them now.

Phil

Mother, I'm going to enlist! I'll show them! I'll kill all the Yankees!

Melanie (climbing into the carriage and taking Mrs. Meade in her arms)

Phil Meade, you hush your mouth! Do you think it will help your mother to have you off getting shot, too? I never heard of anything so silly.

She comforts Mrs. Meade.

CUT BACK TO:

167

SCARLETT - alone in her carriage -

staring at the torn casualty list. Her eyes are wide and a little blurred with tears. Rhett rides up on horseback.

Rhett

A black day, Scarlett. But you've not had bad news, have you?

hm

CONTINUED:

Scarlett
Ashley's safe.

Rhett (sincerely)
I'm glad...for Mrs. Wilkes' sake.

Scarlett (genuinely moved)
But there are so many others...

Rhett
Many of your friends?

Scarlett
Just about every family in the County, and both the Tarleton boys --
(her voice breaks)
- both of them, Rhett.

Rhett (sincerely sympathetic, turns, and looks at the crowd and speaks more softly)
Look at them - all these poor, tragic people! It's the South sinking to its knees. It will never rise again. The Cause - the Cause of living in the past - is dying right in front of us.

Scarlett (looking at him in surprise)
I've never heard you talk like that before.

Rhett
I'm angry. Waste always makes me angry! And that's what all this is.

(looks around again)
Sheer waste.

(then, rallying himself he looks at her)
But don't you be downcast.

She looks at him, not knowing quite what he means. He returns her look and speaks with rather bitter jealousy:

Rhett
Ashley Wilkes is still alive to come home to the women who love him - both of them.

Scarlett sharply turns her head away, angry, and hurt. Rhett, with his cynical smile making its first appearance of the day, turns his horse and rides off, as we,

DISSOLVE TO:

INSERT:

Military form announcing that Major Ashley Wilkes has been granted two days' leave.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ATLANTA RAILROAD STATION (DECEMBER, 1863) DAY.
MIST. FOG.

A military train - terribly nondescript and ramshackle - made up of box-cars, flats and coaches, is just clanking its way out of the station through the fog.

Wisps of wood-smoke in the fog and the banging of a couple of flat wheels, the chugging of the engine and the tinny ringing of the bell fade under the crowd noises.

On the platform, soldiers on leave, a few wounded on stretchers and convalescents, being greeted by their sobbing, laughing women-folk. The soldiers' uniforms are ragged and dirty, and they are carrying their gear in everything from regulation knapsacks to bandanna handkerchiefs.

One man, unshaven and dirty but grinning, has his stuff in an old flour-sack, slung over his shoulder - and into the top of it he has stuck a doll. A handful of Yankee prisoners are being marched by on the platform, under heavy guard and as they pass, one of them reaches out a timid hand and touches the little doll and grins wistfully at the man - who glares, and then grins back, a little sheepishly.

A band comprised of small boys and playing foully out of tune is on hand to welcome the wounded and furlough men. Their music blares weakly through the crowd noises.

We see the embraces of mothers and sons, husbands and wives, sweethearts -- of all classes and conditions... with much calling of the familiar phrase,

Voices (ad libs)

Merry Christmas!...

Negro voices (ad libs)

Chris'mus gif! Chris'mus gif!

The above should be the most pronounced phrases we hear, but mixed in are other greetings:

Voices (ad libs)

Oh .. son .. son!
And now you're .. home ..
Oh, my darling!...
Etc...

The CAMERA MOVES THROUGH THIS until it stops upon Ashley and Melanie in each other's arms. Slow and painful tears are crawling down Melanie's cheeks, while she tries to smile with a bright anguish of happiness. Once, almost as if secretly, she catches a tear upon her lip with the tip of her tongue. She touches Ashley's face, almost timidly, with her fingertips, as if her fingers must learn the new hollows in his cheeks.

Ashley's uniform - that of a Major of cavalry - is patched and faded, with badly mended ravel hanging

CONTINUED:

168 A

CONTINUED (2)

down from the cuffs. It is no longer Confederate grey, but butternut; and he is wearing a shabby old overcoat over it. He carries a bedding roll. He is tanned and very lean, with desperately tired eyes; he wears a pistol in a shabby holster; a battered scabbard slaps against his boots; and his spurs are brightly polished over run-over heels. The uniforms of the other returning men are similarly changed, many of them even worse.

CAMERA MOVES UP TO:
CLOSE SHOT - ASHLEY AND MELANIE

As she comes out of the embrace to speak:

Melanie (rising inflection, rather unsteady)
You're .. here .. Really here! At last! I - My dear, I've waited so long.

Ashley (kissing her again, and smiling a little with his eyes; with new wrinkles at the corners of his eyes)
Melanie! My dear - my darling wife.

She touches his face again and puts her head on his chest for a moment - then comes out of it sharply with a sudden thought.

Melanie
Oh - but we're forgetting Scarlett.

CAMERA MOVES QUICKLY to reveal Scarlett, standing a little aside. Her face is almost blank - frozen, with the steel repression of her internal conflict between happiness at seeing Ashley again and agony at having to watch Melanie's hands upon his face. She is in the green bonnet Rhett has given her, and under her coat is the dress made of the green silk Rhett promised to bring her. Pinned to her coat she is wearing a sprig of holly; and with it her fingers are unwittingly betraying her desperate restraint. She isn't aware of it, but her fingers, quite rigid but very casually, are plucking one by one the berries from the sprig, and dropping them one by one.

As Ashley and Melanie move into the same scene with Scarlett and Ashley speaks, reaching for her hand, the last berry slips between her fingers; and she tries to smile.

Ashley
Scarlett, dear --

Scarlett tries to smile with her eyes, at least; a tear interferes, but she winks it away and manages a too-bright smile with her lips.

168 A

CONTINUED (3)

Ashley

Why, is - this any way to greet a returning warrior?

Scarlett (as another tear gets away and rolls
down her cheek)

I - I --

(her lips quiver, once, uncontrollably)

Then Scarlett sets her jaw with determination, smiles
again, quite gently:

Scarlett

-- Merry Christmas, Ashley.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

169

EXT. YARD AUNT PITTY'S HOUSE - DAY

Uncle Peter is in the yard, hatchet in his hand. He is in
pursuit of a large frightened rooster.

Uncle Peter (during the chase)

Come on, ol' gentleman ... We'se et all yo' wives. We'se et
all yo' little chicks. You'se got nobody to worry yer head
about fer leavin'. Come on ... Now you jus' stand still so
you can be Chris'mus gif' for dey w'ite fo'ks. Now hol' on...
hol' on...don't go gettin' so uppity even if you is the las'
chicken in Atlanta...

(he pounces on the rooster)

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

170

INT. DINING ROOM - AUNT PITTY'S - CHRISTMAS DAY

Open on CLOSE UP of CARCASS - the remains of the poor old
rooster. We hear Scarlett's voice as CAMERA STARTS TO
PULL BACK:

Scarlett's voice (petulantly)

Oh, let's not hear about the war. It's Christmas...

(softly and reminiscently)

Let's talk about Twelve Oaks and Tara and the times before
there was any old war ... Let's have the wine, Aunt Pittypat...

CONTINUED:

Now CAMERA has pulled back to reveal Aunt Pitty, Scarlett, Melanie, and Ashley about the table. In b.g., a sad little holly wreath and holly decorating the table. Aunt Pitty is carefully dividing the contents of a Madeira bottle among four glasses. Uncle Peter stands at her side.

Aunt Pitty (pouring the wine)
What made you say there wasn't enough, Uncle Peter? There's plenty.

(she takes the tray from Uncle Peter and carries it to the others)

It's the very last of my father's fine Madeira that he had from his uncle, Admiral Will Hamilton of Savannah who married Jessica Carroll of Carrolton, who was his second cousin once removed and kin to the Wilkeses, too. And I saved it to wish Ashley a Merry Christmas. Only you mustn't drink it all at once, because it is the last.

DISSOLVE TO:

NO SCENES 171-179

R-180
TO BE
SHOT

INT. AUNT PITTY'S HALLWAY

Melanie and Ashley climbing the stairs to the second floor, arm in arm. Uncle Peter is lighting the way for them, holding aloft a fine silver candelabra. Ashley is walking with studied casualness, glancing down at Melanie's finger-tips on his sleeve; she is walking with downcast eyes.

Ashley (tenderly, but at the same time giving the impression that he's saying it as a safe sort of thing to fit into his casual air - just as if they had walked upstairs together like this every evening for all these months)

But I meant it, my dear. It was a lovely Christmas gift - really. Only generals have tunics like this nowadays.

Melanie (still not looking at him)
I'm...so happy you like it, dear.

Ashley (strokes the tunic and continues a little too brightly, so that he sounds slightly affected)

But where did you get the cloth?

Melanie (hesitating)
Well, dear, I - it was sent me by a Charleston lady. I nursed her son in the hospital, Ashley - before he died - and --
(she looks at him imploringly at her own reminder of the danger to her beloved)
Oh, you will take care of it, won't you? You won't let it get -- torn? Promise me!

Ashley
You mustn't worry -
(lightly)
I'll bring it back to you without any holes in it.
(tenderly)
I promise.

(they have reached the top of the stairs. Melanie turns)

R 181
To be
Shot

LONG SHOT (from their angle) - shooting diagonally across the stairs.

Scarlett standing in the doorway to the living room, her hand on the drape, watching Ashley and Melanie off scene. The scene is lighted by a candle on a table beside Scarlett and by Uncle Peter's candle o.s.

R 182
To be
Shot

TWO SHOT - ASHLEY AND MELANIE

- looking back at Scarlett.

On Ashley's face we read his realization of Scarlett's emotions. His eyes flicker a little and he glances quickly again at his wife's hand on his new sleeve. But immediately he forces a smile and calls to Scarlett.

Ashley (abrupt and crisp)
Goodnight, my dear.

Melanie tenderly throws a kiss to Scarlett.

Melanie
Goodnight, Scarlett darling.

R 183

CLOSE UP - SCARLETT

Still gazing upward after Melanie and Ashley. She opens her lips to mumble a wretched goodnight to them, but fails, and closes her lips again with a long breath. Standing there completely motionless for a moment, she hears their footsteps going into their bedroom, a slight embarrassed cough from Ashley and then the sound of the door closing softly but decisively. At that, her fingers, holding the drape, clench into a fist for an instant, and then slowly and hopelessly relax and slip down the drape. The light effect on Scarlett's face has been changing for the past moment or two as Uncle Peter's candle vanishes, but her face remains lit by the wan light of the candle beside her.

DISSOLVE TO:

R 184 INT. HALL - AUNT PITY'S - TWILIGHT - MIST

Uncle Peter is coming down the stairs carrying Ashley's blanket roll. Scarlett enters the scene hastily as he reaches the bottom step.

Scarlett
Is it time yet, Uncle Peter? Is it time for Mr. Ashley to leave?

Uncle Peter
Pretty quick now, Miss Scarlett.

Scarlett
Miss Melanie isn't going to the depot with him? She hasn't changed her mind?

Uncle Peter
No, ma'am, she's layin' down. She's so upset Mist' Wilkes told her she cain't even come down stairs.

He exits out the front door with Ashley's blanket roll. Scarlett turns distracted and desperately unhappy, and walks a few steps away from the bottom of the stairs. Then she hears Ashley's footsteps on the stairs and turns back hastily.

R 185 MEDIUM SHOT - ASHLEY

Coming down the stairs. He is miserable at the farewell scene he has just been through with Melanie. Stops as he sees Scarlett.

R 185A CLOSE UP - ASHLEY

His face reveals his nervousness as he sees Scarlett waiting for him. He wishes he did not have to face what is going to be a difficult scene, in view of the last time they were alone together at Twelve Oaks.

R 185B CLOSE SHOT - SCARLETT (FROM ASHLEY'S ANGLE)

She runs toward the bottom of the stairs, looking eagerly up.

Scarlett
Ashley!

R 186 TWO SHOT

As Ashley reaches the lower steps, Scarlett runs up two steps to meet him, speaking as she runs:

Scarlett
Ashley, let me go to the depot with you?

Ashley (dodging)
Oh, Scarlett, I'd rather remember you as you are now --
not shivering at the depot.

Scarlett (lowering her head in disappointment)
All right.

Ashley, in kindly fashion, takes her hands. Scarlett
looks at him. Suddenly her face brightens slightly.

Scarlett
Ashley, I've got a present for you!

She starts into the living room, Ashley following.

187-189
ALREADY
SHOT

INT. LIVING ROOM

Scarlett comes into the living room, picks up a yellow
silk sash from the table and holds it up to Ashley. He
takes it.

Ashley
Scarlett, it's beautiful! Tie it on me, my dear.

He unbuckles his sword belt and Scarlett ties it around
him.

Scarlett
While Melly was making your new tunic, I made this to go with
it.

Ashley
You made it yourself? Then I'll value it all the more.

Scarlett
You know there's nothing I wouldn't do for you.

Ashley
There's something you can do for me.

Scarlett (eagerly)
What is it?

Ashley
Will you look after Melanie for me? She's so frail and gentle
and she loves you so much. You see, if I were killed and she
had --

Scarlett
Oh, you mustn't say that! It's bad luck. Say a prayer,
quickly.

Ashley
You say it for me. We shall need all our prayers now the
end is coming.

187-189
Already
Shot

CONTINUED (2)

68

Scarlett

The end?

Ashley

The end of the war. And the end of our world, Scarlett.

Scarlett

But, Ashley, you don't think the Yankees are beating us!!
(she sits down on settee)

Ashley

The Yankees have beaten us. Gettysburg was the beginning of the end, only people back here don't know it yet.

(moves away from her to the window)

O Scarlett, my men are barefooted now, and the snow in Virginia is deep. When I see them, and I see the Yankees coming and coming, always more and more --

(turns back to Scarlett)

Well, when the end does come, I shall be far away. Even if I'm alive. Too far to be able to look out for Melanie.

(sits beside Scarlett)

It'll be a comfort to me to know that she has you. You will promise, won't you?

Scarlett (dully)

Yes. Is - is that all, Ashley?

Ashley

All except - goodbye.
(stands up)

Scarlett (standing)

O Ashley - I can't let you go!

Ashley

You must be brave --

Scarlett

No!

Ashley

You must --

Scarlett

No!

Ashley

How else can I bear going? O Scarlett - you're so fine and strong and beautiful. Not just your sweet face, my dear, but you --

Sound of chimes off scene.

They look off. Ashley starts as if to go.

- takes a step after him.

Scarlett
Kiss me. Kiss me goodbye.

He bends his head to her forehead. But she turns her face so that his lips meet her lips and her arms are about his neck in a strangling grip. For an instant he presses her body close to him, all his muscles hard. Then, suddenly, he reaches up, detaches her arms from his neck, and stands holding her crossed wrists in his two hands.

Ashley
No, Scarlett. No.

Scarlett
I love you! I've always loved you! I've never loved anyone else! I just married Charles to hurt you. Oh, Ashley, I love you so much I'd walk every step of the way to Virginia to be near you! Ashley, tell me you love me, and I'll live on it all the rest of my life!

He looks at her almost stupidly for a moment, then in his face she sees his love for her and his joy that she loves him and, battling with both, his shame and his despair. Then he turns to take up his hat.

Ashley
Goodbye.

He goes out.

Scarlett stands looking after him a moment, watching him leave. (Avoid mechanics of Ashley picking up his hat and coat if angle permits)

We hear the sound of the front door closing after Ashley. A sob, and Scarlett runs to the window to look after him.

EXT. SHOOTING FROM INT. THROUGH THE WINDOW - OVER
SCARLETT'S SHOULDER

Scarlett watches Ashley as he goes quickly down the walk and is lost in the mist. The last Scarlett and the audience see of Ashley, being the glitter of his sword.

Scarlett (in a whisper)
When the war's over, Ashley! When the war's over!

FADE OUT.

TO BE SUPPLIED:

MONTAGE OF THE FALL OF THE SOUTH

The predictions of Rhett and of Ashley come true:
Gettysburg was the beginning of the end.

We see the South's defeats; the increasing pinch of economic conditions; the extremes of sacrifice to which the Southern people went; the Home Guard going off to war, graybeards marching beside thirteen and fourteen year old boys, their spirit still high, their confidence undiminished, or at least their decreasing optimism never apparent.

DISSOLVE TO:

195 A

HOSPITAL NIGHT SCENE -(TO BE INSERTED IN MIDDLE OF MONTAGE WHICH FOLLOWS ASHLEY'S RETURN TO WAR)

INTERIOR HOSPITAL IN CHURCH - NIGHT

THE CAMERA, TRUCKING, enters the front door of the church, and, as a worshiper would in times of peace, comes slowly down the center aisle: toward a light which burns at the far end of the aisle, illuminating the altar and two women's figures who are bending, motionless, over an indistinct vagueness in the shadows under the altar. Their attitudes are queerly religious - macabre and pitiful in that place.

Slowly we reveal that the center aisle of the church is lined and crowded with beds, now : beds of all descriptions commandeered from the homes of Atlanta - from the sagging, ugly iron bedsteads with cracked and peeling paint taken from the shacks of negroes and poor white trash to one enormous and baronial canopied bed from a mansion. This magnificent bed has in it a bearded and ugly common soldier, smoking a corncob pipe whose intermittent glow lights his suffering face at lonely, painful intervals in the darkness. Next him, a busted, sagging cot holds a thin form, and a fine, aristocratic face is on the pillow, with closed eyes - and the hat and sword of an officer have been dumped on the foot of the cot.

The whole scene of the beds is dimly lit from unseen sources, and enormous, looming shadows move vaguely on the walls. From somewhere, a man's voice, high-pitched and terribly tense, is saying - almost chanting - words which, as the CAMERA enters and trucks slowly, are indistinct. And from the beds, continuously, come the awful night sounds of that place, running underneath that one voice in a litany of pain.

As CAMERA comes steadily down the aisle, nearer and nearer to the pulpit, the light there is revealed as the wavering flame of an old kerosene lamp, the figures become Melanie and Scarlett; and they are bending over a bed, from which that high-pitched, chanting voice is coming. Scarlett is busy with bandages.
(NOTE: Melanie has a towel pinned around her head, like a coif.)

The voice (gradually becoming more and more distinct)

-- and there's a place back home where a wild plum tree comes to flower in the springtime. .Down by the creek, you know. And at sundown you can see the little rings the fish make when they come up to feed...and maybe if you're real quiet, you'll see a white-tail buck come out of the woods to drink. And then, when you smell the woodsmoke comin' across the fields, you pick up your creel and go home to supper. You. . go home. . .

Melanie (soothingly, like trying to quiet a fretful child in the night)

Yes, I know - I know...

195 A

CONTINUED (2)

THE CAMERA is now there and has stopped, very close, making a TWO SHOT of Melanie and Scarlett against the altar. Their shadows are enormous against the altar. They look at each other as the voice goes on. Melanie bites her lip, and then looks down again at the unseen man in the bed. Scarlett is watching Melanie's face curiously.

The Voice (beginning to wander a little in delirium)

When we were little, my brother Jeff and I used to ... I told you about my brother Jeff, didn't I, ma'am?...I know I did. He ... We don't know where Jeff is, now, Ma'am. Since Bull Run, we haven't heard anything and ...
(his voice breaks)

Melanie

Please ... we must have your temperature now. Please do just take this in your mouth and not talk any more. Not just now.

She stoops, with the thermometer in her hand, and finally straightens up, looking again at Scarlett.

Scarlett (finishing ravelling the bandages)

Melanie - I'm so tired. I've got to go home. Aren't you tired, Melanie?

Melanie (smiling a little with anguish)

No. .I'm not tired. This could be ... Ashley. And only strangers here to comfort him. I'm not tired, Scarlett.

Tears come to Scarlett's eyes. Melanie turns and looks out, over all the beds, from which the night sounds are coming.

Melanie

They could all - be Ashley, Scarlett...And. . .

The two women look at each other for a moment. Then Melanie stoops again, followed by her shadow on the altar and takes the thermometer from the mouth now silent except for the breathing.

As she straightens up, holding the thermometer in both hands to read it, bowing her head a little to read it, CAMERA PANS UPWARD, and her shadow on the pulpit's face is like that of a saint, bowing its head over folded hands.

FADE OUT SLOWLY.

195B (TO BE INCLUDED IN MONTAGE AFTER ASHLEY'S RETURN TO WAR)

EXT. HOSPITAL STEPS - NIGHT

LOW CAMERA SETUP, shooting up hospital steps at an angle. Two carriages at the curb in f.g. The horses facing away from CAMERA.

Melanie and Scarlett are coming down the hospital steps. Uncle Peter stands waiting beside Miss Pitty's carriage. The other carriage standing at the curb is a handsome open vehicle. Suddenly, a loudly dressed woman steps out of it, her back to us. She runs up the steps to the two girls, the CAMERA MOVING in with her. As she gets near them Scarlett stops, horrified. Melanie stops a second or two later.

At the time the dialogue starts, we are in a CLOSE SHOT OF THE THREE, shooting over woman's shoulder at the two girls.

Woman (Belle)

I've been sitting by this curb one solid hour waiting to speak to you, Miz Wilkes.

Uncle Peter enters on the run.

Uncle Peter

Go on, you trash, don't you be pesterin' these ladies!

Scarlett(sharply)

Don't talk to her, Melly.

Melanie (frightened, but seeing it thru)

It's all right, Scarlett.

(to Belle)

Who are you?

Belle

My name's Belle Watling, but that doesn't matter.

(to Scarlett)

I expect you think I've got no business here.

Melanie

Hadn't you best tell me what you want to see me about?

Belle

First time I come here, I said "BELLE, you're a nurse." But the ladies didn't want my kind of nursing. Well, they may have been right. Then I tried giving them money. My money wasn't good enough for them either, old peahens! But I know a gentleman who says you're a human being. If you are, which they ain't, you'll take my money for the hospital.

Mrs. Meade emerges from the hospital, stops outraged.

Mrs. Meade

What are you doing here? Haven't you been told twice already..

Belle

This time I'm conversing with Miz Wilkes, not you.

(Mrs. Meade and Scarlett both gasp, but

Belle turns back to Melanie)

You might as well take my money. Never mind how I...
picked it up. It's good money.

(hands the money wrapped in a handkerchief
to Melanie)

Melanie

I'm sure you're very generous.

Uncle Peter and Scarlett are shocked. They look at
one another in dismay.

Belle

No, I'm not. I'm a Confederate like anyone else, that's all.

Melanie

Of course, you are.

Involuntarily her hand goes out to touch Belle's arm.
Belle is deeply moved, looks down at her arm then up
at Melanie.

Belle

There's some folks wouldn't feel that way. Maybe they're
not as good Christians as you.

(a sharp look on this for Scarlett and Mrs. Meade)

She turns quickly and goes down the steps to the
carriage from which she dismounted at the beginning
of the scene. Mrs. Meade catches her breath, is about
to explode, but Melanie has untied the handkerchief.

Melanie

Look, Mrs. Meade! It's a great deal of money! Ten. Twenty.
Thirty. Fifty... And it isn't our paper money! It's gold!

Scarlett is suddenly aghast as over her shoulder
we see a monogram on the handkerchief: "R.B."

Scarlett

Let me see that handkerchief!

(she takes it and looks in the corner)

"R.B."

(she looks up)

195C

LARGE CLOSE-UP SCARLETT IN PROFILE IN F.G.

Belle driving off in Rhett's carriage in b.g.

Scarlett

And she's driving off in Rhett Butler's carriage! ... Oh, if
I just wasn't a lady what wouldn't I tell that varmit!

She hurls the handkerchief to the ground as though it
were a carrier of leprosy germs; and as the carriage
bearing Belle disappears into the darkness, we

INT. HOSPITAL IN CHURCH - NIGHT - (JULY 1864)
CLOSE SHOT - STAINED GLASS WINDOW OF A RELIGIOUS TABLEAU

A shell bursts outside, lighting up the sky. The reverberation shakes the window, cracks it, and a piece of glass with one of the religious figures on it falls out.

CAMERA PANS DOWN to Dr. Meade, with Scarlett and a Medical Corps sergeant behind him, in the main room of the church which has been turned into a hospital. The sergeant is in full uniform with a blood-stained apron over him and his sleeves turned back from his wrist. Beds, almost touching each other, are crowded together - almost more than the church can hold. In them lie the wounded and dying, who scream out in terror, frightened by the explosion:

Ad Libs from men

The Yankees!...

The Yankees are coming!...

Scarlett (trembling)

Dr. Meade!

Another explosion heard from outside.

Scarlett

The Yankees! They're getting closer!

Dr. Meade (wearily, but very calm)

They'll never get into Atlanta. They won't get through old Peg-Leg Hood.

CAMERA TRAVELS WITH MEADE, SCARLETT, AND THE SERGEANT, as they walk through the wounded and dying men toward the nave of the church. Unkempt and staring men are tossing, moaning and crying out. The place swarms with flies. Bandages and rags lie beside the beds. The room is lighted by smoking kerosene lamps. Only a few doctors and orderlies and women volunteer nurses are in attendance. Huge and grotesque shadows of the patients line the walls. As they pass, we pick up as some of the background action and hear enroute, the lines indicated below:

Dr. Meade stops at one bed, lifts up the man's bandaged arm and briefly instructs the nurse standing by:

Dr. Meade

Have this tourniquet loosened.

XXXX

A man's voice is heard crying, ghastly and ghostly:

Soldier (crying out)

Gimme somethin' fo' the pain! Somethin' fo' the pain!

Dr. Meade calls back to the man who is obviously in agony - his neck bandaged with bloodstained cloths as if he had been shot through the throat.

Dr. Meade
Sorry, son. We haven't anything to give you.

XXXX

A man in one bed - his head swathed in bandages. From under these wrappings a thin stream of blood flows down his cheek. He tosses his head from side to side, trying to shake off the flies and mosquitoes. A nurse at his bedside waves a wisp made of newspaper over his head.

XXXX

A soldier with bandaged and bound arms, scratching his back against a pillar, like an animal.

Soldier
These animules are driving me crazy.

XXXX

An Episcopalian Chaplain, his own arm in a sling, sits at a bedside next the pillar, giving a man a glass of water.

XXXX

A young soldier dictating a letter to a woman who sits beside him writing on a block of paper with a lead pencil, her work lit by a kerosene lamp around which moths are fluttering. With one hand she brushes them away from the soldier. As Dr. Meade, Scarlett, and Sergeant pass, we hear some of the soldier's words:

Dying Soldier
-- that I will never see you nor Pa again ---

XXXX

A grave-faced, bearded man reading quietly from a prayer-book - undisturbed by two battered veterans sitting up in the next beds playing seven up.

Card Players:
What luck, you've got my Jack!...

Give me an ace, and I'll start another war...

I'll bid the Moon!...

XXXX

Scarlett, Dr. Meade, and the Sergeant have reached the nave of the church.

Sergeant (as they approach a bed)
This man just came in, Doctor. His leg.

THE CAMERA STOPS BEHIND A FOREGROUND PIECE of a pulpit which hides the wounded man. We see only the heads and shoulders of Meade, Scarlett and the Sergeant as Meade bends over to make his examination.

Meade (to the wounded man, looking up)
That leg'll have to come off, soldier.

Scarlett, horrified, steps a little aside.

Soldier's voice (terrorized)
No... no... Lemme alone!

Meade
Sorry, soldier.

Sergeant (frightened)
We're all run out o' chloroform, Dr. Meade.

Meade
Then we'll have to operate without it.

196 A

CLOSE UP SCARLETT

Reacting in disgust and horror.

Soldier's voice (moaning)
No. No. Lemme alone. You can't do it! I won't let you do it to me!

197

MEADE AND SERGEANT

Meade
Tell Dr. Wilson to take that leg off immediately. It's gangrene.

(wearily passes his hand over his forehead)
I haven't seen my family in three days. I'm going home for half an hour.

As the sergeant steps forward to lift the soldier from the bed, Dr. Meade turns out of scene.

198

CLOSE SHOT SCARLETT

A soldier who is very young with a boyish face, calls out to Scarlett as she passes:

Soldier
Where's ma' mammy? You said you was goin' to bring ma' mammy.

Scarlett (dully)
She's on her way. She'll be here.

Soldier's voice (as Scarlett passes on)
I want her. I want her.

CUT TO:

199

TRUCKING SHOT WITH DR. MEADE

- nearer the other end of the room, on his way out. His attention is attracted by the attitude of a patient in a bed. He steps over, lifts the eyelids of the unconscious man. He is dead.

Meade
You can free this bed, nurse.

FOLLOW WITH DR. MEADE as he goes out the door into the ENTRY VESTIBULE.

There, approaching a table at one side, is a line of men - the walking wounded - men with bandaged arms and heads, on crutches, in night shirts of various degrees of uniform undress. As each man comes up to the table a young boy in butternut with a flour-sacking apron gives him a spoonful of medicine from a big bowl. The same spoon is used for all.

Dr. Meade pauses at another makeshift table in the center of the vestibule at which an old colored woman stands rolling bandages.

Dr. Meade (picking up a roll of gray looking cloth)
Do you call these bandages?

Negress
Yessah -- leastways we pulled the buttons off 'em.

Meade shakes his head, shrugs, and continues on toward door.

CUT BACK TO:

200

SCARLETT

- standing by two beds with a pan of water. In one of the beds lies an unkempt, ugly looking man. In the other a youngish soldier lies moaning.

First Soldier (the ugly one)
Make him stop moanin', will you, Miss? I'm tryin' to sleep....

Scarlett
I've got to wash your wound.

First Soldier
What for? Ye can't keep them lice off me. They come crawlin' out o' nowhere like the Yankees.
(the other soldier moans)
Make him stop moanin', I tell you. I wanna sleep.

200

CONTINUED (2)

Scarlett

Lie still.

She starts uncovering his shoulder to unbandage and wash the wound.

1st Soldier

Vomitin' -- that's all he's been doin'! Vomitin' and moanin'. I wanna sleep.

Scarlett is busy with the bandage. The second soldier speaks softly.

2d Soldier (the boyish one)

Put yo' hand on ma face fo' just a bit, lady ... on ma face here, where it hurts...
(he moans)

Scarlett turns around. She puts her hand on his face.

2d Soldier (faintly)

Thank you, ma'am. Goodnight, lady...
(he closes his eyes and is silent)

The Medical Corps sergeant seen previously with Dr. Meade and Scarlett comes up. He looks at the young man who has stopped moaning now.

Sergeant

I guess he's out of the war - fo' good.
(draws the sheet over his face)

Scarlett starts to scream out when she realizes the man is dead - puts her hand over her mouth and stops herself.

1st Soldier

That's mo' like it. Now I can git some sleep, I ain't slept since the fight at Peachtree Creek.

200 A

FOLLOW SCARLETT

As she passes to the next bed and automatically stoops to put down the water bowls and begin washing the wounded man lying in it. We see it is FRANK KENNEDY. A bandage around his jaw partially obscures the Burnside whiskers, now ragged and dirty; but we see clearly that his face is lined and his hair and beard, such as we see of it, have thin streaks of gray. The war has taken a terrible toll from him.

Looking up at Scarlett, Frank speaks with difficulty:

Kennedy

Miss Scarlett --

Scarlett (recognizing him)

Why - Frank Kennedy -- !

200A

CONTINUED (2)

Kennedy
Miss Suellen -- is she well?

Scarlett
Oh, fine, Frank, fine - and she'll be so glad to hear I've seen you.

She wets a rag in the water and brings it toward his face. He weakly pushes her hand away.

Kennedy
I can't -- can't let you wash me, Miss Scarlett --

Scarlett
Fiddle-dee-dee, Frank, why I've --

The sergeant comes into the scene.

Sergeant (to Scarlett)
Dr. Wilson needs you in the operating room, Mrs. Hamilton. He's going to take off that leg. Better hurry ...

Scarlett turns away.

201

FOLLOW SCARLETT

- to the door outside the small adjacent room which is used as the operating room.

As she comes to the door she hears piercing cries from inside.

202

INT. OPERATING ROOM (FROM SCARLETT'S ANGLE)

The operation is in progress, but we see it only in tre-

CONTINUED:

mendous shadows on the wall: the doctor with scalpel in hand and the screaming patient.

Soldier's voice (howling)
No!...No...Lemme alone! No! No...I can't stand it! No, no!

The doctor adjusts the shade on the hanging lamp and the whole scene goes green.

203

CLOSE SHOT - SCARLETT

She hesitates an instant, stands in the doorway looking. The agonized cries of the man sweep over her. She stands frozen with the horror of the picture.

Man's voice
Don't cut. Don't cut. No. No...Don't cut...Don't! Don't...
Oh, my God...My God!

Scarlett lets out a blood-curdling scream. She turns and begins to run. Another explosion reverberates. The sergeant appears again, running after her:

Sergeant
Mrs. Hamilton, hurry! Dr. Wilson is waiting!

Scarlett (grimly - and with terror and disgust
edging her voice)
Let him wait. I'm going home. I've done enough. I don't want
any more men dying and screaming. I don't want any more!
(she runs out)

204

EXT. CHURCH HOSPITAL STEPS - NIGHT

As Scarlett comes out the door. A scene of violence strikes her.

205

EXT. STREET - (SHOOTING DOWN, FROM SCARLETT'S ANGLE)

The streets are blocked with carriages all moving in one direction. The carriages are full of women and children and darkies driving. Trunks piled in the carriages and belongings bundled inside sheets.

Shells burst in the air in the distance. Another shell bursts on the ground in the street. It tears a great hole out of the street - crumples a lamp post. A horse stampedes down the street, berserk, dragging a riderless wagon behind it.

(ALTERNATE TAKE: - Blowing up horse and wagon.)

The street becomes more crowded with old men on foot carrying trunks and staggering forward. There are children dragging barking dogs and clinging to their mothers' skirts. A city is evacuating. The street is filled with shouting, terrified people.

205

CONTINUED (1A)

A fire engine goes clanging down the street, manned by men in red shirts.

A young girl, perhaps ten or twelve years old, obviously poor, drags a bawling and reluctant calf at the end of a tether rope, her face wet with tears of exasperation and fright.

Negro women pass by, in twos and threes, carrying baskets on their heads filled with pots, pans and other culinary and domestic equipment.

Moving in the opposite direction of the mob is a hearse. We see a flag draped box. No mourners follow it.

Also moving in the opposite direction of the mob, pass bedraggled, weary files of Confederate soldiers forcing their way through the group toward the entrenchments and breastwork at the edge of the city. One huge man carries the rifles of three or four others who are too weary to bear their own weapons.

(NOTE: Those of the above bits of action and business which are not used in this spot, may perhaps be used as background action for the ride of Rhett and Scarlett which follows, and for b.g. action of scene between Scarlett and Big Sam.)

CONTINUED:

Above the noise we hear women shrieking.

Voices

The Yankees!
The Yankees are coming!
The Yankees are coming!

206

BACK TO SCARLETT

She stands watching this panic for a moment. Then, CAMERA WITH HER, she runs quickly down the steps and in the direction opposite to the one taken by the sprawling, sweeping mass of humans fleeing the city.

Suddenly above the din we hear the voices of darkies singing. They are singing a hymn, "Go Down Moses".

Scarlett keeps running. She stops. Out of a converging street she sees a troop of negroes come marching. They are singing. Leading them are several white men in uniform. She stops and stares. The negroes carry shovels and pickaxes on their shoulders. In the front rank of the negroes is Big Sam and others she knows.

Scarlett (crying out)

Big Sam! Big Sam!

207

CLOSE SHOT-BIG SAM AND OTHERS IN THE LEAD.

He stops as he sees Scarlett, turns to his companions.

Big Sam

Almighty Moses! It's Miss Scarlett! You, 'Lige, 'Postle, Prophet! Dat's Miss Scarlett!

The negroes stare and start following Big Sam to the sidewalk where Scarlett stands. The column continues its march -- and the officer in charge yells after Big Sam and the others from Tara:

Captain

Hey you! Come back here! Get in line there!

Big Sam (as he hurries to Scarlett, over his shoulder:)

Yassuh. Direckly, ginril -- it's ma little Mistis.

The outraged officer runs after the blacks hurrying toward Scarlett, CAMERA PANNING WITH THEM.

Captain (calling out angrily)

Back in line, you men!

Scarlett (to officer)

Please let them talk to me, Captain. Just a minute. They're our people from Tara. It's Big Sam, our foreman and -- and my friends -- Please --

Scarlett (holding out her hand - Big Sam takes it)

Sam ... 'Lige ... 'Postle ... Prophet.

(She shakes hands with the grinning blacks)
Oh, I'm so glad to see you. Tell me -- is everything all right in Tara? About my mother. She didn't write me.

Sam

She's gone and got sick, Miss Scarlett.

Scarlett

Sick!

Sam

Yes, everybody's gone and got sick. Yo' sisters is sick. But you better not go home 'count of it's catchin' ...

Scarlett

How sick are they? ... Sam, tell me the truth!

Sam

Just a lil' bit sick, dat's all. Your Pa - he jus' wild when dey wouldn't let him fight on account o' his broken knee-- and he had fits when dey took all us feel' han's to dig ditches fo' de white sojers to hide in. But yo' ma says de Confedrutz needs us. So we's goin' to dig -- fo' the South.

Scarlett (agonized)

Sam, was there a doctor?

Officer (stepping in)

Sorry, madam, we've got to march.

Sam (grinning)

Goodbye, Miss Scarlett. Don't worry -- we'll stop dem Yankees.

They start off to catch up with the others.

Scarlett

Can't I just talk to him a minute, Captain? A minute more.

Captain

Sorry, Ma'am -- we have to hurry. We have to work on the fortifications. No Yankees'll ever walk in Atlanta, ma'am. Never.

Scarlett

Goodbye, Sam. Goodbye, boys.

(stops a minute, calls after them)
If you get sick or hurt, let me know.

(suddenly she gets an idea)
Wait a minute!

(runs after them, pulling some bills from her apron pocket)

Here, Sam! Here's a few shinplasters.
(hands them to him)

Buy some tobacco for yourself and the boys.

CONTINUED:

208
ALREADY
SHOT

CONTINUED (2)

The blacks march on - starting their hymn singing.
Shells burst in the air again.

Scarlett stands watching a moment. She is stunned by the news from home and by the panic around her.

Then she runs distractedly down the street and stops suddenly as she sees a two-wheeled farm truck loaded with bodies. Another shell explodes. The horse drawing the truck rears -- and the bodies sway grotesquely -- the arms of the dead men swinging and hanging over the back of the cart.

(NOTE: Please see business described in scene 205 for b.g., action both for the scene with Big Sam that precedes this, and also for b.g. action for the Scarlett-Rhett scene which follows.)

209
ALREADY
SHOT

RHETT IN HIS CARRIAGE - NIGHT

He is riding with the rout out of Atlanta. He passes Scarlett and sees her. He reins in his horses violently and starts turning them around. With difficulty he turns out of the dishevelled exodus parade. He starts back and overtakes Scarlett. He calls to her from the carriage:

Rhett

Scarlett!

(Scarlett sees him. Runs to him with inarticulate cries of relief, making no sense)

Climb into this buggy! This is no day for walking. You'll get run over!

(Without any ceremony and with only his left arm because his right is holding the restive horses, he drags her up onto the seat beside him)

Scarlett (barely able to stammer)

Oh, Rhett, Rhett, Rhett!

Rhett

Panic's a pretty sight, isn't it? Or are you leaving town with the rest of 'em?

Scarlett

I don't know what I'm doing! I've got to get out of here.
(Carriage starts off)

210

TWO SHOT IN CARRIAGE

Scarlett (desperate but worn out)

Oh, Rhett, take me to my Aunt's, please.

CONTINUED:

210

CONTINUED (2)

Rhett

I do believe you're frightened, Scarlett. What seems to be the trouble?

Scarlett

Trouble? Are you crazy?

A shell explodes over a nearby street and a muffled roar goes up from the refugees fleeing. Scarlett is shaken out of her weariness. Rhett looks in the direction of the explosion and grins.

Rhett

That's just another of General Sherman's calling cards. He'll be paying a visit soon.

Scarlett (with renewed fright)

I've got to get out of here - I've got to get out before the Yankees come!

Rhett

And leave your work in the hospital? Or have you had enough of death and lice and men chopped up?

(Scarlett glares at him)

Well, I suppose you weren't meant for sick men, Scarlett.

Scarlett

Oh, Rhett, stop talking to me that way! I'm so scared!...I wish I could get out of here!

Rhett

Let's get out of here together, Scarlett. Don't you think I've waited for you long enough?

Scarlett (looks at him contemptuously)

Waited for me?

Rhett

I thought you might need me.

Scarlett

I can take care of myself, thank you!

Rhett (looks at her disgustedly)

Now stop making those Southern lady speeches and listen to me. There's nothing in staying here and letting the South come down around your ears. There are nice places to go and visit.. There's Mexico...and London...and Paris...

(he speaks slowly and makes each place sound like the most glamorous haven)

Scarlett

With you?

Rhett

Yes, ma'am. With a man who understands and admires you - for just what you are - even if he's not a gentleman.

CONTINUED (3)

It happens, Rhett Butler, that I don't love you - and never will as long as I've got a mouth to say it.

I figure we belong together, Scarlett - being of the same sort.

And I've been waiting for you to grow up, and get the sad-eyed Ashley Wilkes out of your heart. Well, I hear Mrs. Wilkes is having a baby in a month or so.

It's going to be hard - loving a man with a wife and a baby clinging to him.

211

A rush of traffic passes them, carriages loaded with trunks and negroes whipping the horses.
(For material, see scene 205)

TWO SHOT - RHETT AND SCARLETT IN CARRIAGE

Look at them running. When they've all run out there'll be a seige. The Yankees will just lie out there waiting for the water and the food to give out. And you'll be sitting here thirsty and starving, with Melanie's baby to cheer you up.

He reins in the horses. They are near the front of Aunt Pitty's house. Scarlett is in a rage, unable to answer or even look at him.

(OVER LAP Well, here we are. Are you going with me - or are you getting out?

[illegible]

SHOT I hate and despise you, Rhett Butler! And I'll hate and despise you until the day I die!

She turns and leaps from the carriage. Her skirt catches on the wheel. Rhett leans over to release it.

No you won't, Scarlett. Not that long.

She runs off in a huff.

[illegible]

CONTINUED (2)

ALTERNATE END TO SCENE 212:

ALREADY

SHOT

Rhett

Well, here we are. Are you going with me -- or are you getting out?

Scarlett (turning on him, speaking viciously)
I hate and despise you, Rhett Butler! And I'll hate and despise you until the day I die!

Rhett

Oh no you won't, Scarlett. Not that long.

Scarlett gets up in a rage, flaunts out of the carriage, catching her skirt on the wheel. Rhett leans over very casually and releases it, speaking quietly and looking her in the eye as he does:

Rhett

You're a fool, Scarlett O'Hara - but I'll wait for you 'til the sky comes down.

Scarlett runs off in a huff - Rhett looking after with an admiring smile.

213

ALREADY

SHOT

TRUCKING SHOT - WITH SCARLETT

As she runs across the street to Aunt Pitty's. As she goes, we see as background actions:

A woman going past in her carriage, sitting in the exact center of the back seat, with ancestral portraits occupying the seats to right and left of her;

Others, in carriages and on foot, with big bundles of bedding and other household equipment tied up in sheets.

214

ALREADY

SHOT

EXT. FRONT OF AUNT PITY'S HOUSE

As Scarlett runs in. A carriage stands at the curb. Uncle Peter is toting a trunk down the house steps. Prissy is beside him, helping balance the trunk on his back. Aunt Pitty is also helping balance it by delicately holding one of its corners. Prissy spies Scarlett coming toward them. She rushes down the steps.

Prissy (excitedly)

Miss **Scarlett**...Miss Scarlett! Folkses is all goin' to Macon! Folkses is runnin' away and runnin' away!

CONTINUED:

214
ALREADY
SHOT

CONTINUED (2)

Pittypat (coming down steps quickly)
Scarlett, I can't bear it! Those cannon balls right in my ears! I faint every time I hear one.

EXPLOSION

Aunt Pitty closes her eyes and rocks - opens them and looks at Uncle Peter.

Aunt Pittypat
Uncle Peter - look out for that trunk!

Scarlett (incredulously)
You're not leaving, Aunt Pittypat? You're not leaving Atlanta!

Aunt Pittypat
I can't help it, Scarlett! I may be a coward, but everybody's going who is anybody -- and -- Oh dear! The Yankees in Georgia. How'd they ever get in!

Scarlett (with grim and sudden determination)
I'm going, too.
(screams)

Prissy, get my things! Auntie, wait - I'll just take a few minutes.

(she starts to run for the house)

Prissy
Yassum, we's goin' - we's goin'.

Aunt Pittypat (calling to Scarlett)
Oh dear, do you really think you ought to, Scarlett?

CONTINUED:

Dr. Meade appears in the scene, presumably coming from his house across the street.

Meade (calling)
Scarlett!

Scarlett (turning on him wildly, with mounting hysteria)
Don't you dare try to stop me! I'm never going back to that hospital! I've had enough of smelling death -- and rot -- and death! I'm going home -- I want my mother! My mother needs me!

Meade (takes her by the arm and shakes her)
Scarlett, listen to me, you've got to stay here!

Scarlett (trying to wrench away; desperately, hysterically)
They don't need me to help them die. I'm a woman. I'm not fighting!

Meade (sharply)
You've got to listen to me, Scarlett. You've got to stay here!

Pittypat
Without a chaperone, Dr. Meade? It simply isn't done.

Meade
Good Heavens, woman, this is a war - not a garden party.
(turns back to Scarlett)
Scarlett, listen to me. Melanie needs you.

Scarlett (wearily, her hysteria subsiding)
Oh, bother Melanie.

Meade
She's ill already. She shouldn't even be having a baby--- and she may have a difficult time.

Scarlett
Why can't we take her along?

Meade
Would you want her to take that chance? Would you want her to be jounced over rough roads and have her baby ahead of time -- in a buggy?

Scarlett (wildly)
It's not my baby ... You take care of her!

She runs toward the house. Dr. Meade starts after her.

Dr. Meade grabs Scarlett by the wrists, turns her around.

Dr. Meade

Scarlett, you know we're short handed at the hospital. We haven't enough doctors, much less nurses to take care of a sick woman. You've got to stay for Melanie.

Scarlett

What for! I don't know anything about babies being born.

Prissy (running into scene; jubilantly and idiotically)

Ah knows. Ah knows. Ah knows how to do it. Ah's done it lots and lots. Let me, Doctor. Let me - Ah can do everythin'.

Dr. Meade

Good. I'll rely on you to help us.

(turns back to Scarlett, speaking to her more tenderly and reasoningly)

Ashley's fighting in the field - fighting for the Cause. Maybe he'll never come back. Maybe he'll die, Scarlett...We owe him a well-born child.

Scarlett's expression has changed slowly at the mention of Ashley's name.

Scarlett (dully)

Ashley...

Aunt Pittypat's voice

If you're coming, Scarlett - hurry!

Scarlett (disregarding Pitty's call and talking almost to herself)

I promised Ashley ... something...

Dr. Meade

Then you'll stay?

(Scarlett doesn't answer)

Good.

(turns, calls to Pitty as he starts to walk out of scene:)

Go along, Miss Pittypat. Scarlett's staying.

Scarlett doesn't move, as Dr. Meade hurries out.

216

CLOSE SHOT - AUNT PITTYPAT IN CARRIAGE

Aunt Pittypat

Oh, all right. Goodbye, Scarlett! You watch out for yourself and Melanie. I'll write you a letter cheering you up. Go on, Uncle Peter. Heavens, I really don't know what to do. It's like the end of the world.

(she starts weeping as the buggy leaves)

Uncle Peter, my smelling salts!

217

CLOSE SHOT - SCARLETT

Standing alone at the end of the walk. She looks up at the house. Her eyes blaze and she mutters suddenly,

hs

CONTINUED:

RETAKE
217

FULL SHOT - SCARLETT

Taken from the end of the path as she stands on the verandah (where we have last left her) watching the carriage leave.

DURING ALL
THIS TIME,
COMMENCING
WITH THE BE-
GINNING OF SHOT,
CAMERA HAS BEEN
MOVING UP SLOWLY
TO HER, SO THAT
WE ARE
NOW IN
AT LEAST
A WAIST
FIGURE AND
POSSIBLY
LARGER:

She takes a few steps down into the path and stands in desperation and panic, looking around helplessly not knowing what to do. Suddenly she remembers who is responsible for all her trouble. She turns her head slowly and looks up at the window of Melanie's room, hatred coming into her face.

Scarlett (hissing the words with hatred)
Melanie! ... Melanie!
(she raises her fist in hatred; muttering slowly but speaking with increased violence, volume and anger as the speech reaches its climax)
It's all your fault!...I hate you!...I hate you and I hate your baby! If only I hadn't promised...If only I hadn't promised Ashley...

After holding her look of hatred a moment, there is the sound of an explosion nearby. Scarlett reacts in terror, and on her distorted, terrified face, we

FADE OUT.

(Perhaps try a prolonged scream at the end of which, or after which, we Fade Out.)

218-234

BRIEF MONTAGE of Siege of Atlanta, ending with Sherman's
cutting the last remaining railroad.

DISSOLVE TO:

235

EXTREME LONG SHOT - PEACHTREE STREET

From high angle, shooting down deserted Peachtree Street toward town.

In the distance the dust is being stirred up by a galloping horseman - a Confederate officer - WE HOLD ON HIM as he gallops toward the CAMERA -- and as he reaches Aunt Pitty's house in f.g., we hear Scarlett's voice screaming:

Scarlett's voice

Stop! Stop!

Scarlett runs out of Pittypat's house toward the street.

236

MEDIUM LONG SHOT

As Scarlett runs screaming to the middle of the street.

(NOTE: This scene should be played in very fast pace if only to get the full value of Prissy's maddening slowness in the succeeding scene.)

Scarlett (screaming)

Stop! Please stop!

The horseman draws in his horse, so suddenly that the horse rears.

237

CLOSE TWO SHOT - SCARLETT AND RIDER

Scarlett looks up at him fearfully.

Scarlett

Is it true? Are the Yankees coming?

Captain

I'm afraid so. The army's pulling out.

Scarlett (terrified as the import of the news strikes her)

Pulling out of Atlanta?

(incredulously)

Leaving us to the Yankees?

Captain (correcting her)

Not leaving, ma'am - evacuating.... Got to, before Sherman cut the McDonough Road to the South and catches the lot of us.

Scarlett

Are you sure?

Captain

No use tellin' pretty lies, ma'am. Message came in a while ago saying "We have lost the battle and are in full retreat."
....We're going to burn the town.

Scarlett (frantic)
It can't be true! It can't be! What'll I do?

Captain
You'd better refugee South -- right quick, ma'am...
(he touches his kepi and spurs his horse)
If you'll excuse me, ma'am.

He is off. Scarlett stands terrified for just a moment
and then turns and runs frantically into the house,
screaming.

Scarlett (screaming)
Prissy! Prissy!

CAMERA PANS WITH HER as she goes.

238
ALREADY
SHOT

INT. AUNT PITY'S HOUSE-HALLWAY-SHOOTING OVER SCARLETT'S
SHOULDER, and FOLLOWING HER IN - EARLY MORNING.

Scarlett bursts into the hallway, calling frantically:

Scarlett
Prissy! Prissy! Come here! Prissy!

Prissy ambles slowly out of a door into the hall.

Prissy
Yas'm?

Scarlett
You go pack my things and Miss Melanie's, too. We're going
to Tara right away. The Yankees are coming.
(she starts running up the stairs)

Prissy (still dopyly)
Yas'm -- Yas'm..

239
ALREADY
SHOT

CLOSE SHOT - PRISSY

- moving very slowly toward the stairs. Suddenly what
Scarlett has said sinks in. Her eyes widen and she is
galvanized into action.

Prissy
The Yankees are comin'!

She starts galloping up the stairs.

240
ALREADY
SHOT

SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - MELANIE'S OPEN BEDROOM DOOR IN
F.G., HEAD OF STAIRS IN B.G.

As Scarlett reaches the head of the stairs.
(Prissy behind her, if timing permits)

CONTINUED:

CAMERA SWINGS WITH SCARLETT as she goes through the open door into Melanie's bedroom, talking excitedly as she goes.

Scarlett
Melly, we're going to go to --
(she stops suddenly and looks at Melanie)
Oh, Melly!

241
ALREADY
SHOT

CLOSE UP - MELANIE

Lying in bed. On her face a mixture of ecstasy and pain - her brow covered with perspiration.

(over Melanie's bed on the wall hang a picture of Ashley, and beside it Charles' sword)
Melanie looks at Scarlett sorrowfully a moment, then speaks:

Melanie (speaking with difficulty)
I'm sorry I'm such a bother, Scarlett --

242
ALREADY
SHOT

CLOSE SHOT - SCARLETT

Utterly dismayed. Looking at Melanie still, realizing all chance of their escape is cut off.

Melanie's voice
It began at daybreak.

Scarlett (horrified)
But the Yankees are coming!

CAMERA MOVES WITH SCARLETT as she moves in to Melanie.

Melanie (tears in her eyes - moves her head away slightly)
Poor Scarlett. You'd be at Tara now with your mother if it weren't for me, wouldn't you?

Scarlett doesn't deny it, and by her attitude clearly affirms it. Melanie continues, turning her head back to Scarlett.

Melanie
Scarlett darling, you've been so good to me. No sister could have been sweeter.

242 A
ALREADY
SHOT

CLOSE UP - SCARLETT

She doesn't speak; avoids Melanie's gaze.

243
ALREADY
SHOT

CLOSE UP - MELANIE

Melanie
I've been lying here thinking... Please, Scarlett, if I should die will you take my baby?

244
ALREADY
SHOT

TWO SHOT - SCARLETT AND MELANIE

Scarlett (annoyed)
Fiddle-dee-dee. Aren't things bad enough without you talking about dying?

Melanie
I'm not afraid for myself - but I can't bear to think of my baby if Ashley, too, should --

244 A
ALREADY
SHOT

CLOSE UP - SCARLETT

Melanie's voice (continuing)
He always said you are so strong and capable --

Scarlett, who has been annoyed by the trap into which she has found herself, remembers her promise to Ashley.

245
ALREADY
SHOT

TWO SHOT - SCARLETT AND MELANIE

Having arrived at her decision to stick by Melanie, Scarlett is thoroughly annoyed, but also capable.

Scarlett (impatiently)
Oh, Melly, don't worry about the baby! You're going to be all right. I'm going to send for the doctor right now.

Melanie (putting her hand out weakly in a gesture of protest)
Not yet, Scarlett, please.

245 A
ALREADY
SHOT

CLOSE UP - SCARLETT

Melanie's voice (continuing)
I just couldn't let Dr. Meade sit here for hours when all those poor wounded boys need --

(This line is over Scarlett to avoid showing Melanie's labor pain)
Scarlett looks at Melanie - her eyes widening in panic - then turns and calls frantically:

Scarlett
Prissy! Prissy, quick!
(she runs out into the hall)

246
ALREADY
SHOT

INTERIOR SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

Prissy ambles casually into the hall as Scarlett runs out of Melanie's room.

Prissy
Yas'm?
Scarlett (urgently)
Go get Dr. Meade --- quick!

CONTINUED:

246
ALREADY
SHOT

CONTINUED (2)

Prissy (dopily)

Yas'm.

(then her eyes widen in panic as she slowly realizes her mid-wife moment is at hand)

The baby!

Scarlett

Don't stand there like a frightened goat -- Run!

Prissy still stands paralyzed with fright.

Scarlett

Hurry, hurry -- or I'll sell you down the river --

Prissy takes off.

246 A
ALREADY
SHOT

ANGLE SHOOTING DOWN STAIRS (OVER SCARLETT'S SHOULDER - OPEN FRONT DOOR IN B.G.)

Prissy galloping down the stairs - Scarlett's voice continues off scene:

Scarlett's voice

I'll sell you South - - - I will, I swear I will!

DISSOLVE TO:

247
TO BE
SHOT

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF AUNT PITY'S HOUSE - HOT NOON

Prissy is ambling along the street coming from the direction of the town, switching her skirts from side to side and looking over her shoulder to observe the effect - and singing:

Prissy (singing, idly)

"Jus' a few mo' days fo' to tote de weary load!
No matter, 'twill never be light!"

CUT TO:

248
ALREADY
SHOT

INT. MELANIE'S BEDROOM - CLOSE TWO SHOT SCARLETT AND MELANIE

Scarlett stands beside Melanie, holding her hand tightly and sponging her arm.

Melanie (feebly moving her hand in front of her face)

Please, Scarlett! The flies.

(Scarlett picks up a fan, starts to fan the flies away)

Scarlett

This room's an oven already and it isn't noon yet.
(CAMERA PANS WITH HER as she walks to the window)
Where's that Prissy?

248A
TO BE
SHOT

ANGLE SHOOTING OVER SCARLETT'S SHOULDER THROUGH THE
OPEN WINDOW

Prissy is just coming in the gate, still singing and continuing her other nonsense.

Scarlett (furious)

If I don't take a strap to that girl!

(she turns away from the window and exits from scene)

249
ALREADY
SHOT

INT. HALLWAY AND STAIRS

Prissy is mounting the stairs at a leisurely pace.

Prissy (singing)

"Jus' a few mo' days, 'till we totter in de road!

"Then, my old Kentucky home, goodnight!"

Scarlett enters scene, runs down the stairs, meeting Prissy half way.

Scarlett

Where have you been all this time? You're as slow as molasses in January. Where's Dr. Meade?

Prissy

Ah ain' nebber seed him, Miss Scarlett.

Scarlett

What!

Prissy

No'm, he ain' at de horsepittle. A man he tole me de doctah down by de car shed wid the wounded sojers comin' in.

Scarlett

Why didn't you go after him?

Prissy

Miss Scarlett, Ah wuz sceered ter go down dar ter de shed - dey's folkses dyin' down dar. Ah's sceered of daid folkses --

Scarlett glares at Prissy in a rage, controls herself and makes a decision.

Scarlett (with fury in her tone)

You go sit by Miss Melly's bedside - and don't you be upsetting her or I'll whip the hide off you!

She is down the stairs almost on the words, CAMERA FOLLOWING HER.

Prissy's voice (not at all frightened)

Yas'm.

DISSOLVE TO:

250

EXT. STREET AT INTERSECTION PEACHTREE AND DECATUR -
CAMERA TRUCKING WITH SCARLETT

The atmosphere of the whole is of terrific heat and sweat.

CAMERA IS SET UP to shoot over a pile of fallen timbers and other debris of the siege which blocks the left-hand side of the road. Scarlett comes toward the CAMERA, sees the obstruction, climbs over it or goes around it.

A commissary wagon with a torn canvas cover has been crowded out of the road half way up onto the sidewalk. Coming south down Decatur Street, to cross Peachtree Street come cavalry and artillery, ragged, defeated, but still carrying their arms, still retaining some semblance of military formation and well under the control of their officers; retreating without panic. Scarlett, now on the side of the road, has to break through their ranks to go toward the depot. She worms her way through as she breaks their ranks.

CAMERA STILL MOVES WITH SCARLETT as she continues down Peachtree Street, crossing Decatur, pushing her way through a small crowd of people on the sidewalk. These people are the poor, the hooligans and the riff-raff who either have no means or no desire to quit the besieged city. They stand watching the departure of the troops. They are quiet now but when we see them again after the army has left they will be the howling, ravening crowd of looters Scarlett and Rhett encounter on their flight from the burning city. As Scarlett comes on the edge of the crowd, a group of people come left, up Decatur Street from the warehouse to the south, bearing all sorts of edibles and supplies and babbling excitedly. In the confusion, above the cracking of whips and the thudding of horses' hoofs we can still distinguish their cries:

Ad Libs

Go and get it, boys! ...
The warehouse - they've opened the warehouse --
They're giving out food ...
Get it!...
Hurry up!...
Free food!...

Some of the people surrounding Scarlett turn in the direction from which this rabble is coming, run off to get food. In the stream coming up Decatur Street we see an old man with a wheelbarrow loaded with flour, some pickaninnies staggering past with overflowing buckets of molasses, two ragged white boys dragging a sack by its ears, the sack lumpy with potatoes.

CONTINUED:

250

CONTINUED (2)

(NOTE: MONTAGE CUTS might be of great value here, in fact, will probably be necessary to intercut Scarlett's walk and to shorten it when necessary. These MONTAGE CUTS should include the bits which are seen in the long shot above:)

250 A-C

Free 'lasses! Pickaninnies

Flour! Old Man

Free 'taters! White Boy

X-X

Peachtree Street is choked with the troops going South on Decatur across the intersection - wagons, cavalry detachments and guns.

Artillery of every description is being hauled out of town. It is a scene of frantic haste. Men and horses subordinate themselves to the need of the guns; cavalry have to wait their turn. They are less precious to the Confederacy than these irreplaceable cannon. In the course of this, at intervals, two ambulances (can double on the same one) come up Peachtree Street in the opposite direction from Scarlett, coming from the depot. They make a sharp turn south on Decatur, in same direction as the troops. Guns, caissons and limbers rattle past. Whips crack, men shout and curse. A battery standard bearer goes flashing past. The only break in the fast moving tide is an ox-drawn stone sledge on which a pot-bellied siege howitzer has been loaded; a weapon too heavy to be transported on wheels. Its progress across the intersection is slow as men push and strain to help the plodding train of oxen with their load. Scarlett, poised on the curbing, thinks she sees her chance to cross, begins to run.

250 D

MEDIUM SHOT - SCARLETT

She crosses in front of the oxen, and gains the opposite curb.

250 E

EXT. PEACHTREE STREET BELOW DECATUR

The street is lined with horse and mule-driven ambulances and men work quickly but silently carrying the wounded on stretchers along the sidewalks and loading them into the lines of ambulances and carts. We see Scarlett come down the street. As she nears the depot there is a growing sound of overwhelming pain, a composite tone of anguish; cries, moans, shrieks and terrified curses.

250F

EXT. PEACHTREE STREET - CLOSE MOVING SHOT - CAMERA SHOOTING TOWARD SCARLETT as SHE WALKS - TRUCKING AHEAD OF HER

We see her puzzlement at the ever increasing noise. Her steps become slower and slower and a worried frown creases her brow.

250G

EXT. END OF PEACHTREE STREET

CAMERA SHOOTING toward rear of two ambulances parked almost wheel to wheel. Through this gap comes Scarlett into close f.g. and stops aghast. The noise we have heard has reached its height.

250H

REVERSE SHOT ON SCARLETT'S FACE

All the horror and the misery of what we are about to see is reflected in her face.

251

PLAZA AND DEPOT - BIG PULL-BACK SHOT - (Boom)

- in which the CAMERA, DRAWING FARTHER AND FARTHER BACK AND UPWARDS, reveals the vast expanse of the railway yards, close to the depot - completely covered with the bodies of wounded Confederates lying under the hot sun.

The CAMERA STOPS on the Confederate flag, hanging limply from the top of the flag pole. Only a handful of male orderlies and women attendants move amongst the wounded, some of whom lie stiff and still - others writhing under the hot sun, moaning and crying out. Everywhere swarms of flies and thin puffs of dust blow over the men.

252

TRUCKING SHOT - CAMERA PULLING BACK BEFORE SCARLETT

Involuntarily her hand rises to her mouth as she fights back the quick nausea that hits her. Then, fighting her own desire to flee, to get away from this appalling scene, she forces herself to start through the rows of wounded to look for Doctor Meade. The men are of all ages - some are boys not more than 15 or 16 years old. Others, old men in their 60's and 70's. Flies creep contentedly and undisturbed over bloodstained faces. CAMERA TRUCKS AHEAD of her as she moves first between two wounded men, one on his back, arm flung across his eyes to shield them from the sun, feebly moving his head to keep the flies away. Because of his wounded face, his constant cry for water has a strange, inhuman sound, like the cry of a bittern...

Wounded Man

Wa'rrr --- wa'rrr....

CONTINUED:

The other man lies on his side, head pillowed on his arm, coat unbuttoned to allow bloodstained linen from a stomach wound to hang out on the ground. Everywhere the men are crying for water in a steady, low moan of voices.

Wounded Men

Lady -- water!
Please, lady, water! ...
Water! ...
Please...

Scarlett changes her course a little to reach an orderly who is binding a tourniquet about a soldier's arm, which has not merely been shot, but which has obviously been shattered. Blood is streaming from the arm. He works with fast, feverish movements.

Scarlett

Where's Doctor Meade?

Orderly (without pausing or looking up)

Sorry, ma'am - I ain' got time to know.

Scarlett has to detour as her way is blocked by a big, stout soldier lying on his back directly before her. There is no order in the way they are sprawled about, no neat rows. They are just crammed in any way. As she steps gingerly between the men, one of them grabs hold of the hem of her skirt, stopping her.

Soldier

Please, ma'am -- water...

Panicky, she twitches her skirt away and starts forward faster. Other hands reach out to detain her as the men feebly try to get her attention. Faster she moves through them, holding her skirts higher, trying to keep back the mounting surge of hysteria she feels coming over her. Again she is stopped as two stretcher bearers pass by carrying a wounded soldier.

Scarlett (to stretcher-bearer)

Have you seen --

Stretcher-bearer (as he passes)

One side, lady -- please.

WE CONTINUE TRUCKING AHEAD OF HER as she moves again through the wounded, looking around for some sign of Doctor Meade. She has to go around two more stretcher-bearers loading a wounded man onto their stretcher. As she passes they are saying:

1st stretcher-bearer

Easy --- easy --- take it easy.

2nd stretcher-bearer (echoing)

Easy does it.

They heave up, gently, but the wounded man shrieks once, wordlessly, with the pain of the movement as he is lifted to the window shutter that is their improvised stretcher.

253 LOW CAMERA SET UP

Scarlett moves to one side. As she does so, an old man's hand comes in and grabs her skirt.

254 CLOSE UP - SCARLETT

Scarlett

Let go of that!

(she turns sharply)

Let go, I --!

(she stops and looks aghast)

255 CLOSE SHOT - JOHN WILKES -(FROM SCARLETT'S ANGLE)

Lying at Scarlett's feet, weak and dying.

256 -257 TWO SHOT

Scarlett gazes down in horrified recognition.

Scarlett

Mr. Wilkes!

She kneels at his side.

Scarlett

Oh, you're wounded!

(looks around helplessly, then back to Mr. Wilkes)

Oh, what can I do? What can I do?

Mr. Wilkes (his lips barely able to form the words)

Never mind, Scarlett - Tell me about Melanie - her baby -

Is it --

Scarlett (bending over him)

Today - but not yet - I've come for Doctor Meade --

Mr. Wilkes (weaker)

I'd like to have seen my first grandchild before I --

He breaks off, fighting for more breath, but there is no more. Scarlett kneels beside him, hands held awkwardly, uncertainly over him, not knowing what to do.

Scarlett

Mr. Wilkes! Mr. Wilkes!

(her voice trails off as she realizes he is dead)

Mr. Wilkes...

For a moment she is stunned by the shock and suddenness of it, then, on the verge of breaking completely, she rises and runs o.s., toward the railway shed, almost in flight.

258 INT. RAILWAY SHED - DAY

Here too, are wounded. But unlike those in the freight

yard outside, these men are lying down, sitting on their haunches, standing, kneeling, the varying postures giving an effect of even greater confusion.

(Picture of Union Wounded. Brady's Photographic History. Vol. 1, Page 326)

Bright bars of sunlight come from a row of skylights overhead.

259-262

GROUP SHOT - DR. MEADE, WOUNDED MAN AND YOUNG NEGRO

Coat off, sleeves rolled to the elbow, his face dripping with perspiration, the doctor is working over the man's leg. The wounded man, a lanky Confederate with a cow's-breakfast-hat, naked to the waist, is seated on an overturned barrel, his hurt leg stretched out before the kneeling doctor. A young negro boy, serving as the doctor's helper, holds the man's foot to steady the leg while the doctor bandages.

Over this scene comes the voices of other wounded.

Voices

Water! Water!

Doctor! Doctor. Quick. I'm dying.

Won't nobody stop this bleeding?

Etc., Etc.

Scarlett's voice (from out of scene)

Dr. Meade! Is Dr. Meade here?

He turns in the direction from which her voice comes.

Scarlett (entering)

Oh, Doctor! At last!

Dr. Meade

Thank heaven, you're here. I need every pair of hands.

She stares at him bewildered, dropping her skirts. They fall over the face of a wounded man who feebly tries to turn his head to escape their smothering folds.

Dr. Meade.

Wake up, child! We've got work to do.

Scarlett

Melly's havin' her baby. Come, please -- quick.

Dr. Meade

Are you crazy? I can't leave these men for a baby! They're dying - hundreds of them. Get some woman to help you.

CONTINUED:

259-262

CONTINUED (2)

Scarlett

But there isn't anybody. Oh, come, please come, Doctor.
She'll -- Melly might die.

Dr. Meade

Die? Look at them, bleeding to death in front of my eyes!
No bandages -- no chloroform -- nothing! Nothing to even
ease their pain!

Scarlett

Doctor, doctor, please -- I -- I can't do it alone. You've
got to come!

Dr. Meade (more gently)

Child, I'll try. I can't promise, but I'll try -- if I'm
ever finished with these men. I don't know what to do with
'em all. The army's moving out. And there aren't any more
trains. The Yankees have cut the last line - the one to
Macon. Run along now. Don't bother me.

(pats her on the shoulder)

Don't worry. There's nothing to bringing a baby.

(He turns away, Scarlett immediately forgotten)

Dr. Meade (to orderly)

Bring the stretchers in here ---

Interne (o.s. calling)

Doctor --

Dr. Meade exits. Scarlett stands a moment, bewildered,
not knowing who else to turn to; then her face sets
with determination, and she exits back the way she came.

DISSOLVE TO:

263-266

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF AUNT PITY'S HOUSE

PAN WITH SCARLETT as she goes slowly, exhausted, across
the lawn toward the house and up the path. Near the
house she stops a moment, spreads her hand against the
wall as if for support and wipes the perspiration from
her forehead with her free hand - then pulls herself
together and goes in.

267

ALREADY
SHOT

INT. AUNT PITY'S HALLWAY & STAIRS

Prissy is cowering in the hall as Scarlett comes in.

Prissy

Is de doctah come?

Scarlett

No. He can't come.

Prissy (terrified)

Oh, Miss Scarlett! Miss Melly bad off!

CONTINUED:

267
ALREADY
SHOT

CONTINUED (2)

100

Scarlett

There's nobody to come. You've got to manage without the doctor, Prissy. I'll help you.

Prissy's mouth falls open, and her tongue wags wordlessly.

Scarlett (snaps)

Don't look so simple minded!

Prissy (backing away)

Lawsy, Miss Scarlett - Lawsy, we's got ter have a doctah! Ah doan know nuthin' 'bout birthin' babies!

RETAKE
TO BE
SHOT

All the breath goes out of Scarlett's lungs in a gasp of horror. Prissy makes a lunge past her, but Scarlett grabs her.

Scarlett (with growing rage)

What do you mean? You said you knew everything about it!

Prissy

Ah don' know huccome Ah tell sech a lie! Maw din' nebber let me roun' when folkses wuz havin' dem.

Scarlett loses her temper completely and slaps the black face with all the force of her tired arm. Prissy screams. Then, from above, Melanie's voice is heard, crying:

Melanie's Voice

Scarlett! Scarlett!

Scarlett drops Prissy's arm and starts mounting the stairs, having to pull herself up a step at a time by her grip on the banister. She stops, and turns to Prissy.

R 267 A
TO BE
SHOT

CLOSE UP - SCARLETT

Firing orders at Prissy.

Scarlett (with tremendous power -- coldly clipping out quick orders like a general)

Build a fire in the stove and keep hot water boiling in the kettle. And bring up all the towels you can find and that ball of twine. And get me the scissors. Don't come telling me you can't find them. Get them and get them quick!

R 267 B
TO BE
SHOT

BACK TO SHOT

Prissy now is really frightened.

Prissy

Yas'm.

(she exits toward the kitchen)

R 267 B
TO BE
SHOT

CONTINUED (2)

101

Melanie's Voice

Scarlett!

Scarlett (without fear - with determination - almost with nobility - the great things in her character showing themselves at last)

Coming, Melly. Coming.

On the Shot of Scarlett going determinedly up the stairs,
we

DISSOLVE TO:

268
AIREADY
SHOT

INT. MELANIE'S BEDROOM
SHADOW EFFECT

(Exact effects to be devised so as to avoid the showing of Melanie's and Scarlett's faces.)

Scarlett's Voice

Don't try to be brave, Melly. Yell all you want to. There's nobody to hear.

269
ALREADY
SHOT

BIG HEAD CLOSE UP - PRISSY

Prissy

Maw says effen you put a knife under de bed it cut de pain in two.

270
ALREADY
SHOT

ANOTHER SHADOW EFFECT

Melanie's Voice

Oh, Scarlett, you'd better go before the Yankees get here.

Scarlett's Voice

I'm not afraid. You know I won't leave you.

Melanie's Voice

It's no use. I'm going to die.

Scarlett's Voice (firmly and authoritatively)

Don't be a goose. Hold on to me, hold on to me!

Throughout above scenes Scarlett's voice and attitude are those of such confidence and assurance as to try to dismiss Melanie's fears.

271

ANOTHER SHADOW EFFECT

Melanie's Voice

Talk to me, Scarlett! Please! Keep talking to me!

DISSOLVE TO:

272-273

EXT. AUNT PITY'S HOUSE

(Low camera setup close to the house - shooting up at the lighted window.)

CONTINUED:

272-273

CONTINUED (2)

Through the windows we see Scarlett moving, gathering things in her arms - and suddenly we hear a baby's cry.

DISSOLVE TO:

274

EXT. BARROOM - DECATUR STREET - NIGHT

The place is filled with a tumultuous mob of Atlanta's lower classes, drunk and roaring. Prissy peers in thru the swinging doors and screams.

(NOTE: Angles on the following are: shooting down at Prissy from the balcony, either point-of-view or over shoulder; and shooting up from Prissy's angle, either point-of-view or over shoulder at Belle and then at Rhett. Also closeups. The principal requirements for backing for Rhett and Belle are gaudily decorated ceiling and top of wall that we get from low camera setup, since it is suggested that even the closeups of Rhett and Belle should be low camera shooting up at them, to preserve the illusion of Prissy's angle.)

Prissy
Capt'n Butler! Capt'n Butler!

Bartender (turns and peers over swinging door at her)
Who you want?

Prissy (quaking)
Capt'n Butler.

Bartender
He's upstairs. Belle Watling's giving a party.
(turns away)

Prissy, nervous, not knowing what to do, makes up her mind, retreats a few steps, looks up at the lighted windows above the saloon and calls:

Prissy
Capt'n Butler! Oh, Capt'n Butler!

The window opens and Belle sticks out her handsome and gaudily bedizened head.

Belle
What's all the rumpus for?

Prissy stands speechless and awed at the sight of this famed heroine. She finally finds her tongue.

Prissy
Ah's got a message for Capt'n Butler, Miz' Watling.

Rhett appears in the window beside Belle - three other buxom ladies in flamboyant evening dress behind him.

Prissy

Capt'n Butler, you come out hyah in de street ter me!

Rhett

What is it, Prissy?

Prissy

De Yankees is comin'! Dey'll kill us all! Dey'll run bay'nits in our stummicks!

Rhett

Why are you telling all this good news to me?

Prissy

Miss Scarlett, she done sent me fer you! She say "You tell Capt'n Butler ter come quick an' bring his hawse an' cah'rige! Or an amb'lance eff he can git one!"

Rhett

What does she want with an ambulance?

Prissy

Miss Melly ...

He remembers.

Prissy

She done have her baby today!

(proudly)

A fine baby boy an' Miss Scarlett an' me, we brung him!

Rhett (astounded)

Miss Scarlett and you! Do you mean to tell me that Scarlett --

Prissy (with lowered eyes and swinging on her toes modestly)

Well, it was mostly me, but Miss Scarlett helped me! Ah - Ah don' expec' no doctah could have done no better! Only Miss Melly, she feel po'rly now it's all over!

Rhett

I can believe that!

Prissy

An' de Yankees is comin' an' Miss Scarlett say ...

There is the crash of an explosion from outside the city.

Prissy (trembling with fright)

The Yankees is hyah!...Oh, please, Capt'n Butler! Please come an' bring yo' cah'rige right away!

Rhett

Sorry, Prissy - but the army's taken my horse and carriage. Better come upstairs and we'll see what we can do.

CONTINUED:

Prissy

Oh, no, Capt'n Butler! Mah Maw'd wear me out wid a corn stalk off Ah went into Mrs. Watling's.

Rhett (laughs and turns back into the room)

Any of you beauties know where I can steal a horse -- in a good cause?

DISSOLVE TO:

275
TO BE
SHOT

EXT. AUNT PITTY'S - NIGHT

ANGLE shooting down street toward town. Before we see anything we hear the clop-clop-clop of the horse. Then out of the darkness appears a sad looking horse and cart, Rhett driving it. Prissy sits in the seat with Rhett. The effect is almost that of a delivery wagon casually drawing up to a suburban home on a summer's night.

Rhett

Whoa, Marse Robert!

CUT TO:

276
ALREADY
SHOT

HORSE AND WAGON - WIDER ANGLE - SHOOTING TOWARD TOWN

Another distant explosion and sparks shoot high into the sky above the house tops in background. Prissy crawls out of the back of the cart.

Scarlett's voice

Rhett? Is that you, Rhett?

Prissy

We'se here! We'se here, Miss Scarlett!

She goes out of scene toward the house as Scarlett runs into scene to meet Rhett. Scarlett's face is drawn, her hair unkempt.

The scene throughout is punctuated by sounds of exploding ammunition, in sharp contrast to Rhett's easy and casual attitude.

Scarlett

Oh, Rhett, I know you'd come.

Rhett

Good evening. Fine weather we're having for birthin'. Prissy tells me you're going to take a trip.

Scarlett

If you make any jokes now, I'll kill you!

Rhett (mockingly)

Don't tell me you're frightened.

Scarlett

I'm frightened to death. And if you had the sense God gave a goat, you'd be frightened, too.

CONTINUED:

Rhett meanwhile has tied the horse to the hitching post in front of the house. There is a terrific explosion and Scarlett turns in terror.

Scarlett (terrified)
The Yankees!

Rhett (laughing)
Not yet. It's what's left of our army, blowing up the ammunition so the Yankees won't get it.

Scarlett (terrified)
We must get out of here!

Rhett
At your service, Madam. But just where are you figuring on going?

Scarlett
Home - to Tara!

Rhett
Tara? Don't you know they've been fighting all day around Tara? Do you think you can parade right through the Yankee army with a sick woman and a baby and simple minded darkey?
(satirically, with a new suspicion)
Or do you intend to leave them behind?

Scarlett
They're going with me, and I'm going home! You can't stop me!
Rhett
You little fool - don't you know it's dangerous jouncing Mrs. Wilkes and her baby over twenty-five miles of open country?

Scarlett
I want my mother! I want to go home to Tara!

Rhett
Tara's probably been burned to the ground. And the woods are full of stragglers from both armies - they'd take the horse away from you. And even though it's not much of an animal, I did go to a lot of trouble stealing it.

Scarlett (hysterically)
I'm going home if I have to walk every step of the way! I'll kill you if you try to stop me! I will! I will!

She bursts into hysterical tears and starts beating Rhett's chest with her fists. Rhett for the first time reveals his true feelings. Soothingly and comfortingly he puts his arms around Scarlett.

Rhett
All right, darling. All right. You shall go home. I guess anybody who did what you've done today can take care of Sherman. But stop crying--

(as she quiets, he takes out his handkerchief)
Now blow your nose like a good child.

He helps her blow her nose. They go out of scene toward the house.

277
TO BE
SHOT

INT. LIVING ROOM OF AUNT PITY'S HOUSE

Scarlett's open trunk stands in the middle of the room and Prissy, dashing about in a frenzy of fear and ineptitude, is carrying some pieces of china across the room to the trunk. Forgetting it is china, she dumps it into the trunk and it crashes.

Scarlett's voice (calling)

Prissy! Prissy! What are you doing?

Prissy

Packin'!

Scarlett's voice

Well, stop it - and come get the baby.

Prissy drops what she has in her hands on the floor and gallops out of the scene.

278
ALREADY
SHOT

INT. MELANIE'S BEDROOM - MELANIE IN BED - NIGHT

Above the bed is a photograph of Ashley in uniform, Charles Hamilton's sword on the wall beside it. Melanie lies quietly, her face deathly white, her eyes sunken and black circled but serene...one arm about the bundled infant beside her.

Rhett and Scarlett enter, followed after an appreciable moment by Prissy.

Rhett

We're taking you to Tara, Mrs. Wilkes.

Melanie (faint-voiced, tries to smile weakly)

Tara --

Scarlett enters to the bed.

Scarlett

It's the only way, Melly. Sherman will burn the house over our heads if we stay.

Scarlett picks up the baby, Melanie's eyes following her nervously.

279
TO BE
SHOT

CLOSE UP - BABY

In Scarlett's arms.

Melanie's voice (wanly)

My poor baby!

279 A
ALREADY
SHOT

CLOSE UP - SCARLETT

As she looks at Ashley's baby in her arms. She closes her eyes as if to choke off her thoughts.

280
ALREADY
SHOT

BACK TO SCENE

Scarlett turns to Prissy, hands her the baby.

Scarlett
Here!

Rhett (to Melanie)
Have you the strength to put your arms around my neck?

Melanie
I think so.
(She puts her arms about his neck but they fall
back limply)

Rhett
Never mind. I'll try not to hurt you.

He bends over and picks her up, mattress and all.
Melanie makes a feeble gesture toward the wall.

Rhett (softly)
What is it?

Melanie
Please -- Ashley -- Charles --

Rhett looks at her as though she is delirious, not
knowing what she means, but Scarlett interprets im-
patiently:

Scarlett
His picture -- Ashley's picture -- and Charles' sword --
She wants us to bring them.

Rhett (to Scarlett, shortly)
Bring them, then -- and the lamp. I don't want to stumble
on the stairs.

He goes out of scene toward the door. Prissy follows
carrying the baby.

Scarlett removes Ashley's picture and Charles' sword
from the wall above the bed. She picks up the lamp and
follows the others.

281
ALREADY
SHOT

DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

The little procession comes down the stairs with
Scarlett holding the lamp in the lead.

282
ALREADY
SHOT

EXT. FRONT OF MISS PITY'S HOUSE AT FRONT DOOR - MED.
SHOT - NIGHT

Scarlett comes out the door, stops short gazing off down
Peachtree Street. Behind her is Rhett with Melanie in
his arms. Prissy, carrying the baby, is at his heels.
Scarlett (alarmed)

283
ALREADY
SHOT

FULL SHOT OF PEACHTREE STREET AND THE CITY IN THE
DISTANCE - FROM THEIR POINT OF VIEW - HOLDING SCARLETT
AND RHETT (MELANIE IN HIS ARMS) IN F.G.
(COSGROVE SPLIT SCREEN)

The glow of fire above the trees of the distant town is
seen for the first time.

Rhett

Our gallant lads must have set fire to the warehouses near
the depot. And there's enough ammunition in the boxcars down
there to blow us to Tara.

284
ALREADY
SHOT

GROUP SHOT ON THE VERANDAH OF MISS PITTY'S HOUSE

Scarlett's face is white, anxious.

Rhett

We'll have to hurry if we want to get across the tracks.

Scarlett (with panic)

But you're not going that way!

Rhett

We have to. The McDonough Road's the only one the Yankees
haven't cut yet.

(sardonically)

Still want to go to Tara?

Scarlett

Yes - yes - hurry.

He goes down the steps out of scene HOLD CAMERA to see
the others following.

285
ALREADY
SHOT

SHOOTING ACROSS REAR OF WAGON TOWARD MISS PITTY'S HOUSE
- MEDIUM SHOT

Rhett is already installing Melanie and the mattress
in the back of the wagon. Prissy enters with the baby,
followed by Scarlett. Rhett quickly takes the baby from
Prissy, placing it beside Melanie. He boosts Prissy up
and fits the tailboard into place.

Rhett (to Scarlett)

In front with me.

286
ALREADY
SHOT

PEACHTREE STREET - LONG SHOT - HORSE AND WAGON IN F.G.
FACING CAMERA - INCREASED FIRE EFFECT IN SKY
(COSGROVE SPLIT SCREEN)

Rhett and Scarlett approach the head of the wagon. She
is still carrying the lamp. Rhett takes it from her,
puts it down on the mounting block, and lifting her in
his arms, deposits her on the wagon seat. He climbs
up beside her and picks up the reins.

CONTINUED:

286
ALREADY
SHOT

CONTINUED (2)

Scarlett

Wait! I forgot to lock the front door.

(Rhett laughs)

What're you laughing at?

Rhett

At you, locking the Yankees out.

LONG
SHOT
TO BE
SHOT

(He whacks the reins on the horse's back, turns the wagon around and starts off down the street. The wagon disappears into the deep shadows of the overhanging trees. In the foreground the oil lamp, still burning, sheds its little circle of yellow light on the street.)

287

PEACHTREE STREET

Toward CAMERA comes the horse at a lope, the wagon swaying behind it as it bumps over the ruts. The horse and the wagon and the people in it are only dim figures in the semi-darkness under the trees, the only moving objects to be discerned on the street. There are a number of distant detonations as the wagon passes CAMERA which PANS with it revealing once again at the far end of the street the fire glow and smoke rising above the distant rooftops.

288

TREE SHADOWED PORTION OF PEACHTREE STREET - CHURCH IN F.G.
- LONG SHOT

Showing the wagon coming out of the darkness of the sheltering trees into the relatively open space in front of the church. The wagon makes a half-turn heading into the business section of Peachtree Street. The baby wails. Prissy cries out as she is bruised against the side of the wagon. From the front seat Scarlett reaches back to impose silence on Prissy by pinching. The detonations continue.

289

TWO SHOT (TRANSPARENCY) - RHETT AND SCARLETT ON THE WAGON

- as the light of the fire at the far end of Peachtree Street is reflected on their faces for the first time. At this point, between their two figures and behind them, appears Prissy's black face, utterly terror-stricken, the light reflected on her as well.

Scarlett

I never dreamed it would end like this --

Rhett

I did. I always saw those flames.

CONTINUED:

It's like the whole world was turned into a bonfire.

Rhett

It is. That's more than Atlanta burning.

290

BUSINESS SECTION OF PEACHTREE STREET - LONG SHOT FROM THEIR VIEWPOINT - CAMERA HOLDING HORSE'S HEAD IN F.G. (COSGROVE SPLIT SCREEN)

Flames are visible at the far end of the street for the first time. Beyond the burning building an explosion shoots flames and sparks high in the air.

291

TWO SHOT - (TRANSPARENCY) - RHETT AND SCARLETT ON WAGON

Prissy ducks out of view. Scarlett shrinks closer to Rhett, clinging to his arm.

292

BUSINESS SECTION OF PEACHTREE STREET - LONG SHOT SHOOTING AWAY FROM FIRE ACROSS INTERSECTING STREET TOWARD APPROACHING WAGON IN B.G.

As the wagon approaches the intersection, it is forced to halt by a detachment of weary, slipshod, Confederate troops who appear in f.g., crossing Peachtree Street and heading down the intersecting thoroughfare. An officer counts "One - Two - Three - Four" in a pathetic effort to count the step and keep up the morale of his men.

293

TWO SHOT - (TRANSPARENCY) - RHETT AND SCARLETT ON WAGON

Impatiently, they watch the troops pass.

Scarlett

Oh, dear! Why can't they hurry?

Rhett (smiles grimly)

With them goes the last semblance of law and order. Now the Decatur Street roughs will stand the town on its head.

294

SAME ANGLE AS SCENE 292

- as the last of the Confederates in f.g. straggle off down the intersecting street. Rhett slashes at the horse with the reins. The wagon lurches forward, going past CAMERA down Peachtree Street. For a moment HOLD on empty Peachtree Street, SHOOTING toward the church. The sound of more explosions and bright flashes of light follow.

295

BUSINESS SECTION OF PEACHTREE STREET - VERY LONG SHOT STILL SHOOTING AWAY FROM FIRE TOWARD APPROACHING WAGON

The street is completely empty except for the distant wagon. The reflection of the flames (which are behind the CAMERA) against the buildings should give a weird, frightening effect. For a protracted moment the wagon clatters down the street toward CAMERA as if thru an abandoned city. Only sound at the moment is the clop-clop of the horse.

CONTINUED:

Scarlett
Faster, Rhett, faster!

Rhett
He's making all the speed he can.

Scarlett
No, no! Faster!

Suddenly there is a crash of breaking glass.

296

MUSIC SHOP WINDOW - CAMERA INSIDE

Silhouetted in f.g. are one or two instruments of the period. One pane of glass has already been broken. Outside the window, a Decatur Street tough flings a huge missile, smashing the rest of the window so that it seems to splinter directly past the CAMERA. Through the gapping hole we get a glimpse of the horse and wagon passing in the b.g. An instant later, three or four other toughs join the one who threw the missile outside the window. They start grabbing instruments from inside the shop window. Intersperse with this action the sound of more explosions accompanied by bright flashes of light.

297

CORNICE OF A BUILDING

The light of the fire is reflected on the building. The whine of projectiles going through the air is heard, followed by a sharp explosion. A part of the cornice blows off.

298

PEACHTREE STREET - HORSE AND WAGON APPROACHING CAMERA

- as the falling masonry crashes to the street in f.g. between horse and CAMERA. Rhett pulls up the horse sharply which rears in panic.

299

PEACHTREE STREET - CAMERA SHOOTING FROM NARROW, DARK ALLEY

Beyond the entrance of the alley, the horse and wagon may be seen, their passage blocked by the debris. Past the CAMERA, out of the alley, run a number of hooligans.

300

CLOSER VIEW - HORSE AND WAGON

- blocked by debris. Rhett is trying to urge the horse forward over the fallen masonry but the horse balks, refusing to go any further. In both the f.g. and b.g. appear figures of looters running, bursting into shops, some of them already laden with spoils. The whole has an atmosphere of disorder and drunkenness - a city falling into chaos as it nears its death.

300 A

EXT. - STREET

A hooligan with a woman's hat on his head, his arms full of billowing dresses, goes by in front of the wagon.

300B

EXTERIOR - STREET

A thin, white-faced tough with a tremendous haunch of beef clutched to his chest, his pockets in his coat stuffed with loaves of bread, shuffles past.

300C

EXTERIOR - STREET

Two men with a demijohn of liquor, both drunk, both struggling for it as they run.

300D

CLOSE SHOT - RHETT & SCARLETT

Rhett frantically urges the horse forward. Scarlett sits beside him, taut and silent.

300E

EXTERIOR - STREET

A horse and wagon swings sharply to avoid a delicate, thin-legged settee which has been dragged into the street. Perhaps the rear wheel of the wagon touches it as it goes by.

301

CLOSE SHOT - OUTSIDE A SALOON DOOR

- as the end of a battering ram strikes it. The door gives but doesn't burst open. The battering ram is hauled back out of view for another blow.

302

INSIDE THE SALOON DOOR - (BLACK SCREEN) - (CRASHING SOUND

The entire door falls inward, revealing the red light of the fire outside. Against the red glare silhouetted figures drop the battering ram and storm into the saloon. One carries a flaming pine-knot torch, which lights up the interior, showing a portion of the bar and rows of bottles, disclosing that it is a saloon. The mob starts fighting for the bottles.

303

PEACHTREE STREET - AT FIVE POINTS - SILHOUETTE SHOT OF LOOTERS AGAINST BACKGROUND OF FIRE - NIGHT

This shot should be designed to give a Dante's Inferno effect, with riotous figures of men and women silhouetted against the flames. Some of them are drunk, others laden with loot. More and more figures join the others. There are sounds of breaking glass, splintering wood, women's cries, the yelling of men.

303A

CLOSE SHOT - GROUP IN BACK OF CART

The baby squawls and Prissy cowers beside Melanie's still form.

303 B

EXTERIOR - STREET

Five looters pass the wagon. They carry dressed carcasses of hogs on their shoulders, the heads of the swine swaying up over their own craniums, giving a weird effect of half-human, half-animal figures, the white cadavers pale against their flanks.

303 C

EXTERIOR - STREET

A man in silhouette against the flames tilts back his head to drink from a bottle.

303 D

A man, arms about two women with streaming hair, goes reeling past, the whole party drunkenly lurching and screaming.

304

DEBRIS IN STREET - BURIED CAMERA SHOT SHOOTING AWAY FROM FIRE

The decrepit horse stumbles over the top of the debris, the wagon teetering dangerously as if about to go over at any moment, Rhett lashing the horse. Horse and wagon pass directly over CAMERA.

305

CAMERA IS SHOOTING UP PEACHTREE STREET AWAY FROM FIRE - LONG SHOT - HORSE AND WAGON

In f.g. is the intersection of Marietta Street. The wagon is coming toward CAMERA. Four toughs appear, from behind CAMERA, all four of them straining to roll a hogshead barrel. One of them sees the horse, points.

First Tough

A horse!

Second Tough

Grab him!

The Fourth Tough stays with the barrel. The others start forward.

306

HIGH ANGLE - FOLLOW SHOT OF WAGON - (CAMERA TRUCKING) - SHOOTING ACROSS SCARLETT'S AND RHETT'S BACKS

The fire at the end of the street is no longer in view because this is a high, sharply angled shot. The toughs run into scene obviously intending to stop the wagon.

First Tough (yelling)

Give us that horse!

Rhett jerks savagely on the reins, the wagon swerves away, into Marietta Street, going out of scene CAMERA RIGHT

306

CONTINUED (2)

CAMERA HALTS. The toughs run up into MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT, so we can clearly distinguish their faces, looking off in consternation after the wagon. The First Tough, obviously the leader, gestures in the direction from which they came.

First Tough
Down the alley. Cut 'em off.

They run out the way from which they came.

307

PORTION OF MARIETTA STREET

SHOOT ACROSS a pile of debris which blocks the street in immediate f.g. In the b.g. is the dark opening of an alley. The wagon enters scene, toward CAMERA, abruptly swerves into the alley.

308

ALLEY - LONG SHOT

Down the alley, toward CAMERA, come the horse and wagon rocking crazily. CAMERA PANS TO the other alley leading off Peachtree Street and converging with the first. The toughs appear, running down this alley. CAMERA PULLS BACK showing how the two alleys converge. The toughs reach the intersection point first and spread across the alley, blocking the way. Rhett stands up and lashes at the horse to ride the toughs down.

309

LOW ANGLE SHOT - REAR VIEW OF TOUGHS

They leap at the horse. One is knocked down. The wagon drives over him. The others jump aside. Horse and wagon go out of scene PAST CAMERA.

310

REAR VIEW OF WAGON - SHOOTING DOWN ALLEY TOWARD FLAMES IN B.G.

The wagon bounces about from side to side dangerously, as it rocks down alley away from CAMERA. A burning building is at the far end of the alley.

311

CLOSE SHOT - MELANIE

- lying face up on the mattress, one limp arm about the bundled baby. They are being roughly tossed about. Melanie is biting her lip to keep from crying out.

312

HORSE AND WAGON IN A BRIGHT GLARE OF FLAMES

The horse abruptly stops without being pulled in and rears back. Scarlett cries out.

313 TWO SHOT - (TRANSPARENCY) - RHETT AND SCARLETT

She is clinging to him desperately. Even he looks alarmed. Behind them Prissy's frightened face appears from the back of the wagon. She screams.

314 BURNING BUILDING AND BOXCAR - FROM THEIR ANGLE

Only a few feet beyond the boxcar is a flaming building. Sparks, embers, and bits of burning wood are showering the boxcar. Carry over this SOUND of Prissy's scream.

315 GROUP SHOT - (TRANSPARENCY) - RHETT, SCARLETT AND PRISSY

Prissy is still screaming.

Scarlett (to Prissy)

Shut up.

(she thrusts her down out of sight)

Rhett (to Scarlett; gravely)

Those boxcars'll be blowing up in a minute. They're loaded with shells. We'll have to go around another way.

316 HORSE AND WAGON - BOXCAR AND BURNING BUILDING IN VIEW

Rhett lashes at the animal, pulling him around to make a half-turn away from the burning building and the boxcar and across the open freight yards. The panic-stricken horse finally starts forward. The wagon goes out of view CAMERA LEFT.

317 GRANDEUR SCREEN - FULL SHOT - BURNING WAREHOUSES

Rhett drives the horse on a slanting course toward CAMERA away from the burning buildings and the long row of boxcars. As the wagon approaches CAMERA, a huge burning beam drops directly in f.g. The horse rears back, giving the impression that exit by that route is cut off. At the same time, flames appear in immediate f.g. at the right hand side of screen. A moment later more flame appears in f.g. at left of wagon. Rhett jumps down and seizes the horse's head. He struggles with the animal a moment, trying to turn the horse away toward the left hand end of the screen. In the extreme left corner of the Grandeur Screen is an opening between the boxcars and the buildings that is not yet closed by flame.

Rhett (tugging at the horse)

Easy, boy, easy. Come along, now.

The horse doesn't budge.

CONTINUED:

317

CONTINUED (2)

Rhett (calls to Scarlett)
Give me your shawl! Quick!

Scarlett (bewildered and frightened, her
face half-hidden by the shawl)
Why? What are you going to do?

Rhett
Don't ask questions. Do as I tell you. And quick!

She flings her shawl at him. Swiftly, he wraps it around
the horse's head. The first boxcar on the right of the
screen blows up. Rhett starts to pull the horse toward
the tunnel of safety at the left corner of the screen.

Scarlett
Rhett! Rhett! Not that way!

Rhett (pointing toward the opening)
It's our only chance. Between those cars. Before they all
blow up.

Slowly, pulling the reluctant horse, he heads away
from CAMERA toward the spot still clear of flame. A
moment after they have disappeared through the opening,
the flames reach their climax, the boxcars start to
blow up, the largest building at the left end of the
screen collapses and the screen becomes a mass of flames.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

318

EXT. ROAD ON EDGE OF TOWN - LONG SHOT OF HORSE AND CART
AND TROOPS - HOT, DUSTY NIGHT

The foreground sky is red, trailing off into darkness.
The horse and wagon are careening down the road away
from the CAMERA, toward the rear of retreating troops
headed in the same direction.

(NOTE: The soldiers in this scene are walking tiredly,
dispiritedly, heads down, too weary to hurry, too
weary to care, dragging their rifles. Many are bare-
footed, some in dirty bandages, so silent that they
might all be ghosts.)

Rhett is forced to slow up.

319

REVERSE ANGLE - TROOPS AND WAGON

Burning buildings in the not too distant background.
Along the road past CAMERA go the disorganized retreat-
ing Confederates, their figures highlighted by the
flames. For the most part they are foot soldiers, but
amongst them are mounted officers in the last stage of
fatigue.

GROUP SHOT - RETREATING CONFEDERATES ON THE ROAD - HORSE AND CART IN B.G.

A young soldier, sixteen years old at the most, dragging his rifle which is almost as tall as he is, and stumbling along like a sleepwalker, stops, wavers, and falls. Without a word, two men fall out of the last rank and walk back to him. One, a tall spare man with a long black beard, silently hands his own rifle and the boy's to the other. Then, stooping, he jerks the boy to his shoulders. He starts off slowly after the retreating column, his shoulders bowed under the weight.

Young Soldier (in feeble fury)
Lemme alone. Put me down. I can walk.

The bearded soldier, without replying, plods on after the others, still carrying him.

321

TWO SHOT - RHETT AND SCARLETT ON THE WAGON - HIGH ANGLE FROM SIDE OF THE ROAD - RETREATING TROOPS IN B.G.

The dispirited shadows of Hood's army continue to shuffle past silently.

Rhett (softly)
Take a good look, my dear. It's a historic moment. You can tell your grandchildren how you watched the Old South disappear one night.

Scarlett looks around as she hears a wail from the baby in the cart.

321 A

INT. CART (OVER SCARLETT'S SHOULDER)

Melanie stretched out as if dead, the wailing baby in her arms. Prissy, terrified, crouched in a corner, coughs from the smoke.

321 B

TWO SHOT - RHETT AND SCARLETT ON THE SEAT

Scarlett turns back to Rhett.

Scarlett (impatiently)
Oh, Rhett, please hurry!

Rhett (his eyes still on the passing soldiers)
They were going to lick the Yankees in a month...The fools... the poor, gallant fools...

Scarlett (bitterly)
They make me sick - all of them. Getting us all into this with their swaggering and boasting.

Rhett (with a sad smile - sits still, the reins in his hands, a curious moody look on his swarthy face)
That's the way I felt once - about their swaggering and boasting.

321 B

CONTINUED (2)

Scarlett

Oh, Rhett, what would we ever have done without you? I'm so glad you aren't with the army!

He turns to give her a contemptuous look.

Scarlett (not noticing his look)

You can be proud now - of having been smarter than all of them...

Rhett (moodily)

I'm not so proud...

322

AT THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

A horseman enters scene, the horse stopping of its own volition. The rider, an old man with white hair and in ragged uniform, is slouched in his saddle as if asleep. Slowly, limply, he slides from the saddle to the ground. A couple of foot soldiers enter scene to him.

1st Foot Soldier

Cap'n!

He leans over and shakes the man on the ground THE CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSER.

1st Foot Soldier (continuing)

Daid.

2nd Foot Soldier

Jest plum wore out.

322 A

TWO SHOT - RHETT AND SCARLETT ON THE CART - BURNING BUILDING IN B.G.

Rhett, moved by what he has seen, makes a gesture as if to wipe the scene from his mind.

Rhett (moodily)

Old men and boys ... Old men and boys...

Scarlett

Oh, name of Heaven, Rhett! Are you crazy? Stop talking and hurry! Hurry!

Rhett, recalled to himself, brings the tree limb down on the horse's back with a cruel force that makes the animal leap forward. Smoke engulfs them.

DISSOLVE TO:

323

EXT. MCDONOUGH ROAD - AT A FORK IN THE ROAD - NIGHT

CAMERA SHOOTING DIAGONALLY across the road, beyond which are the fields and scattered trees of the open countryside. In the b.g., a faint red glow in the sky.

The horse and cart appears and pulls up to a stop.

324

TWO SHOT - RHETT AND SCARLETT ON CART

Scarlett

Why did you stop?

Rhett (indicating fork in road)

This is the turn to Tara ... let the horse breathe a bit.
(he turns to her)

Scarlett, are you still determined to do this crazy thing?

Scarlett

Oh, yes, yes! Rhett, let's go on! The horse isn't tired.

Rhett

It's suicide. It probably means driving right through the
Yankee army - and even if you miss 'em, the woods are swarming
with deserters.

Scarlett

But I know a wagon track a little farther on. Pa and I used
to ride it. It winds all over, but it comes out right back
of Twelve Oaks.

(eagerly)

We can get through - I'm sure we can.

Rhett

Not we, my dear - you. I'm leaving you here.

Scarlett (aghast)

You're what?

Rhett laughs, hands the reins to her, calmly jumps clear
of the wagon wheel down to the ground.

Scarlett

Rhett!

325

CLOSE SHOT - RHETT (FROM SCARLETT'S POINT OF VIEW -
HOLDING HER IN F.G.)

Scarlett's Voice (terrified)

Where are you going?

Rhett (smilingly after a second)

I'm going, my dear girl, to join the army.

Scarlett (relieved)

Oh, you're joking! I could kill you for scaring me so!

Rhett

I'm very serious, Scarlett. I'm going to join up with our
brave lads in grey.

Scarlett (incredulous)

But they're running away!

Rhett

Oh, they'll turn around and make a last stand - if I know any-
thing about them. And when they do, I'll be with 'em. A
little late, but "better late than" --

Rhett

Look at me, Scarlett! I love you more than I've ever loved any woman. And I've waited longer for you than I've ever waited for any woman.

Scarlett

Let me alone!

Rhett

Here's a soldier of the South who loves you, Scarlett - who wants to feel your arms around him - wants to take the memory of your kisses into battle with him.

(he grasps her more firmly but finds no response in her eyes)

Never mind about loving me. You're a woman sending a soldier to his death - with a beautiful memory ... Kiss me, Scarlett - kiss me ...

Scarlett (wrenches free)

You low-down, cowardly, nasty thing!

She draws back her arm and slaps him with all the force she has left. He steps back, his hand going to his face.

Scarlett breaks with exhaustion, worry and half-hysteria.

Scarlett (sobbing)

They were right! ... Everybody was right! ... You aren't a gentleman! ...

Rhett (his mood is gone; he speaks quietly and with a little smile)

A minor point - at such a moment ...

(he hands her his dueling pistol)

Here. If anyone, black or white, lays a hand on this nag, shoot him - but don't make a mistake and shoot the nag.

Scarlett looks at him for a second in doubt. Then the shrewd, practical Scarlett seizes the gun.

Scarlett (waving the gun)

Go on! I want you to go! And I hope a cannon ball lands right slap on you!

(she starts to cry)

I hope it blows you into a million pieces! I hope -

(NOTE: Possible cut are the lines that follow "right slap on you!" If this cut is made, the first two sentences of Rhett's next speech should also be cut)

Rhett laughs. He is amused, half bitter.

Rhett

Never mind the rest. I follow your general idea. When I'm dead on the altar of my country, I hope your conscience hurts you.

(he doffs his hat)

Goodbye, Scarlett.

(he turns and disappears into the darkness)

CONTINUED:

325
ALREADY
SHOT

CONTINUED (4)

Scarlett stands watching his figure retreating into the darkness. As his figure disappears, the sound of his footsteps is still heard for a moment or two. Scarlett turns, her shoulders drooping, back to the wagon, her knees shaking. She walks a few steps farther toward the horse.

Sobbing, she buries her face against the neck of the horse, clinging to it. She is alone with the wagon and its helpless load on the road. The horse's head droops a little lower, and Scarlett's stormy sobs gradually die away into strangled gasps of utter weariness. With a long, shaken breath, she lifts her head and draws the back of her hand across her eyes, wiping the tears away like a tired child. Then, in a characteristic little way, she lifts her chin with determination. But as she takes hold of the horse's bit, her whole form is sagging from emotional let-down; and when she speaks, her voice is dull in contrast with her tempestuous words to Rhett a moment ago.

Scarlett (dully)

Come on, you. We're going home...

Pulling at the bit, she starts leading the horse off. The old nag stumbles abjectly forward, drawing the wagon with its pitiful load past the CAMERA.

DISSOLVE TO:

326

LONG SHOT - BRIDGE NEAR WAGON ROAD - DAWN

The bridge is near a narrow wagon-track, deeply rutted and torn by the wheels of gun carriages. The scene is desolate and barren, the dawn rising over ruined fields, casting a cold bleak light across the flat land. In the ditch is a little of the impedimenta abandoned by the retreating Confederate army... this wreckage only dimly seen, a dull gleam of metal here and there; but mostly just shapeless lumps of junk.

The wagon bearing Scarlett and her charges is in the ditch immediately under the bridge. Scarlett (DOUBLE) cowers in the seat - Prissy, Melanie and the baby in back. Yankee artillery passing overhead on the bridge. We hear the voices of some of the artillerymen bawling, rather drunkenly, in song:

Artillerymen (singing on sound track)

We're coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand strong...

327

MEDIUM SHOT

Angle which includes Scarlett cowering in the wagon seat, and the floor of the bridge. Through the cracks in the bridge we see the shadows of artillery wheels which lumber overhead. Through the sound of the rattle and creak of gun carriages and limbers and hoofbeats of cavalry, we still hear the singing. Dust falls through the bridge onto the occupants of the wagon. CAMERA MOVES IN QUICKLY TO CLOSE UP OF SCARLETT'S TERRIFIED FACE. At the end of the scene she turns to face the camera.

327A

CLOSE UP SCARLETT'S TERRIFIED FACE. (To use as alternate to above moving camera shot)

328

CLOSE SHOT - MELANIE WITH INFANT IN HER ARMS

- In back of wagon - and Prissy's wide-eyed, frightened face tipped into frame.

329

LONG SHOT

The last of the Yankee artillery drivers whip up their horses and the guns rumble past.

330

CLOSE SHOT - SCARLETT (INCLUDING LOWER PORTION OF BRIDGE)
(Shoot as continuation of above Close Shot, without dust)

The bridge is now clear. The sound of the wagon wheels dies out and the singing grows fainter. Scarlett heaves a sigh of relief, tiredly draws her hand over her brow and we

DISSOLVE TO:

331

BUZZARDS AGAINST A HOT NOON SKY

They circle ominously. CAMERA PANS DOWN TO TOP OF A TREE

FAST DISSOLVE TO:

332

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - HOT NOON - THE TREETOP IN THE F.G.,
AGAINST THE SKY (Principals all doubles except Prissy)

CAMERA CONTINUES ITS PAN DOWN through the branches, disclosing the body of a dead Confederate sharpshooter hanging head downward, his foot caught in a crotch of the tree. CAMERA CONTINUES TO PAN DOWN AND OVER. At the foot of the tree is a pool of water, patched with blood, into which a few dead bodies have fallen.

Through the tree's branches we see LONG SHOT OF THE OPEN FIELD littered with dead - both Yankees and Confederates. The field has been pitted by the cannon and is also marked with tracks left by a great deal of troop movement, artillery wheels, etc. A thin wisp of smoke is still rising in the b.g., from the previous day's battle. The shriek of the buzzards is heard on the sound track.

CONTINUED:

332

CONTINUED (2)

The horse and wagon are crossing the field away from CAMERA, the weary nag, trotting slowly, picking its way amongst the corpses, the wagon bumping behind. Scarlett and Prissy are seated on the driver's plank; Melanie and the baby lying silently in the back.

DISSOLVE TO:

333-340

EXTREME LONG SHOT - COUNTRYSIDE AND GRAVEYARD AT
STREAM - SUNSET

Prissy and Double for Scarlet. (No doubles necessary for Melanie and baby as they cannot be seen.) The stream runs the length of the screen in the middle distance. A graveyard is in the f.g., between the stream and the CAMERA, marked by tombstones and a few marble crosses. One huge cross in the f.g., has been chipped off.

In the b.g., the horse and wagon is passing. We see their reflection in the water. We hear Prissy's voice on sound track from the distance as she sings weakly: "whistling in the dark" to keep up her courage:

Prissy's voice

'Jus a few mo' days fer to tote de weary load----'

The horse is walking very slowly. Scarlett, in silhouette in the b.g., lifts up her whip and lays it across the horse's back. He puts his head down and struggles on.

DISSOLVE TO:

341

EXT. TWELVE OAKS - DUSK

Open on a sign on the broken gate post at the front entrance of Twelve Oaks:

T W E L V E O A K S

JOHN WILKES, Owner

Anyone disturbing the peace on this
plantation will be prosecuted.

Part of the sign has been broken off or burned, so that some of the words are unfinished.

(NOTE: Please make one take with sign reading merely:

TWELVE OAKS

JOHN WILKES, OWNER.)

CAMERA PANS OVER to (Miniature) the burned wreckage and columns of the house, then PANS TO THE WAGON nearby, with Scarlett(Double) standing beside it.

CUT TO:

342

CLOSE SHOT - SCARLETT

Standing beside the wagon, looking off at the ruins, tears in her eyes. She walks off in their direction, slowly. As she exits from the scene CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSER TO THE WAGON, and we see Melanie, raising herself with difficulty, peer over the side-board of the wagon.

Her eyes become wide and blank with horror as she looks.

343

RUINS (FROM MELANIE'S ANGLE) - MINIATURE

Its two tall chimneys, "...like gigantic tombstones towering above the ruined second floor. And broken, unlit windows blotching the walls like still, blind eyes." Faint wisps of smoke still rising from the charred wood.

344

CLOSE UP - MELANIE

Her face disappears as she drops back onto the floor of the wagon, overcome with sadness.

CUT TO:

345

INT. RUINED STAIRWAY OF TWELVE OAKS - (MINIATURE)

CAMERA PANS DOWN the once beautiful stairway to Scarlett, (double) entering in the ruined hall below, looking around her aghast.

346

CLOSE UP - SCARLETT (SHOT THROUGH BROKEN STAIR RAIL DOWN AT SCARLETT)

She is looking upward. CAMERA moves in closer to the heartbroken tears in her eyes. She hears a sound; looks around startled and frightened.

347

CLOSE SHOT - COW

Ambling in from outside through the ruins toward Scarlett.

348-349

CLOSE UP - SCARLETT (CONTINUATION OF 346)

She sighs in relief as she realizes what the sound was.

DISSOLVE TO:

350

LONG SHOT - ENTRANCE GATE AT TARA - NIGHT
(DOUBLES)

Scarlett drives the horse and wagon in through the gate. Prissy seated beside her. Hold the scene sufficiently long to allow the entire procession to pass through the gates, including the cow tied to the back of the wagon with strips of Prissy's apron. An owl hoots eerily in the dark trees.
The horse comes to a stop all by itself as Scarlett leans from side to side on the seat, peering up the driveway.

351

CLOSE TWO SHOT - PRISSY AND SCARLETT
(DOUBLE FOR MELANIE)

Scarlett (turning back to Melanie)
Melly! Melly! We're home! We're at Tara!

Melanie's voice (very weak)
Oh, Scarlett! Thank goodness!

Scarlett (peers ahead trying to see the house)
I can't see....I can't see the house! Is it there...?

351 CONTINUED (2)

Prissy

Maybe it's gone - Maybe dey's all daid.

351 A LONG SHOT -(COSGROVE) - (FROM SCARLETT'S ANGLE)
- of shapeless mass through dark shadows and trees.

351 B BACK TO SCENE - (CONTINUATION OF 351)
Scarlett rises to her feet and lashes at the horse. He doesn't move.

Scarlett (striking at him vehemently and clucking)

Hurry! Move, you brute!

352 LOW ANGLE - THE HORSE

His legs buckle and he goes down. A shiver passes over him. His muscles relax.

353 LONGER ANGLE

Scarlett (in dismay)

Oh --

Prissy (terrified)

Miss Scarlett. ' He's daid!

Scarlett (double) leaps down from the wagon paying no attention to the horse and talking as she does, runs toward the CAMERA at right angles to the wagon, through the gate and up the driveway. Her hand to her head, she peers ahead as she runs.

Scarlett

I can't see the house!

(with rising terror)

Have they burned it?

(she stops)

354 CLOSE UP - SCARLETT

As she searches the darkness (looking straight into CAMERA) her face is gradually and slightly lighted by the moon.

354 A SHOT OF THE SKY

Clouds moving and baring the moon.

355 CLOSE UP - SCARLETT (HER FACE LIGHTED BY THE MOON)

The anxiety on her face changes to joy as she sees the house. Her face lighted by the changing light of the moon across which the clouds are still moving.

Scarlett (her voice raised in a wild cry)
It's all right! It's all right! They haven't burned it! It's still there!

356 LONG SHOT - TARA -(FROM SCARLETT'S ANGLE)

As the clouds uncover the moon and the house is plainly revealed in the moonlight.

357 MEDIUM LONG SHOT - TARA

Scarlett (double) runs across the lawn toward the house, screaming:

Scarlett
Mother! Mother!

She runs slightly left to right to match the angle of her run in succeeding scene.

358
ALREADY
SHOT

EXT. TARA - FRONT OF HOUSE - NIGHT

Out of the darkness, Scarlett comes running toward the verandah steps. She is almost staggering with weariness, and her breath is coming in spent, sobbing gasps. She runs up those familiar steps, she goes to the front door and starts to open it. It is locked. She knocks: and when there is no answering sound or movement she knocks again, more loudly and more loudly in a gathering crescendo of hysteria until finally she is hammering frantically on the door with both fists, screaming:

Scarlett
Mother! Mother! Let me in! It's me - it's Scarlett!
Mother! I'm home! I've come home!

The door opens slowly, silently, and Gerald is there, in the dark hallway. Scarlett, with both quivering hands upraised where she has been pounding at the door, stares for a second at his terribly changed face and then throws herself forward, clinging to him. Slowly, with a curious effect of dazed fumbling, his arms go about her.

Scarlett (AS CAMERA MOVES CLOSER)
Pa! It's me - Katie Scarlett! I'm home.

CONTINUED:

Scarlett (the word long drawn-out, almost
with a curious effect of wonder)

Mother!...

Slowly she pulls back from Mammy; breaks the clinging
hold of her arms.

360

INT. FRONT HALLWAY AT TARA - MOVING WITH SCARLETT -
NIGHT

She starts running, staggering a little on her feet,
calling:

Scarlett

Mother, Mother!

(she turns to look into Ellen's office, still
calling)

Mother!

(she runs out of the office, turns, and runs toward
the parlor, still calling)

Mother! Mother!

Until she stops before the open doorway of the parlor
from which candlelight comes.

361

CLOSE SHOT - SCARLETT - OUTSIDE LIGHTED DOORWAY

As she goes in, her face a mask.

362

INT. PARLOR - FROM SCARLETT'S VIEWPOINT - HOLDING HER
IN F.G.

On a table, with candles at her head and feet, Mrs.
O'Hara's body lies, covered with a sheet except for her
face.

363

PARLOR - REVERSE ANGLE - MRS. O'HARA'S BODY IN F.G.

Scarlett enters slowly, like a sleep-walker, her eyes
fixed on the figure of her mother. In this trance-like
state, she moves into a CLOSE UP, staring at her mother's
face. But all her suffering, and now this shock, have
numbed her mind in a cold hell of unreality; have
frozen her mind into an immobility which is reflected
in her face. She can't come to her mother, now; her
grief can't break through in tears nor even in a gesture.
Slowly, as in a dream of suspended motion, Scarlett
draws back.

As she does, far in the background, in the door, are
revealed Mammy and Pork, peering in wide-eyed, with
loving but morbid interest.

Mammy is holding a dish of hog-grease, with a rag smok-
ing evilly in it, giving off a sick brown light.

364

INT. TARA - JUST INSIDE THE DOOR OF THE PARLOR - NIGHT
CAMERA TRUCKING AHEAD OF SCARLETT

Walking in this dream-like state, Scarlett comes out of the parlor into the hallway. At the door, she is joined for just a moment by the two negroes, who hover about, partly in front of her as she walks, staring straight ahead, at nothing. Mammy, holding the light-dish high, flutters solicitously.

Mammy

Honey -- Chile, let Mammy he'p you, an'

Pork

Miss Sca'lett, Ma'am, kain' Ah --

Scarlett pays utterly no attention, does not pause in her slow, hypnotic walk. The negroes' voices sink into concerned and worried murmurs, and they look at each other. Then they drop back, behind her, and out of the scene.

The shadowy figure of Gerald appears, and is passed, in the macabre gloom of the hallway. In a vague and wandering gesture, he touches his mouth with fumbling fingertips: but is silent. And his haunted face is left behind as Scarlett walks on.

The dream-like unreality of this whole scene is intensified by the sick light, casting huge and grotesque shadows which walk with Scarlett. The CAMERA CONTINUES TO TRUCK in front of Scarlett, and as she comes farther and farther away from the light in Mammy's hands, and the shadow loom and stir, larger and more dream-like all around her.

Walking like a somnambulist, Scarlett crosses the hallway of her childhood, where she has been happy and frivolous, long ago. Once she touches, with wondering fingers, the dim surface of the console table: and again, she lets her fingers trail along the smooth curve of the banister, which once her darting hand had touched so lightly.

And as if the touch of these things, known so well in childhood, had power to break through into her mind, her breath starts coming faster and faster -- finally there is a catch in it -- the mask of her face begins to crumple a little -- she begins to walk faster and faster -- the catch in her breath becomes a little jerky noise, almost like a small animal might make in pain. And then, it is a strangled sob -- and she starts running. Through the door of the parlor again, running.

365

INT. PARLOR - CAMERA ON SCARLETT AS SHE COMES RUNNING IN

Stumbling, sobbing, Scarlett comes across the room. Her face is wildly alive again now with a vivid agony of
CONTINUED:

365

CONTINUED (2)

grief and horror. As she sees her mother again, her eyes dilate enormously, and with both fists pressed against her mouth, she gives a strangled, prolonged and piercing scream (Her face is very close to the CAMERA and WE HOLD ON IT for its full effect.)

366

LONGER SHOT

Scarlett throws herself down on her knees beside the table at her mother's feet. Scarlett's face is buried against the sheet, her hands, writhing and twisting in agony, are knotted above her head. (Her face between her rigid elbows.) As the CAMERA MOVES CLOSER, the twisting hands writhe more and more slowly until they are motionless, clenched.

A wind blows the candle-flame gently, almost as if a quiet presence were passing there...

SLOW FADE OUT.

367-369

FADE IN:

INT. HALLWAY AT TARA - DAWN

(SHOOTING AT THE CLOSED DOOR OF THE LIVING ROOM)

Mammy and Pork are wearily and anxiously watching the closed door. Slowly it opens and beyond the body of Mrs. O'Hara may be seen a window, gray with the early morning light. The dish of grease which has served as a candle, has burned out but is still sending up a thin spiral of smoke in the dawn.

Scarlett comes out of the parlor. She is beyond grief. Her face, tear-stained and agonizingly tired, shows what she has been through during the entire night. No tears are left. She is drained of emotion. As she marches slowly into the hall, the CAMERA RETREATS IN FRONT OF HER.

Pork and Mammy glance at each other. Mammy tentatively extends an arm as though to touch Scarlett, and then withdraws it.

Mammy (seeking to control the emotion in her voice)

Miss Scarlett honey --

Pork (same)

If they's anything Ah can do, Miss Scarlett --

Scarlett starts slowly down the hall. Pork picks up a primitive candle like the one over Ellen's body, and he and Mammy anxiously follow Scarlett, CAMERA TRUCKING WITH THEM.

Scarlett

What did you do with Miss Melly?

Mammy

Don' you worry yo' pretty haid 'bout Miss Melly, chile. Ah done slapped her in bed a'ready 'long wid de baby.

Scarlett (nods, then says:)

Better put that cow I brought in the barn, Pork.

Pork

Dere ain' no barn no mo', Miss Scarlett. De Yankees buhned it fo' fiahwood.

Scarlett

In the stable then!

Mammy

Dey buhned the stables, too, Miss Scarlett.

Scarlett (bitterly)

Why didn't they burn the house?

Mammy

'Cause dey used de house fo' dey haidqua'ters, Miss Scarlett.

CONTINUED

RETAKES INT. HALL - TARA - CLOSE TWO SHOT - MAMMY AND PORK
Cut into DAWN

script
scs.367-369 (To cut in after Pork's line: "Dey camped all aroun' de place. De pastures wuz blue wid 'em!")

Mammy and Pork looking up at Scarlett who stands on the stairs. Scarlett's lines not to be re-shot; indicated here for cues only.

Scarlett
Yankees...in Tara!

Mammy
Yassum - and they stole mos' everything they didn' burn...all de cloe's and all de rugs...
(heartbroken)
an' even Miss Ellen's rosaries!

Scarlett
Pork - I'm starving. Get me something to eat.

Mammy
Dere ain' nothin' to eat, honey. Dey tuck it all.

Scarlett (incredulous)
All the chickens - everything?

Pork
Dey tuck dem de fust thing. And whut dey didn't eat dey cah'ied off 'cross dey saddles.

Scarlett
No dried peas? No corn?

Pork
Lawsy, Miss Scarlett, dey pastured dey hosses in de cawn...

Scarlett (wild)
Don't tell me any more about what "they" did!

Mammy (suddenly remembering)
I hid some apples wid de silver - in de well.
X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X

ALREADY SHOT Scarlett doesn't comment because she suddenly sees her father through the open door to Ellen's study.

370-377
ALREADY SHOT INT. STUDY

Gerald sits, a broken and distracted figure, neither awake nor asleep, neither alive nor dead. He is a weird sight, sitting in the half darkness - the dawn which is creeping in through the window just lighting his face. As we get close to him we realize he is shuffling papers, obviously only going through the motions of examining them.

Scarlett goes to him and strokes his head silently. Suddenly she sees something next to him. It is a bottle of locally made corn whiskey and next to it a gourd.

CONTINUED:

Scarlett
What's that, Pa? Whiskey?

Gerald (even his voice is vague)
Yes, daughter.

Scarlett pours some of the whiskey into the gourd and gives it to Gerald, as to a child.

Scarlett
Drink this, Pa.

He gulps it down, obediently. She takes the gourd back from him, her nostrils wrinkling in distaste at the reek, and holds it to her mouth.

Gerald, again aimlessly shuffling his papers, follows her movements with his eyes, a vague stirring of disapproval in them. Scarlett draws a deep breath and drinks swiftly, the hot liquid burning her throat, choking her and bringing tears to her eyes.

(Drinks from bottle if preferable - may be faster.)

She pours another terrific slug into the gourd and raises it to drink again.

Gerald
Katie Scarlett! That's enough. You're not knowing spirits. You'll be making yourself tipsy.

Scarlett (bitterly)
I hope it makes me drunk. I'd like to be drunk.
(she finishes her drink, sees Gerald's puzzled, hurt face and rises, approaches Gerald and pats him on the knee)
What are those papers?

Gerald (vaguely)
Papers?

Scarlett
Yes. Those in your hand.

Gerald
Oh .. Oh...
(looks at them as if seeing them for first time)
Bonds - all we have left - all we've saved - bonds.

Scarlett (hopefully)
What kind of bonds, Pa?

Gerald (shuffling them)
Why, Confederate bonds, of course, daughter.

Scarlett (sharply)
Confederate bonds! What're they good for?

Gerald (with a flash of his old peremptory manner)
I'll not have you talkin' like that, Katie Scarlett!

CONTINUED:

Scarlett (dismayed)

Oh, what'll we do, Pa? What'll we do without money -- or anything?

Gerald (confused and hurt like a small boy)

We must ask your mother.

(as though he's made a discovery)

That's it! ... We must ask Mrs. O'Hara.

Scarlett (startled)

Ask ... Mother?

A look of horror comes over her face as she realizes for the first time that her father's mind is gone.

Gerald looks up at her with a gentle smile and pats her hand.

Gerald

Yes -- yes ... Mrs. O'Hara will know what's to be done. Now stop crying and go out for a ride. I'm busy.

Scarlett (in a hushed voice)

(her arms going around the seated figure and standing behind him where he cannot see her trembling lips)

Yes, Pa ... but don't worry about anything. Katie Scarlett is here ... so you needn't worry.

She turns her head sharply, bites her lip, and with supreme effort controls her tears. She leaves Gerald and walks into the hall.

378

INT. HALLWAY - DAWN (Slightly lighter than before - and no grease burning)

Scarlett comes out of Ellen's office, dazed by this fresh shock. Mammy enters to her as she closes the door.

Mammy (plaintively)

Miss Scarlett honey, whut all we goin' to do wid nothin' to feed dose sick fo'ks an' dat chile?

Scarlett (dully)

I don't know, Mammy -- I don't know.

CAMERA TRUCKS AFTER SCARLETT as she walks away. She continues down the hall toward the covered passage leading to the yard. Mammy waddles after her.

Mammy

An' de well watah -- dem Yankees throwed daid rats in it.

?

As Scarlett approaches the stairs, CAMERA STILL WITH HER, Prissy hurries down from the floor above.

Prissy (wailing)

Miss Scarlett, Miss Carreen and Miss Suellen, dey's fussin' fer to be washed wid a sponge.

CONTINUED:

Scarlett (despairingly)
Where are the other servants?

Mammy
Miss Scarlett, dere's only jus' Pork and me left. De others
went off to de war or runned away.

Scarlett wordlessly turns away from the stairs toward the
door leading to the covered porch, CAMERA STILL FOLLOW-
ING HER. Prissy's wailing voice follows her:

Prissy's voice
Ah cain't take care of dat baby an' sick fo'ks, too. Ah's
only got two han's.

Scarlett passes into the covered way, where Pork is lying
in wait for her near the door.

Pork (in complaining voice)
Who's gwine milk dat cow, Miss Scarlett? We'se house workers.

Scarlett walks past, ignoring him.

379

INT. COVERED WAY (40 Acres)

Scarlett walks down the covered way and stands looking
out onto the grounds.

380

EXT. GROUNDS OF TARA - (2D UNIT, LOCATION) - (FROM
SCARLETT'S VIEWPOINT OR OVER HER SHOULDER) - EARLY
MORNING

"Deep ruts and furrows were cut into the road where
horses had dragged heavy guns along it and the red
gullies on either side were deeply gashed by the wheels.
The cotton was mangled and trampled where cavalry and
infantry, forced off the narrow road, had marched thru
the green bushes, grinding them into the earth. Here and
there in road and fields lay buckles and bits of harness
leather, canteens flattened by hooves and caisson wheels,
buttons, blue caps, worn socks, bits of bloody rags, all
the litter left by a marching army."

381

CLOSE SHOT - SCARLETT (IN COVERED WAY) (40 Acres)

In reaction to the desolation, she is nearing the end of
her rope. She exits from the covered way and starts
across the grounds.

382

LONG SHOT - DESOLATE FIELDS - (2d UNIT, LOCATION)

As Scarlett walks away from the CAMERA toward the vege-
table garden which is on a knoll to the right, passing
the well, the ruined orchard and the cottonfield with
only a few miserable patches of white remaining. In the
b.g., we see charred slave quarters and barn, the paddock,
the scorched trees, the skeleton of the cotton press and
the ruins of the split-rail fence which had been around
the kitchen garden.

(2D UNIT, LOCATION)

CLOSE SHOT - VEGETABLE GARDEN - RUINED OUTHOUSES IN B.G.

The soft earth, scarred with hoofprints and heavy wheels - the vegetables mashed into the soil.

Scarlett wearily comes into the garden and looks down at the earth. As she stoops to pick some radishes from a short row, CAMERA PANS DOWN WITH HER.

She kneels and eats several as fast as she can get them into her mouth, not bothering to remove the dirt.

Suddenly she gets ill at her stomach - and slowly, miserably, she retches as she falls face forward on the ground and sobs.

CAMERA HOLDS on the portrait of the defeated, prostrate and sobbing figure. This is the lowest moment in Scarlett O'Hara's life - and we should feel that she is completely defeated.

After we have held this portrait, the sobs slowly stop - and CAMERA MOVES DOWN to Scarlett's head. Her head moves somewhat so that we see her face - and we see her expression change slowly into bitter determination. Ever so slowly, and with grim determination, she pulls herself up on her hands, and as CAMERA STARTS TO DRAW BACK she rises first to one knee - and finally straight up. This is the crucial moment of Scarlett O'Hara's life. And it is the most magnificent moment of her life. Out of this complete defeat a new and mature Scarlett O'Hara is born. She stands there, fist clenched, her dress soiled, face smudged with dirt, and speaks slowly with grim determination - measuring each phrase carefully. Before speaking she raises her clenched fist and looks up, delivering her speech to the sky:

Scarlett

As God is my witness...As God is my witness...They're not going to lick me!...I'm going to live through this and when it's over I'll never be hungry again...No, nor any of my folks!...If I have to lie - or steal - or cheat - or kill! As God is my witness, I'll never be hungry again!

She stands, her fist still clenched, as CAMERA DRAWS BACK on the determined figure outlined against the devastation of the plantation.

CAMERA PULLS BACK FARTHER AND FARTHER - revealing Scarlett standing near an enormous ruined oak, backgrounded only by the sky.

THE CAMERA FINALLY PULLS BACK TO AN EXTREME LONG SHOT

A puff of early morning wind stirs the trees and bushes - like a harbinger of a new day.

FADE OUT.

384-397

FADE IN:

TITLE to the effect that Sherman swept through Georgia like Attila the Hun - burning, pillaging, destroying everything before him; his "bummers" cutting a swathe sixty miles wide from Atlanta to the sea; that it was one of the most brutal assaults history has ever known; that the North was determined the South should never be strong enough to rise again; that Tara was out of the line of march, but that things were as bad here as elsewhere through the state.

This rolling title is over shots showing Sherman's destruction, including in particular a long shot of broad open countryside with smoke and flames and plantations as far as eye can reach; and probably a long shot from a high viewpoint of Sherman's men on the march.

pb

DISSOLVE TO:

398

EXT. TARA CREEK BOTTOM COTTON PATCH - LATE AFTERNOON,
NOVEMBER 1864 - LONG SHOT

The stalks and leaves of the cotton are withered. Only scattered blooms still cling to the plants, many having already fallen to the ground: for this is autumn.

Scattered over the field are all that are left of the people of Tara: The shot is framed on the Side with the foreground figure of Gerald (in profile) sitting aimlessly playing with a blade of grass or something of the sort. The next nearest the CAMERA are Mammy and Prissy; then a little farther away Suellen and Carreen; and Scarlett, the farthest away, pulling desperately at a well rope and swinging the bucket clear of the well brim. Next to her on the ground are two pails. (Pork is not in the field as the scene opens, as he is off scene milking the cow.)

399 -404

CLOSE SHOT - SUELLEN AND CARREEN

In ragged soiled dresses, they are picking cotton in sullen silence. Both girls look weary and ill. They have both only recently gotten over sickness and have been driven to extremely hard work by Scarlett.

Suellen (straightening up)

My back's near broken...

(with a sob)

And look at my hands!

(holds them out)

Mother said you could always tell a lady by her hands.

Her hands are scratched and grubby.

Carreen (sweetly)

I guess things like hands and ladies don't matter so much any more... You rest, Sue. You're not well yet and I can pick the cotton for both of us.

Suellen

Scarlett's hateful -- making us work in the fields like darkies! If Mother were here...

(She starts to sob and leans her head on Carreen's shoulder. Carreen, the younger sister, comforts her like a mother)

Suellen (continuing)

Oh, Baby, I'm so miserable! ... Everything's gone... everything!

Carreen

I know, I know... Oh, Sue, what will the South be like without all our fine boys? There'll never be anyone to take their place.

Suellen

What's going to happen to Southern girls, that's what I want to know! There'll be no one to marry us! With all the boys dead, there'll be thousands of girls all over the South who'll die old maids.

Scarlett's voice
Too bad about that!

Both sisters turn startled and frightened as Scarlett enters to them. She is carrying two large buckets of water, which she deposits on the ground.

Suellen
You can talk because you've been married, and everybody knows somebody wanted you!

Scarlett
Maybe old Ginger-Whiskers Kennedy will come back and marry you. Though personally I'd rather be an old maid than marry him!...Now get back to work! I can't do everything at Tara all by myself.

Suellen
What do I care about Tara! I hate Tara!

Scarlett looks at her for a moment in rage, then slaps her as hard as she can so that Suellen almost collapses with sobbing.

Scarlett
Don't you ever dare say you hate Tara again! That's the same as hating Ma and Pa!
(she picks up water buckets and walks out of scene)

405 LONG SHOT - FIELD

As Scarlett crosses, walking toward Pork who is approaching with a milk pail - Mammy a little behind him. Prissy can be seen working in the distance in the b.g.

406 CLOSE SHOT - SCARLETT AND PORK

Scarlett, staggering under her load, is a few feet from Pork when she calls to him:

Scarlett
Pork, you come here to me! Let me see that pail!

Startled, guilty even, Pork carries the pail over for her inspection.

Scarlett
Call that milking? How do you expect me to keep Miss Melly and her baby alive? That cow's got more milk in her than that! You go back and strip her down like I told you this morning!

Mammy has entered.

Scarlett
And you, Mammy, go dig those yams like I told you!

Mammy
Diggin's field han's! business! Po'k an' me's house hands!

Scarlett

If you don't want to work you can both get out!

Pork

Where'd we git out to, Miss Scarlett?

Scarlett

You can get out to the Yankees for all I care!

She exits. Mammy turns to Pork.

Pork (low)

'Pears ter me lak some folks's ridin' mighty high these days.

407

INT. COVERED WAY

-as Scarlett enters wearily. Gerald is there. He looks up as Scarlett comes in and sets down the buckets.

Gerald

Katie Scarlett, there's something I want to talk to you about.

Scarlett (wearily)

Yes, Pa. What is it?

Pa

I've been talking to Prissy and Mammy, and I don't like the way you're treating them. You must be firm with inferiors but you must be gentle with them - especially darkies.

Scarlett (tired but patient)

I know, Pa, but I'm not asking them to do anything I'm not doing myself.

Gerald

Nevertheless, Katie Scarlett, I don't like it ... I shall speak to Mrs. O'Hara about it.

Scarlett is about to reply, but controls herself - impatiently and wearily leaves him and walks through the door into the hall.

408

INT. HALL

- as Scarlett enters.

Melanie has just come down the stairs. She is barefoot and wears a loose and worn-out robe over her nightgown. She is obviously weak for she is bracing herself against the wall for support.

Scarlett stops short.

Scarlett (sharply)

Melly, what are you doing out of bed?

408

CONTINUED (2)

Melanie

Oh, Scarlett! I must talk to you. You're all working so hard... I can't lie in bed doing nothing...

Scarlett (roughly)

You go on back upstairs. You're as weak as a new born colt.

Melanie

Please, Scarlett, let me --

Scarlett

Stop being noble, Melanie Wilkes. I've got enough on my hands without you making yourself sick so you'll never be any use.

Melanie (hurt but contrite)

I didn't think of it that way.

She goes back up the steps, Scarlett watching for a moment.

Suddenly she hears the sound of a horse's hooves outside. She listens a moment then runs to the living room.

409

INT. LIVING ROOM

Scarlett runs in to the window and peers out cautiously.

410

EXT. FRONT OF TARA (FROM SCARLETT'S VIEWPOINT THROUGH THE WINDOW, OR WITH SCARLETT IN F.G. LOOKING OUT)

Leisurely riding up the driveway toward the front door is a Yankee cavalryman. He dismounts, tosses the bridle reins over the hitching post, takes his pistol from its holster and glancing to right and left, starts toward the front door of the house.

411

CLOSE SHOT - SCARLETT

She stands frozen with fear for just a second, then quickly exits, CAMERA PANNING WITH HER, as she runs out and to the stairs.

412

CLOSE SHOT (LOW CAMERA SETUP) - FRONT DOOR

- as it opens and the Yankee's legs walk into the house.

413

CLOSE SHOT - BUREAU DRAWER

Scarlett's hands quickly open the drawer and take a pistol from it - the one Rhett had given her on McDonough Road.

414 CLOSE SHOT - LEGS OF YANKEE CAVALRYMAN

- turning into Ellen's study.

415 CLOSE SHOT - SCARLETT ON UPPER STAIRS

Pistol in hand, she leans down and takes off her improvised and worn shoes.

416 CLOSE SHOT - YANKEE'S ARMS

- as he finds Ellen's sewing box and his hands open it.

417 CLOSE SHOT - SCARLETT ON STAIR

She is half way down the last flight of stairs, close to the wall and nervous. The sound of the footsteps below stop.

Man's voice
Who's there?

Scarlett stands still, her heart pounding. She drops her arm to her side and hides the pistol which she holds slightly behind her.

Man's voice
Halt or I'll shoot.

418 CLOSE SHOT - YANKEE CAVALRYMAN (FROM SCARLETT'S ANGLE)

He is in the hall exiting from Ellen's study. He looks up at Scarlett. In one hand he holds his pistol and in the other he holds Ellen's sewing box which we have seen the night of Scarlett's arrival home.

Yankee
All alone, little lady?

He grins and puts his pistol back in its holster.

419 CLOSE SHOT - SCARLETT

Her hands clutching the pistol, she stares down at him silently.

420-425 LONGER SHOT

Scarlett glaring down furiously at the Yankee - the Yankee grinning up at her.

Yankee
Not very friendly, are you? ..
(He opens the sewing box and holds up the earbobs)
Got anything else besides these earbobs? CONTINUED:

Scarlett (with hatred and fury)
You Yankees have been here before.

Yankee (looks around the hall, laughs)
Regular spitfire, ain't you? Well, I'll trouble you for
a little food. Where's the kitchen?

Scarlett
We haven't any food. We're starving as it is, thanks to
you Yankees.

He suddenly notices that Scarlett is holding something
behind her skirt.

Yankee
What you got hidden in your hand?

He starts up the steps toward her, eyeing her mockingly.
Scarlett stands without moving to stop him, letting him
approach until he has nearly reached her.

426

VERY LARGE CLOSE UP - YANKEE'S FACE

Eyeing Scarlett, his face comes closer and closer to the
camera, until Scarlett's hand comes into the scene,
pointing the pistol directly at his head. His eyes
widen in horror, which we hold for a second as he looks
at the muzzle. Then the pistol fires straight into his
face.

427

BACK TO SCENE

The body rolls backward down the stairs and lands face
up on the floor below. The face is terribly marked with
powder smoke and burns - and blood streams from the pit
where the nose had been. In the f.g. a thin wisp of
smoke from the pistol which Scarlett still holds in
her hand.

Scarlett gazes down, her hatred giving way to horror at
the realization of what she has done. She hears foot-
steps from the upper flight of stairs and turns to see
Melanie on the landing, clad only in her nightgown. She
is holding out Charles' naked sabre.

Melanie stops and looks down at the scene below.

428

HIGH ANGLE SHOT FROM LANDING (OVER MELANIE'S SHOULDER)-

at Scarlett on the stairs beneath her; and at the body
of the marauder beneath Scarlett in turn, lying on the
hall floor.

429

CLOSE UP - MELANIE

Standing with the sword in her hand. "There was a glow of
grim pride in her usually gentle face, approbation and a
fierce joy in her smile ..."

Scarlett looks up at Melanie, frightened. The sound of feet running outside, and Suellen's voice:

Suellen
Scarlett! Scarlett!

Carreen's voice (frightened)
Scarlett! What happened?

Melanie thinks quickly, turns to the window and throws it open.

431 EXT. (OVER MELANIE'S SHOULDER THROUGH THE WINDOW)

Suellen and Carreen, Gerald with them, are running toward the house.

Melanie (with teasing gaiety)
Don't be scared, chickens. Your big sister was trying to clean a revolver and it went off and nearly scared her to death.
(she laughs)

432 SUELLEN, CARREEN AND GERALD - OUTSIDE

Carreen
Oh, thank goodness.

Suellen (crossly)
Haven't we got enough to frighten us?

Gerald (reprovingly)
Tell Katie Scarlett she must be more careful.
They turn and exit.

433 BACK TO SCENE

Scarlett (admiringly)
What a cool liar you are, Melly.
Melanie runs down the few steps to Scarlett.

Melanie
We must get him out of here, Scarlett, and bury him. If the Yankees find him here...
(she steadies herself on Scarlett's arm.)

Scarlett
I didn't see anyone else. He must have been a deserter.

Melanie
Even so. We've got to hide him. They might hear about it and come and get you.

Scarlett looks at her, then goes down the stair.

The dead Yankee lies sprawled across the foreground.
Scarlett comes down towards him from the stair, fascinated but revolted.

Scarlett
I could bury him in the arbor, where the ground is soft.
(then, up to Melanie)
But how will I get him there?

Melanie
We'll both take a leg and drag him.
(she starts down)

Scarlett
You couldn't drag a cat! Don't you dare try to help me or
I'll carry you upstairs myself.

Melanie smiles and advances to Scarlett.

Melanie (as she joins Scarlett, again clutching her for support)
Do you suppose it would be dishonest to go through his knapsack?

Scarlett
I'm ashamed I didn't think of that myself.
(drops to her knees)
I'll go through his pockets. You take the knapsack.

Stooping over the dead man with distaste, she unbuttons the remaining buttons of his jacket and systematically begins rifling his pockets. Melanie starts for the knapsack, but is weak and sits abruptly on the floor, leaning back against the wall.

Melanie (shakily)
You look. I'm feeling a little weak.

Scarlett (pulling out a bulging wallet wrapped about with a rag - in a whisper)
Melly, I think it's full of money!
(she tears off the rag and with trembling hands opens the leather folds)
Look, Melly - just look!

Melanie looks and her eyes dilate. Jumbled together are a mass of bills, United States greenbacks mingling with Confederate money and, glinting from between them, a few gold pieces.

Scarlett
Ten...Twenty...Thirty...Forty...Fifty-five!...

Melanie (as Scarlett starts fingering bills)
Don't stop to count it now. We haven't time --

Scarlett
Do you realize this money means we'll eat?

Melanie
Look in his other pockets!

435

CLOSE SHOT - SCARLETT

-rifling the man's trouser pockets. They yield nothing except a candle end, a jackknife, a plug of tobacco and a bit of twine.

Melanie's voice

Hurry!

436

BACK TO SCENE

Melanie reaches for the knapsack as Scarlett sits on her haunches staring at the wallet smiling. From the knapsack Melanie removes a small package of coffee which she sniffs as if it were the sweetest of perfumes.

Melanie (pausing for a moment)

Coffee!

She puts the coffee down and goes back to ransacking the knapsack pulling from it hardtack, a garnet brooch, two broad gold bracelets with tiny dangling gold chains, gold embroidery scissors, a diamond solitaire ring and two men's watches.

Melanie (in sudden realization)

Scarlett, he must have stolen all of this!

Scarlett takes a pair of ear-bobs from the man's pockets. These should be identified very clearly as the ear-bobs Scarlett wears in the Jail Sequence with Rhett.

Scarlett

Of course. And he came here hoping to steal more from us.

Melanie (her gentle eyes hard)

I'm glad you killed him. Now hurry, darling, and get him out of here.

Scarlett bends over, catches the dead man by his boots and tugs. He is heavier than she realized and she feels suddenly weak. Turning so that she backs the corpse, she catches a heavy boot under each arm and throws her weight forward. The body moves and she jerks again. Tugging and straining, perspiration dripping from her forehead, she starts to drag him down the hall toward the front door, a red stain following her path.

Scarlett (gasping)

We'll have to mop up the mess...But if he bleeds across the yard we can't hide it. Give me your nightgown, Melly, and I'll wad it around his head.

(Melanie's white face goes crimson)

Don't be silly. I won't look at you. If I had on a potti-coat or pantalettes I'd use them.

CAMERA PANS with Scarlett as she turns back to the dead soldier.

437

CLOSE SHOT - MELANIE

Terribly embarrassed, she is crouching against the wall. As the CAMERA MOVES UP TO A CLOSE UP OF ONLY HER FACE AND SHOULDERS, she reaches down out of scene and pulls the ragged garment over her head - and, painfully embarrassed and shielding her naked shoulders as best she can with one arm, silently tosses it to Scarlett.

(ALTERNATE TAKE FOR CENSORSHIP PROTECTION FOR ABOVE:
437A: CLOSE SHOT - MELANIE IN DOOR TO ELLEN'S STUDY
(or behind banister or etc., her body out of sight of Scarlett) - with same action as above.)

438

CLOSE SHOT - SCARLETT

She catches the gown, throws a quick disgusted glance at Melanie, and starts wrapping it around the man's head, muttering disgustedly.

Scarlett
Thank God I'm not that modest!
(calls over her shoulder to Melanie)
Go back to bed. You'll be dead if you don't. I'll clean up the mess after I've buried him.

439

CLOSE UP - MELANIE

Still with one arm across her naked shoulder, she looks down at the pool of blood with a sick face.

Melanie (in a sick whisper)
No, I'll clean it up.

(ALTERNATE TAKE FOR CENSORSHIP PROTECTION FOR ABOVE:
439A: Same as above with Melanie in location of protection shot 437 A)

440

CLOSE SHOT - SCARLETT

Wrapping the man's head and talking as she does:

Scarlett
Well, kill yourself then and see if I care! And if any of the folks come in before I'm finished, keep them in the house till I'm through with this - and if they ask about the horse, tell them he just walked in from nowhere.

441

CLOSE SHOT - MELANIE'S NAKED LEGS

They hesitantly walk forward toward the pool of blood on the floor. Her hand comes into the scene, picks up the soldier's knapsack, dips it in the pail of water Scarlett has deposited on the floor, and starts to mop up the blood.

(ALTERNATE TAKE FOR CENSORSHIP PROTECTION FOR ABOVE:

441A: CLOSE UP - MELANIE

Still acutely embarrassed, peeking out of the
study door. (Or location of protection shots
437A and 439A))

442

CLOSE SHOT - SCARLETT

She finishes wrapping the man's head.

Scarlett (looking down at him)
Well, I guess I've done murder.
(she draws the back of her hand across her eyes,
throws out her chin)
I won't think about that now. I'll think about it tomorrow.

As she lifts up the soldier's legs and starts to drag
him out, we

FADE OUT.

443-444

SCENES TO BE SUPPLIED:

SERIES OF DISSOLVES

indicating the end of the war and including a telegraph key clicking off Lee's message to Grant asking for terms; and the surrender at Appomatox Courthouse.

DISSOLVE TO;

445 DISSOLVE IN:
EXTREME LONG SHOT TARA - DAY - MAY, 1865
(COSGROVE)

Gerald is galloping like the wind (double! back to camera) toward Tara, approaching the fence.

445 A CLOSE SHOT - HORSE'S HOOFS
as they clear the fence.

445 B CLOSEUP - GERALD'S FACE
At the same moment we see on his face wild despair.

445 C LONG SHOT
Continuation of scene 445, except that Gerald is getting closer to the house.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

445 D INT. HALL - TARA
VERY LOW CAMERA SETUP, wide angle lens shooting the entire length of the hall.

The door flies open and Gerald bursts in, making a great clutter of noise. Melanie, Scarlett, Suellen and Carreen pour into the hall from all directions-Carreen and Suellen together.

CAMERA MOVES UP TO CLOSE SHOT OF GERALD, as fast as the camera can move. As the camera reaches his mad face,

Gerald
It's all over! The war! Lee's surrendered!

On the word "surrendered" SWING THE CAMERA to a TWO SHOT OF CARREEN AND SUELLEN - larger than waist size.

	Suellen
almost	(It's not possible!
simul-	(
taneous-	Carreen
ly	(Oh, why did we ever fight!....

SWING CAMERA, as fast as it can move, to a LARGE CLOSE-UP OF MELANIE.

Melanie (ecstatic)
Ashley will be coming home!

SWING CAMERA RAPIDLY TO
AN EXTREMELY LARGE CLOSEUP OF SCARLETT; just barely taking her face within the camera line:

Scarlett
Cotton ought to go sky high next year....

446

LONG SHOT ROAD - DAY - SEPTEMBER 1865

On the road is a weary procession of Confederate soldiers, returning from the war, stretching back and dotting the road in small groups as far as we can see. Most are walking, barefoot. All are in ragged uniforms, about one-fourth of which wear blue coats which have been taken from Yankee prisoners or from the dead. At least half the men seen are wounded - some with a missing leg, some with a missing arm, some with bandages, etc. It is a pitiful portrait of the lame, the halt and the blind that now constitutes the largest part of what is left of Southern manhood. Some are on horses in even more wretched condition than their riders.

A buggy appears in the background, coming toward the camera.

447

CLOSE UP - YANKEE CARPETBAG ON THE FLOOR OF THE BUGGY

PAN CAMERA UP to reveal that Jonas Wilkerson is driving, and beside him sits a free issue negro who is singing. The horse, at a gallop, bears down upon some of the returning foot-soldiers, forcing them off the road. As the buggy comes abreast of the Camera, it almost strikes one man who has put up his arm and is standing in front of the buggy to stop it. He is supporting another soldier who is obviously very weak and wounded. Wilkerson pulls up sharply, having almost hit the man.

Wilkerson (standing up, in a rage)
Get out of the way, Rebel! Get off that road!

Soldier
Have you room in your carriage for a dying man?

Wilkerson
I got no room for any Southern scum, alive or dead! Get out of the way!

He half raises his whip threateningly. The soldier just looks at him. For a moment the two men's eyes are locked, then Wilkerson's eyes waver and glance away.

447A

CLOSE SHOT - SOLDIER ON ROAD

Soldier (quietly)
I reckon he'd rather try and walk it, at that.

448

BACK TO SCENE

Wilkerson sits down, ready to start the carriage.

Another soldier who has come up to listen, still stands in the road.

Negro
Ride 'em down, Boss. He ain't got no right to hold us here.

CONTINUED:

448

CONTINUED (2)

Wilkerson (grunting his assent to the negro)
(turns and calls to the soldier)
Hey, you, stand aside -- stand aside! -- I can't waste time!

Soldier
This is a public road. I got a right to walk on it without
being run off.

Wilkerson (violently)
You and your rights! You ain't whipping slaves and kicking
loyal Americans around any more!

(turns to negro in wagon who has drawn a gun)
Shoot 'em down, Bill, if they answer back.

(whips his horse)
Gid-ap!
(yells at soldiers)
Jump, you gray-backed beggars!

Negro
Hunh ... Ack' as tho dey won de war!

The horse starts through and the stragglers scamper away.
Wilkerson spits on them as his buggy breaks through their
ranks and passes on.

449

SET SHOT SIDE ANGLE ON BUGGY - (COSGROVE) -
TARA IN DISTANCE.

450

CLOSE SHOT - INT. CARRIAGE (TRANSPARENCY)

Wilkerson points off in direction of Tara.

Wilkerson (to his negro companion)
There it is. That's Tara. They threw me out once. Well,
I'm going to own it -- and when I do, I'll make you overseer.

Negro (grins)
When's dat gonna be, boss?

Wilkerson
Not long, not long. We'll see how the O'Haras like it with
their fine airs!

He clucks to the horse and drives on. CAMERA PANS
TOWARD THE HOUSE, showing the white brick structure
of Tara through the trees.

451

EXT. TARA - DAY - SEPTEMBER 1865.

MEDIUM SHOT shooting at SCUPPERNONG ARBOR which is in back of the smokehouse at the side of Tara..

In the f.g. on the lawn are three men wrapped in blankets - one lying peacefully stretched out, and two sitting playing cards. None of them speak.

THE CAMERA STARTS TO MOVE UP TO A CLOSE SHOT AT THE ARBOR where, behind a screen of bushes and blankets draped over the structure, are the heads and shoulders of three scarecrow soldiers. One is Frank Kennedy. The other two men have been stripped and one is trimming his whiskers with a pair of shears. Sound of splashing from behind the bushes.

Frank Kennedy seems reluctant. Mammy stands determined on the lawn, a pitchfork in her hands.

Mammy

Come on now, Mist' Kennedy. You give me dem pants!

He throws his uniform trousers over the hedge. Mammy spears them on her pitchfork.

Mammy

Now you scrub yo'seff wid dat strong lye soap befo' Ah comes an' scrubs you mah'seff! Ah's gwine an' drop dese britches in de boillin' pot!

She walks a few steps to the boiling pot and drops the trousers in, throws the pitchfork on the ground, and starts toward the covered way, muttering to herself:

Mammy (muttering)

The whole Confed'rut army got de same troubles -- crawlin' cloe's an' dysent'ry!

452

NEAR THE END OF THE COVERED WAY

As Mammy enters scene she meets Suellen who has just come out.

Suellen (sputters)

I think it's humiliating the way you're treating Mr. Kennedy!

Mammy

You'd be a sight mo' humiliated effen Mr. Kennedy's lice gits on you!

Suellen is indignant. FOLLOW MAMMY as she leaves her and passes the COVERED WAY on her way to the smokehouse. On the steps and the porch are seven to ten gaunt Confederate soldiers hungrily devouring food. A couple of the men are crippled and the others in various states of disrepair. Their clothing, recently boiled by Mammy, is clean but ragged and unpressed. A table bearing food is set up on the porch at which Prissy is cutting a watermelon. Pork is busying himself in the b.g.

seeing that the men are fed. As Mammy approaches we hear ad libs from some of the men:

Ad Libs

(Jes' like my mammy used to fix...
Use as (First white bread I've seen since Gettysburg...
much of (Joe, you mind that time we raided that Dutchman's milk house
this as (at Chambersburg?...
needed: (Um! Corn-pone. Git yer teeth inter some of this, Hank!...
(Watermelon! When did I see one of them last?...
(Jeeminy crickets! - Is this sho' nuff butter?
(The provosts ran us out of Atlanta - said they had enough
(riffraff around...
(My first square meal in a month!...
(We got nothin' but soup, soap, and salvation at Camp Douglas..

As Mammy turns to go toward the smoke-house, CAMERA SWINGS IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION to the steps of the covered way. Melanie is sitting on the steps folding a pile of mended garments, her work basket beside her feet. A tired and footsore Confederate in washed and dried clothes is also sitting on the steps, eating. Little Beau is toddling about on uncertain legs, sometimes falling forward, catching himself with both hands, and then straightening up again to toddle about the soldier. Gurgling with delight, making little inarticulate noises, he is trying to play with the soldier; pestering him, flirting with him, plucking grass with his baby fists and throwing the grass at the soldier, etc. Melanie looks up and sees what the baby is doing.

Melanie

Stop it, Beau. Leave the gentleman alone. He's tired.

The soldier

I don't mind, Ma'am, it's good to see a youngster again. He's a nice little fellow. Another two years of war and we could have had him with us in Cobb's Legion.

Melanie (eagerly)

Why...were you in Cobb's Legion?

Soldier

Yes, Ma'am.

Melanie

Then...then you must know my husband, Major Wilkes!

Soldier

Oh yes, ma'am...I remember him...Lemme see...he was captured at Spottsylvania, I think.

Melanie (horrified)

Captured!

(then suddenly relieved)

Then thank God he wasn't --

(she stops herself)

Oh, my poor Ashley, in a Yankee prison!

She reaches out toward little Beau, who is toddling near her and though she does not look at the child her hand touches his tousled head with a protective gesture.

Soldier

I wouldn't fret about him, ma'am. I was captured after first Manassas and exchanged later. When I was in prison the Yankees fed me off the fat of the land.

Melanie comes out of her worry to realize his kindness.

Melanie (with a faint smile)

I think, sir, that you're a liar. What do you think?

Soldier

I think so, too.

(he laughs)

But no good to worry now, ma'am. The war's over and he ought to be coming home soon.

Scarlett's voice

Melanie!

Melanie turns to see Scarlett motion to her. Scarlett stands just outside the door to the house. Melanie goes to her. As she leaves, Melanie glances back doubtfully at little Beau, whom she is leaving behind. The soldier pats the child's shoulder with his free hand.

Soldier

I'll watch out for him, ma'am. We're good friends.

CONTINUED:

Melanie enters scene, Scarlett talking as she does:

Scarlett (scolding, in a low voice)
Here I slave day and night just so we can have enough food to keep body and soul together...And you give it all away to these starving scarecrows. I'd as soon have a plague of locusts around the place!

Melanie
Oh, Scarlett, don't scold me, please. I've just heard that Ashley was taken prisoner.

Scarlett
Ashley a prisoner!

Melanie
Yes...and maybe if he's alive...and well...he's on some Northern road right now...and maybe...maybe some Northern woman is giving my beloved a share of her dinner and it's helping him get home to me.

Scarlett, ashamed and abashed, lowers her eyes, touches Melanie on the arm.

Scarlett (quietly)
I hope so, Melly.

CAMERA PANS WITH SCARLETT as she turns from Melanie to go into the house, moody, her thoughts on Ashley.

Kennedy's voice
Miss Scarlett! Miss Scarlett!

Scarlett stops and turns back. Kennedy approaches her from direction of the covered way, embarrassed and breathless. He is wrapped in pinned up blankets and quilts.

Kennedy (abashed)
Miss Scarlett, I hope you'll excuse my appearance, but I did so want to talk to you.

Scarlett (annoyed)
All right, Frank...but I'm very busy.
(She exits into the hall, Kennedy after her.)

Through the open door, as Scarlett and Kennedy enter, a few men seen in the b.g. on the steps of the covered way.

During the following dialogue CAMERA TRUCKS WITH SCARLETT AND KENNEDY as they turn and walk toward the front door, Frank having difficulty with his blankets and quilts.

CONTINUED:

Kennedy

The truth is I wanted to take up something with your Pa and he doesn't...

(very embarrassed)

...he doesn't seem...

Scarlett (interrupting impatiently)

Perhaps I can help you. I'm the head of the house now.

Kennedy

Well, I - I --

(he claws at his beard)

Well, Miss Scarlett, I was aiming to ask him for Miss Suellen.

Scarlett (simulating amazement)

Do you mean to tell me, Frank Kennedy, that you've never asked for her after all these years that she's been counting on you?

Kennedy (grins in embarrassment and hems and haws, moving from one foot to the other)

Well, the truth is ... I'm so much older than she is - and --
Well, now I haven't a cent to my name.

Scarlett (encouragingly)

Who has, nowadays?

Kennedy (with simple dignity)

Miss Scarlett, if true love carries any weight with you, you can be sure your sister will be rich in that...I'd go away and find myself a little business somewhere if we were engaged. And as soon as I got on my feet again --

Scarlett (kindly)

It's all right, Frank. I'm sure I can speak for Pa. You go ask her now.

Kennedy

Oh, thank you, Miss Scarlett, thank you!

By now they are at the front door. Frank Kennedy opens it in frantic excitement and runs out onto the verandah.

455

EXT. VERANDAH

As Kennedy bursts out the door and starts across, he almost knocks over Melanie and Mammy who have come up onto the verandah from the grounds.

Kennedy

Excuse me, Mrs. Wilkes, Excuse me!

He flutters off.

456

CLOSE 2 SHOT- MAMMY AND MELANIE

Their heads turn as they look after him, astonished.

457

GROUP SHOT - MAMMY, MELANIE AND SCARLETT

Melanie (she turns to Scarlett)
What seems to be the trouble with Mr. Kennedy?

Scarlett
More trouble than he guesses. He's finally asked for Sue-
ellen's hand.

Melanie
Oh, I'm so glad.

Mammy
An' about time, Ah thinks.

Scarlett
It's a pity he can't marry her now. That would be at least
one less mouth to feed...
(She looks at Melanie who is looking down the drive-
way)
What's the matter, Melly?
(She follows Melanie's gaze)

458

DRIVEWAY (FROM POINT OF VIEW OF SCARLETT AND MELANIE)

Up the driveway, under the trees in the distance, a
solitary soldier is walking from the road toward the
house.

459

BACK TO SCENE

Scarlett (grumblingly)
Oh, another one! I hope this one isn't hungry.

Mammy
He'll be hongry.

Melanie (turns to go back across the porch)
I'll tell Prissy to get an extra plate and...

She stops suddenly, her hand goes to her throat clutch-
ing it as though it is torn with pain. Scarlett comes
to her, catching her arm. After only a second Melanie
throws the hand off her arm and flies down the steps.

460

LONG SHOT DRIVEWAY (From Scarlett's viewpoint)

Across the lawn, her skirts streaming behind her, her
arms outstretched, Melanie flies closer to the approach-
ing figure. We cannot identify the soldier in this long
angle, but we see that his face is covered with a dirty
blonde beard. He is wearing a ragged mixture of blue
and gray uniforms.

461

CLOSEUP SCARLETT.

- Watching. Suddenly she realizes who it is.

462

LONG SHOT DRIVEWAY (From Scarlett's viewpoint)
(A little closer than previous point-of-view shot, but still far enough away so that the soldier's face is not recognizable. About 50 or 60 feet distance.)

With incoherent cries Melanie throws herself into the soldier's arms.

463

CLOSEUP SCARLETT

She is in ecstasy and starts to run down the steps, only to be grabbed by Mammy's black hand which comes into the scene.

Mammy's voice

Miss Scarlett!

464

CLOSE TWO SHOT MAMMY AND SCARLETT

Scarlett turns frantically to see why she has been stopped.

Mammy {quietly}

Don' spoil it, Miss Scarlett.

Scarlett (frantically)

Turn me loose, you fool! Turn me loose! It's Ashley!

Mammy does not relax her grip. She looks Scarlett straight in the eye, and after a moment, speaks:

Mammy (still quietly and calmly)

He's her husband, ain' he?

Scarlett looks at Mammy, after a moment lowers her eyes and relaxes. As Mammy quietly withdraws her arm she looks at Scarlett with infinite understanding and pity.

Mammy

Po' chile -- po' honey chile.

And on the tableau of Mammy looking at the whipped Scarlett, we

FADE OUT.

465

FADE IN:
ROAD FROM JONESBORO - NOON - NOVEMBER 1865.

Pork, riding the cavalry horse, approaches CAMERA. He is wearing a hat and what remains of his best clothes. Across the horse, in front of him, is slung a lumpy sack of provisions. Holding this with one hand, Pork bounces and joggles awkwardly and slowly at an easy trot.

Pork (singing in low voice)
Jus' one mo' day fer to tote de weary load...

As he passes CAMERA close, he is deeply and voluptuously lugubrious, and his voice is a sort of chant of delicious woe as he rehearses in anticipation the scene he is planning with Scarlett.

Pork
...an' wha's Miss Sca'lett gonner say? I say "Miss Scarlett, ma'am, I gotter know how much money we got lef' in gol'."
An' she say, "Why, Po'k?" An' I say....

DISSOLVE TO:

465A

EXT. TARA NEAR NEW AND IMPROVISED LEAN-TO -
OPEN ON CLOSE UP BIG IRON KETTLE OVER A FIRE.
Scarlett's hand holds a paddle and is stirring the dark brown mess of cooking soft-soap.

CAMERA PULLS BACK and we see Scarlett's face over the kettle, filled with disgust at her task.

Pork comes into scene, stands before her.

Pork
Miss Scarlett, ma'am...
Scarlett (without looking up, with irritation)
High time you got back! Did you get the horse shod?

Pork
Yas'm - he shod all right.
(clearing his throat)
Miss Scarlett, ma'am ---
Scarlett looks down at her own improvised shoes which are reinforced with pieces of carpet.

Scarlett
Fine thing - when horses can get shoes and humans can't.
(hands the paddle to Pork and steps back)
Here ... Stir this soap.

Pork (taking the paddle)
Yas'm.
(starting once more to say something)
Miss Scarlett, ma'am...

CONTINUED:

Scarlett

Taxes?

(disgustedly)

I paid 'em.

(She turns to go)

Pork

Yas'm.

(with mournful enjoyment at the bad news)

But it seems lak you didn' pay ernuff.

Scarlett

Pork, you stop all this idiotic nonsense this minute! What are you trying to say?

Pork

Well, Miss Scarlett, Ah seed dat no-'count white trash Wilkerson dat useter be Marse Gerald's overseer here. He's a reg'lah Yankee now an' he was makin' a brag dat his carpet-bagger frien's done run de taxes way up sky high on Tara.

Scarlett (indignantly)

They can't do that!

Pork

Seems lak dey's doin' de same to all de plantations so's de fo'ks dat owns dem is gotter sell out dey land cheap, or else de sheriff he comes an' takes it fer not payin' taxes.

Pork heaves a sigh of delighted despair. Scarlett bitterly takes it for a moment, then sticks her chin out, realizing that she is up against a situation that she might as well face.

Scarlett

But how much more do we have to pay?

Pork

Ah heerd de tax man say t'ree hun'red dollahs.

Scarlett (gasps)

Three hundred! Might just as well be three million! But we've got to raise it, that's all!

Pork

Yas'm...How?

Scarlett

I don't know...

(she thinks a second, then:)

I'll go ask Mr. Ashley.

Pork

He ain' got no t'ree hun'red dollahs, Miss Scarlett.

Scarlett (irritated by his evident enjoyment)

I can ask him about it if I want to, can't I?

Scarlett picks up a shawl which has been hanging nearby, puts it around her and hurries off out of scene. Pork

CONTINUED:

465
ALREADY
SHOT

CONTINUED (3)

remains gazing woefully after her, takes off his hat and scratches his woolly head.

Pork
Askin' ain' gittin'

466
ALREADY
SHOT

LONG SHOT (2nd Unit, Location)

- as Scarlett hurries across the rear grounds to Ashley who is fixing the paddock fence.

RETAKES
467

EXT. PADDOCK FENCE - DAY

Scarlett comes over the hill, stops and looks tragically and with affection at the picture of Ashley who is inadequately and weakly attempting to split rails.

She comes to him.

Scarlett
Oh, Ashley, how awful to see you doing this!

He has stopped work as she approached him. He laughs.

Ashley
They say Abe Lincoln got his start splitting rails. Just think to what heights I may climb once I get the knack.

Scarlett
Oh, Ashley, the Yankees want three hundred dollars more in taxes!
(as she takes a step closer to him)
What are we going to do? What's to become of us all?

Ashley (his smile has faded)
What do you think becomes of people when their civilization breaks up? Those who have brains and courage come through all right. Those who haven't are winnowed out.

Scarlett (angry)
For Heaven's sake, Ashley Wilkes, don't talk nonsense at me when it's us who are being winnowed out!

Ashley
You're right, Scarlett. Here I am talking tommyrot about civilization when your beloved Tara's in danger....You've come to me for help and I've no help to give you...
(he speaks as a defeated man, his eyes cluding hers, without fear or apology, but simply as one overwhelmed by disaster.)
Scarlett, I'm a coward.

Scarlett
You, Ashley? A coward? What are you afraid of?

RETAKE
467

CONTINUED (2)

Ashley

Mostly of life becoming too real for me, I suppose. Oh, not that I mind splitting rails.

(his eyes stray off as to some remote star now extinguished)

But I do mind very much losing the beauty of the old life I loved. If the war hadn't come I'd have lived out my life happily buried at Twelve Oaks. But the war did come... I saw my boyhood friends blown to bits. I saw men crumple up in agony when I shot them.... And now I find myself in a world which for me is worse than death...a world in which there's no place for me!

(looks at Scarlett with admiration)

I can't make you understand because you don't know the meaning of fear. You never mind facing realities and you never want to escape from them as I do.

Scarlett (loaping at the word)

Escape?

(she turns a quick, guilty look at the house, then:)

Oh, Ashley you're wrong! I do want to escape, too! I'm so very tired of it all. I've struggled for food and for money. I've weeded and hoed and picked cotton until I can't stand it another minute! I tell you, Ashley, the South is dead! It's dead! The Yankees and the negroes and the carpetbaggers have got it and there's nothing left for us!

Ashley, who has been looking at her in disbelief, now peers at her sharply - as she lays her hand feverish and urgent on his arm.

Scarlett

Oh, Ashley, let's run away! We could go to Mexico. They want officers in the Mexican army - and we could be so happy there. I'd work for you, Ashley! I'd do anything for you! You know you don't love Melanie. You told me you loved me, that day at Twelve Oaks. And I know you haven't changed! And anyway -- Melanie can't -- Dr. Meade said she couldn't ever have any more children. And I could give you --

Ashley is startled. His eyes fall.

Ashley

Can't we ever forget that day at Twelve Oaks?

Scarlett

Do you think I could forget it! Have you forgotten it? Can you honestly say you don't love me?

Ashley draws a deep breath, then:

Ashley

No. I don't love you.

Scarlett

That's a lie!

RETAKE

467

CONTINUED (3)

Ashley (his voice deadly quiet)
Even if it is a lie, do you think I could go off and leave
Melanie and the baby? Break Melanie's heart? Scarlett
are you mad? You couldn't leave your father and the girls...

Scarlett
I could leave them! I'm sick of them - - I'm tired of them!

Ashley
I know you're sick and tired. That's why you're talking
this way. You've carried the load for all of us. But from
now on I'm going to ~~be~~ more help to you, I promise!

Scarlett
There's only one way you can help me. Take me away! There's
nothing to keep us here!

Ashley
Nothing. Nothing - except honor.

She looks at him defeated and baffled, turns away,
drops her head in her hands and starts to cry. It is
the first time Ashley has seen any weakness in her.
He goes to her swiftly and takes her in his arms,
cradling her comfortingly, pressing her head to his
heart, whispering:

Ashley
Oh, dear! Dear! My brave dear. Darling! Oh no! Don't
cry! You mustn't! No, don't cry!
(She continues to cry)
Don't! Don't! No, don't!

Scarlett
You do love me! You do love me! Say it - -

Ashley
Don't! Don't!

Scarlett
Say it! You love me! Say it!

Suddenly he shakes her, shakes her until her hair
tumbles down about her shoulders.

Ashley
We won't do this, I tell you we won't do it!
(And he fairly throws her clear of him)
It won't happen again! I'll take Melanie and the baby
and go!

Scarlett (oblivious to what he is saying and
laughing triumphantly)
You love me! Say it! Say it! You love me! You love me!
You love me! Say it! Say it!

RETAKE
467

CONTINUED (4)

Ashley

All right, I'll say it! I love your courage and stubbornness! I love them so much that a moment ago I could have forgotten the best wife a man ever had! But, Scarlett, I'm not going to forget her!

Scarlett (it sinks in)

Then there's nothing left for me. Nothing to fight for. Nothing to live for.

Ashley

Yes, there is something. Something you love better than me, though you may not know it.

(He stoops quickly, scrapes up a handful of moist earth and presses it into the palm of her hand.)

Tara!

She is looking at her handful of earth. Then her head comes up.

Scarlett

Yes - I still have this...

(She starts out, stops and turns)

You needn't go. I won't have you all starve simply because I've thrown myself at your head. It won't happen again.

She walks away from him toward the covered way.

CUT TO:

468 LONG SHOT - (2nd UNIT, LOCATION)

Scarlett approaching the covered way. In the distance in the b.g., the figure of Ashley. Seated near, in the covered way, is Gerald. On the other side of the covered way a carriage is driving up.

469 CLOSE SIDE ANGLE - SCARLETT - (40 ACRES)

Walking, depressed, still clutching the earth that Ashley has pressed into her hand. Over the shot the sound of carriage wheels. At first Scarlett isn't aware of the sound, then hears it, stops, and looks up startled.

470 LONG SHOT - THROUGH COVERED WAY - (FROM SCARLETT'S ANGLE)

The carriage rolling up the driveway. It is obviously very new and freshly painted - shining with varnish and new harness. In it are Jonas Wilkerson, flashily dressed, and Emmy Slattery, also showily dressed; but the ANGLE is not sufficiently close for the occupants to be recognizable in this shot.

471 INT. COVERED WAY

Gerald seated on the steps, distracted, counting out Confederate bonds. Scarlett enters to him.

Scarlett

Pa, who do we know with a brand new buggy?

Gerald

Don't bother me, daughter. I'm busy.

Scarlett shrugs, walks out toward the front lawn.

472 LONG SHOT - EXT. LAWN AND DRIVEWAY - IN FRONT OF COVERED WAY

The carriage slows down and stops at the front door of the house. We see that it is Emmy Slattery and Jonas Wilkerson. Emmy starts to climb out of the carriage as Scarlett comes out onto the lawn from the covered way and hurries up the side steps to the verandah.

473 CLOSE SHOT - SCARLETT ON THE VERANDAH

She realizes who her visitors are, gasps in amazement.

Scarlett (almost to herself)

Why, it's Emmy Slattery!

473-A

CLOSE SHOT - EMMY AND WILKERSON - starting toward the steps, Emmy tossing her head.

Emmy (with an ingratiating smile)

Yes'm, it's me.

Scarlett's Voice (furiously)

Stop!

Emmy and Wilkerson stop, startled. Emmy cowering on the first step, and Wilkerson just behind her. Scarlett runs into scene and stands above them, towering over them in a rage.

Wilkerson

You haven't forgotten your old overseer, have you?

(puts an arm around Emmy)

Well....Emmy's Mrs. Wilkerson now.

Scarlett (in fury)

Get off those steps, you trashy wench! Get off this land!

Emmy's jaw drops further and she glances around at Wilkerson who is trying to be dignified, but who is very angry.

Wilkerson

You can't speak that way to my wife.

Scarlett

Wife!

(laughs contemptuously)

High time you made her your wife! Who baptized your other brats after you killed my mother?

She glares at Emmy in a rage.

Emmy

Oh!

(She retreats hastily down the step and Wilkerson stops her flight toward the carriage with a rough grip on her arm.)

Wilkerson (snarling)

We came out here to pay a call - a friendly call -- and talk a little business with old friends....

Scarlett (beside herself; her voice like a whip)
Friends? When were we ever friends with the like of you? The Slatterys lived on our charity and you -- you -- Pa discharged you about Emmy's brat and you know it! Friends! Get off this place before I call Mr. Wilkes!

Emmy breaks her husband's grip and runs in fright from the terrifying Scarlett, scrambling into the carriage.

Wilkerson (his fury equal to Scarlett's)

Still high and mighty, aren't you? Well, I know all about you. I know you haven't got proper shoes for your feet and I know your father's turned idiot --

Scarlett

Get off this place, you dirty Yankee!

473 A

CONTINUED (2)

Wilkerson (his voice raised in anger)
Oh, you won't sing that way very long! You're broke...
You can't even pay your taxes and I came out here to offer
to buy this place from you - to make you a right good
offer. Emmie had a hankering to live here...

Scarlett (shouting)
I'll tear this house down, stone by stone, and burn it and
sow every acre with salt before I see either of you put
foot over this threshold!

474

CLOSE SHOT - GERALD IN COVERED WAY

He is listening to the argument - a mad gleam in his
eye.

Wilkerson's voice
You high-flying, bog-trotting Irish will find out who's
running things around here when you get sold out for taxes!

475

BACK TO SCARLETT AND WILKERSON

Wilkerson (continues)
I'll buy this place, lock, stock and barrel - and I'll
live in it. But I'll wait for the Sheriff's sale!

Scarlett
Get out, get out! Before I get a gun!

She raises her fist in fury, is suddenly aware of the
damp clay still in her hand - and flings it into
Wilkerson's face.

Scarlett
That's all of Tara you'll ever get!

Wilkerson (wiping his face)
You'll be sorry for that.

He turns and starts for the carriage, Scarlett looking
after him furiously.

476

CLOSE SHOT - GERALD (40 Acres)

The mad gleam in his eye has turned to rage. He exits
in direction of lean-to.

BACK TO:

477

MEDIUM SHOT -

Wilkerson in the carriage, taking up the reins -
Emmy beside him, whimpering.

Wilkerson (calling back in rage)
We'll be back!

Scarlett
I'll kill you if you dare set foot on these steps again!

Emmy looks back and spits derisively.

478

EXT. LEAN-TO - (TRIUMFO AND STAGE)

Gerald has already untied the Yankee Cavalryman's horse from the rail. He swings himself on the unsaddled horse, shouting:

Gerald

Filthy Yankees! I'll show them who the owner of Tara is!
(he starts the horse forward as Pork runs in and tries to reach the bridle to stop him)

Stand clear of my horse!!!

(he wheels and charges past with a terrific bull-like roar)

479

MEDIUM SHOT - CARRIAGE - (TRIUMFO)

Driving out - Wilkerson turning back and shaking his fist and Emmy laughing beside him.

480

LONG SHOT - (TRIUMFO and 40 ACRES)

The carriage rolling down the driveway, toward the entrance gate.

Gerald comes around the corner of the house at a gallop. Suellen and Carreen run out of the house, attracted by the commotion.

Scarlett looks up, starts running after her father in panic.

Scarlett

Pa! Come back! Pa!

481

MEDIUM SHOT - CARRIAGE - (TRIUMFO)

Nearer the entrance gate. Wilkerson whips his horse to get away from the madman who is after him.

482

MEDIUM SHOT - GERALD ON HORSE - (40 ACRES)

Furiously cutting across the lawn in front of the house, heading for a jump over the fence to cut off the carriage. Scarlett still running and screaming after him.

482 A

CLOSE SHOT - SCARLETT

She halts, gazing off at the chase in fright.

483 MEDIUM SHOT CARRIAGE (TRIUMFO)

Just turning through the gate.

484 ROADSIDE FENCE (TRIUMFO)

Gerald coming toward camera at full gallop. As the horse starts to jump:

484A CLOSE UP - GERALD

His fist raised, roaring and bellowing.

484B ROADSIDE FENCE (TRIUMFO) LOW CAMERA SETUP SHOOTING UP AT HORSE.

The horse jumps, clears the fence, but stumbles against the ditch on the other side, throwing its rider.

484C CLOSE UP - PORK

Horror stricken.

Pork
Marse Gerald!

484D CLOSE SHOT - SUELLEN AND CARREEN

- standing side by side on the lawn - Suellen with her mouth agape, her hand raised in terror. Carreen closing her eyes and shielding her face with her hand.

484E CLOSE UP - SCARLETT

- letting out a terrific scream.

484F CLOSE SHOT - GERALD'S BODY

- lying motionless where he has fallen. Scarlett's scream continues over the shot.

The horse's head appears in the scene, nuzzling the still body, then whinnies mournfully.

bf

FADE OUT.

485

INT. TARA HALL - CLOSE SHOT - GERALD'S WATCH - DAY

Pork (o.s.)

Lawsy, Miss Scarlett! Dat's Mist' Gerald's watch!

CAMERA BACKS AWAY to show Scarlett holding her father's watch out to Pork who bends over it breathless.

Scarlett

Take it. It's for you. Pa'd want you to have it.

Pork

You got no bizness partin' wid dis watch now, Miss Scarlett! You need all yo' valables ter sell fer dat tax money!

Scarlett

Do you think I'd sell Pa's watch?

(she puts it into his hand)

And don't cry. I can stand everybody's tears but yours.

(she goes into drawing room, dragging her feet, moodily)

486

INT. DRAWING ROOM - DAY

Scarlett (she enters to Mammy)

Oh, Mammy! Mammy!

(she goes to the window and stands looking out)

Mammy (she goes to her, lays a consoling hand upon her shoulder)

You been brave so long, Miss Scarlett. You jes' gotter go on bein' brave. Think 'bout yo' Pa like he useter be.

Scarlett

I can't think about Pa. I can't think about anything but that three hundred dollars!

(she moves away from the window, and wretchedly, across the room.)

Mammy (mumbling)

Ain' no good thinkin' 'bout dat, Miss Scarlett. Ain' nobody got dat much money.

Scarlett (to herself)

Three hundred dollars ... three hundred dollars ...

Mammy

Nobody but Yankees and Scallawags got dat much money now.

Scarlett stops still in her tracks. She frowns. Then, low, but quite matter of fact:

Scarlett

Rhett.

Mammy

Who dat? A Yankee?

Scarlett (frightened by her own idea)

Be quiet.

Scarlett goes to the mirror, stares at herself. She runs her hands over her thin figure, pinches her cheeks.

Scarlett
I'm so thin and so pale, Mammy. And I haven't got any clothes!

Suddenly she straightens up as she catches a glimpse of the green portieres hanging at the windows. She swings around abruptly and with sudden brisk decision, walks to them.

Scarlett (fingering the material & looking up)
Scoot up to the attic and get Ma's old box of dress patterns, Mammy.

Mammy
Whut you up ter wid Miss Ellen's po'teers?

Scarlett
You're going to make me a new dress.

Mammy
Not outta Miss Ellen's po'teers! Not while Ah got bref in mah body!

Scarlett (still staring at the portieres)
Great balls of fire! They're my portieres now!
(she jerks down the portieres, pole and all; drapes the material over her shoulder; turns back to

Mammy)
I'm going to Atlanta for that three hundred dollars, and I've got to go looking like a queen.

Mammy
Who gwine to 'Lanta wid you?

Scarlett (sharply)
I'm going alone.

Mammy
Dat's whut you thinks. Well, Ah's gwine wid you - wid you and dat new dress.

Scarlett (with fake sweetness)
Now, Mammy darling....

Mammy
Don' do no good to sweet talk me, Miss Scarlett. Ah know'd you since Ah put de fus' pair of diapers on you. Ah said Ah's gwine to 'Lanta wid you and gwine Ah is.

Scarlett
I'd as soon have a bloodhound after me, but I can't stop you.

Mammy (suspiciously, on her way out)
Whut you fixin' ter do in 'Lanta dat you gotta go lookin' lak a queen?

Scarlett (flinching)
I won't think about that now. I'll think about that tomorrow!

487

INT. MAIN ROOM OF THE OLD FIRE HOUSE - CLOSE SHOT
FIRE ENGINE - DAY

Then a Yankee Corporal of the Guard enters. PAN WITH HIM as he passes the fire engine upon which are hanging a couple of U.S.A. tunics and Rhett's hat. Voices off scene:

Rhett's Voice

Guess I'll have to raise you, Major.

Major's Voice

How much?

Rhett's Voice

Another hundred?

The Corporal enters to the poker game and salutes the Major as Rhett, his back to the camera, places his chips. The other three in the game are two Yankee Captains and the Yankee Major whose voice has already been heard.

Major

Up fifty!

(to the Corporal, as he places his chips)

Go away! I'm busy!

The two captains retire from the game with muttered exclamations: "By me!"

Rhett

I call you, Major.

Major (showing his cards and almost arrogantly)

Two pair! Kings and threes.

488

CLOSE UP - CARDS IN RHETT'S HAND (over his shoulder)

He holds three Aces.

Rhett's Voice (over shot)

Too good for me!

(he throws in his cards, face down on the table)

489-490

BACK TO SCENE

Rhett (buttering the major)

It's a pity, Major, we couldn't have fought the war out in a poker game. You'd have done better than General Grant, with far less effort.

The major laughingly rakes in the chips, very pleased with himself. He has forgotten about the corporal. The corporal coughs discreetly, placing his hand to his mouth, frightened to interrupt again.

Major (looks up sharply)

Well, what is it, Corporal?

489-490

CONTINUED (2)

Corporal

A lady to see Captain Butler, sir. Says she's his sister.

Major

Another sister?

(good naturedly)

This is a jail, not a harem, Captain Butler!

The two Captains laugh. One winks to the other.

Rhett (smilingly, looks up at the corporal)

Is she worth seeing, Corporal?

Corporal

If you like 'em Southern.

Rhett

What about it, Major? Five minutes of privacy for the condemned man?

Major

Oh, all right, all right.

(to the corporal)

Show Captain Butler's sister to his cell, Corporal.

The corporal salutes and exits.

Rhett

Thank you, Major.

(blithely, as he rises)

My losses for the afternoon come to what? Three hundred and forty?

(bends over to scribble his I.O.U.)

My debts do mount up, don't they?

He walks out of scene in direction taken by the corporal of the guard.

Major (to the two Captains)

It's hard to be strict with a man who loses money so pleasantly.

He turns over Rhett's cards, revealing the three Aces.

1st Captain

Do you think there's any chance of collecting?

2nd Captain

Not unless he gets out of here, there isn't.

Major (wisely)

It's not enough to be worth collecting --

(with a sly look at the other two)

-- yet.

They all laugh.

491

OUTSIDE DOOR TO RHETT'S CELL

Rhett enters scene, greets Scarlett who is being ushered in from the other direction by the Corporal of the Guard.

Rhett

Scarlett!

(he takes her in his arms)

My dear little sister!

(he kisses her delicately on the brow - turns to the corporal who is looking on enviously)

It's all right, Corporal. My sister has brought me no files or saws.

The corporal gives him a look, annoyed at his dismissal and because he can't be a witness to this scene. He exits.

Rhett ushers Scarlett into his cell.

492-504

INT. RHETT'S CELL

The cell is a converted horse stall, the adjoining stall being occupied by a horse. Rhett and Scarlett are just entering. He closes the door behind them. Scarlett gives a suspicious little look at the door being closed.

Rhett

Can I really kiss you now?

Scarlett (a side-long glance from her. Then, too demurely)

On the forehead, like a good brother.

Rhett (drops his hands)

No, thanks. I'll wait and hope for better things.

Scarlett

Oh, Rhett! I was so distressed when I heard you were in jail! I just couldn't sleep for thinking... Rhett, it's not true they're going to hang you?

Rhett

Would you be sorry?

Scarlett (as though she couldn't stand the thought)

Oh, Rhett!

Rhett (laughing)

Well, don't worry -- yet. The Yankees have trumped up some charges against me but what they're really after is my money. They seem to think that I made off with the Confederate treasury.

Scarlett (almost betraying herself)

Well, did you?

CONTINUED:

Rhett

What a leading question! But let's not talk about sordid things like money!...How good of you to come and see me! How pretty you look.

Scarlett

Oh, Rhett, how you do run on -- teasing a country girl like me!

Rhett

Thank Heaven you're not in rags. I'm so tired of seeing women in rags. Turn around.

She turns around slyly and flirtatiously.

Rhett (his eyes take her in greedily)

You look good enough to eat. Prosperous, too.

Scarlett

(her manner in answer is falsely too light)

Oh, I've been doing quite well, thank you. We're all doing well at Tara. ... Only I got so bored, I thought I'd just treat myself to a visit to town.

Rhett

You're a heartless creature, but that's part of your charm. You know you've got more charm than the law allows.

(he has seated her on the couch and has drawn up a stool beside her)

Scarlett

I didn't come here to talk silliness about me, Rhett. I came because I was just miserable at your being in trouble. Oh, I know I was mad at you that night you left me on the road to Tara, and I haven't forgiven you...

Rhett (with mock concern)

Don't say that, Scarlett!

Scarlett

Well, I have to admit I might not be alive now, only for you.

(she gently squeezes his arm)

And when I think of myself with everything I could possibly hope for, and not a care in the world, and you in a horrid jail...

(she tries lightening matters with a little joke, indicating Rhett's next door neighbor)

Not even a human jail! A horse jail!

(then the tears come quite convincingly)

Oh, Rhett, there I go trying to make jokes, and I want to cry. In a minute I shall cry!

He stares at her incredulously.

Rhett
Scarlett, can it be possible....!

Scarlett (sniffing)
Can what be possible, Rhett?

Rhett
That you've grown a woman's heart? A real woman's heart?

Scarlett (eagerly, leaning provocatively toward him)
I have, Rhett. I know I have.

Rhett
It's worth being in jail just to hear you say that, Scarlett.
It's well worth...

Impulsively, really moved, he has seized her hands, leans over and kisses them. He feels her hands, then turns the palms upwards, looks down at them. Unaware of what he is thinking, she closes her eyes and lifts her face to his, obviously waiting for him to kiss her. But his tone changes.

Rhett (with quiet sarcasm)
You can drop the moonlight and magnolia, Scarlett. Look at me.
(her eyes open in surprise)
So things have been going well at Tara, have they?

She nods, mutters a frightened "Ye-es."

Rhett (with violence)
Then what have you been doing with your hands?

Then she tries to wrench them away, but he holds them hard, running his thumbs across the callouses.

Scarlett (hastily, panicky)
Just because I went riding last week, without my gloves...

Rhett (angrily)
These don't belong to a lady! You've been working with them like a field hand! Why did you lie to me, and what are you really up to?

Scarlett
Now, Rhett...

Rhett (disgusted with himself)
One more minute and I'd almost have believed that you cared something --

(he drops her hands as though they were two hot potatoes, and steps back from her.)

Scarlett
But I do!

Rhett (savagely)

Suppose we get down to the truth. You want something from me! And want it badly enough to put on quite a show in your velvets! What is it? Money?

Then the mask comes off. She faces him, hesitates a second, then blurts it out:

Scarlett

I want three hundred dollars to pay the taxes on Tara. Oh, I did lie about things being all right. Things are as wrong as they could possibly be! And you've got millions, Rhett.

Her emotion is genuine now, and needs no play acting.

Rhett (with cryptic dryness)

What collateral are you offering?

Scarlett (thinks, then, touching her earbobs)

My earbobs.

Rhett (quickly)

Not interested.

Scarlett (fast)

A mortgage on Tara.

Rhett (equally fast)

What would I do with a farm?

Scarlett (pleading; rapidly)

You wouldn't lose. I'd pay you back out of next year's cotton.

Rhett

Not good enough. Have you nothing better?

Scarlett (a deep breath; then:)

You once said you loved me...If you still love me, Rhett --

He turns, shakes his head in deep and genuine discouragement.

Rhett (contemptuously)

You're not worth three hundred dollars, Scarlett.

(bitterly)

You'll never mean anything but misery to any man.

Scarlett (she breaks out)

Go on! Insult me! I don't care what you say! Only give me the money! I won't let Tara go! I can't let it go. Not while I've got breath in me! Oh, Rhett, won't you please give me the money!

Rhett (stopping her, his poise and humor gradually returning)

I couldn't give you the money if I wanted to. I keep my funds in Liverpool, not in Atlanta. And if I tried drawing a draft, the Yankees'd be on me like a duck on a June bug...

CONTINUED:

492-504

CONTINUED (5)

Rhett (continued)

(looks at her and smiles)

So you see, my dear, you've abased yourself to no purpose.

Her face goes ugly, and she swings at him with an incoherent cry. Rhett is beside her quick as a flash. He controls her body with one arm around both of hers, and claps his hand tightly over her mouth. She struggles against him, tries to scratch his face and bite his hand.

Rhett (as to a bad child)

Stop it! Stop it, now. Do you want the Yankees to see you like this?

He takes his hand from her mouth, and her struggling ends as quickly as it began. She is out of breath, his arm is still around her.

Scarlett (very cold)

Take your hands off me. I hate you!...I've always hated you!...

Rhett releases her. Scarlett arranges her clothing and starts out.

Rhett (talking to her as she goes)

Cheer up. You can come to my hanging. And I'll remember you in my will.

Scarlett (at the door)

I'll come to your hanging - but the only thing I'm afraid of is that they may not hang you in time to pay the taxes on Tara.

He looks at her in admiration as she goes out.

DISSOLVE TO:

505

EXT. PEACHTREE STREET IN FRONT OF FIRE HOUSE.

Shoot towards the door. Scarlett emerges, her eyes flashing, her lips compressed. Just as she is about to step over the threshold, a voice off screen stops her.

Belle Watling's voice
Tell him 'Belle Watling.'

Scarlett is startled. THE CAMERA PULLS BACK QUICKLY, pauses first on Mammy, waiting outside the door for Scarlett. Mammy stares wide-eyed and open-mouthed at Belle. Then CAMERA reveals Belle in her elaborate carriage. She is talking to the corporal.

Corporal
Where you been lately? Thought you deserted Captain Butler.

Belle (extends her hand)
Oh, I keep myself occupied...Help me out.

The corporal obeys.

Three urchins enter, pointing.

1st Urchin
That's her.

2nd Urchin
That's old Belle!

3rd Urchin
I seen her red hair!

Belle (to corporal)
He'll see me.

Belle sees and recognizes Scarlett. Their eyes meet. Scarlett draws a deep breath, pulls her skirts away from any contact with Belle's skirts. Belle understands, smiles. She goes into the jail. Scarlett stands frozen. Mammy goes to her.

Mammy
Who dat? Ah ain' never seed hair dat color in mah life. Does you know a dyed hair woman?

Scarlett
I wish I did know that one. She'd got my money for me.

Mammy (quite bewildered)
Ah don' know whut de Lawd thinkin' 'bout lottin' de bad folks flourish when us good folkes is hungry an' mos' barefoot!

Scarlett (desperately)
The Lord stopped thinking about us a long time ago.

Then it is too much for her; she bursts into tears and hurries out of the scene. Mammy following.

506-511

PEACHTREE STREET - TRUCKING SHOT - SCARLETT AND MAMMY

The bustle is far greater than during the war. Re-building activity; drays of lumber being unloaded in front of ruined buildings. Buildings plastered with signs indicating Yankee occupation: "Jonathan Cushing, M.D."; "Hezekiah Green, Insurance"; "Caleb Adams, Attorney at Law". All these combine to make the b.g. a dramatization of the new Atlanta.

As Scarlett and Mammy walk along the broken side-walk and muddy streets, during the following scene, they pass a series of indicative items such as:

The American flag flying from a housetop;

The signs above mentioned;

Intense building activity; frame temporary reconstruction of smoke blackened stone ruins;

Yankee types carrying carpetbags;

Yankee women who preempt the side-walk;

Quite a high percentage of Yankee officers and soldiers;

Idle negroes on street corners;

Sidewalks jammed;

A vista of Sherman sentinels - this being the name given to the smoke blackened chimneys of ruins.

Mammy

No matter whut dey done to you in dat jail -

(She is following Scarlett. The crowd on the side-walk: Yankee men and women and free issue negroes, turn to stare; but Scarlett hurries on.)

Dey din' do no mo'n you deserve for goin' ter visit white trash in a jail! Ah hopes you learnt yo' lesson now an' we kin go back ter Tara where we b'long!

Scarlett has hurried on unheeding, the sobs completely out of control, the tears rolling down her cheeks. Only now does she turn to answer Mammy.

Scarlett

I can't think about Tara now. I'll think about it later when it won't hurt so much.

506-511

CONTINUED (2)

Mammy (holds up her two hands in horror)
Lawdy, chile, doan say dat! We cain't stay in dis hyah town!
Ah'm scairt of dis hyah town!

A group of Yankee women, four or five in number, come chatting on the sidewalk. One of them in front turns back to her companion behind and collides with Mammy. The Yankee woman does not apologize, but only brushes off the arm which came in contact with Mammy.

Mammy
Whut's come over dis hyah town?

Scarlett
The Yankees have come over it! Same as they've come over all of us.

Then, from off screen a voice calls. The voice of Frank Kennedy.

Frank's voice
Surely it can't be Miss Scarlett!

Scarlett turns astonished. Frank Kennedy is standing in front of his store.

Scarlett
Why, Frank Kennedy!

Her greeting is distraught. She would be in no mood to see her dearest friend, and Frank Kennedy is far from that.

Frank (warmly)
And Mammy!

Mammy
It sure is good to see home fo'ks.

Frank
I didn't know you were in Atlanta!

Scarlett
I didn't know you were.

Frank
Didn't Miss Suellen tell you about my store?

Scarlett
Did she? I don't remember. Have you a store?
(His gesture points it out. It is a proud gesture.
But her interest is not yet engaged)

This?

They go in. Mammy stays outside looking eagerly in at the windows.

A general merchandise store, stacked and untidy. A lady customer is doing business with a clerk. Scarlett and Frank enter. Scarlett stops on the threshold. Looks about her bewildered.

Frank

I don't suppose it looks like much to a lady. But I can't help being proud of it.

Scarlett looks at him with a new respect.

Scarlett

Does it all belong to you?

Frank

Every bit, Miss Scarlett. Not a penny of debt!

The lady customer is receiving her change and parcel. The coins clink on the counter.

Scarlett takes notice.

The customer gathers them up and goes out. In the meanwhile:

Scarlett

You're not making money?

Frank

I can't complain. In fact, I'm mighty encouraged. Folks tell me I'm just a born merchant. It won't be long now before Miss Suellen and I can marry.

A new idea begins forming in her mind.

Scarlett

Are you doing as well as all that?

Frank

Yes, I am, Miss Scarlett. I'm no millionaire yet, but I've cleared a thousand dollars already this year. Of course, I had to put some of it back into stock ... But there, I guess I'm boring you talking about business. A pretty little woman like you doesn't take any interest in business.

But Scarlett's interest is now very much alive. Her eyes are snapping up every detail of the store. She discovers the lumber yard outside the window.

Scarlett

Lumber, too!

Frank

That's only a side line.

Scarlett

A side line, Frank? With all the good Georgia pine around Atlanta, and all this building going on?

Frank

Well, all that takes money, Miss Scarlett.
(he laughs coyly)
And I've got to be thinking about buying a home!

Scarlett

What do you want a home for?

Frank

For Miss Suellen and me to set up housekeeping.

Scarlett

Here in Atlanta?
(this is a set-back)
You'd want to bring Suellen here to Atlanta, wouldn't you?
There wouldn't be much help for Tara in that!

Frank

I don't rightly know what you mean, Miss Scarlett.

Scarlett

I don't mean a thing.
(but she becomes more than usually feminine)
How would you like to drive me out to my Aunt Pitty's?

Frank

Nothing would give me more pleasure, Miss Scarlett.
(he calls out to the clerk)
You, Joe! Mind the store while I'm gone!

They go out together.

513

EXT. THE STORE

Scarlett and Frank emerge from the store. Frank goes at once to the hitching post to remove the nose-bag from his horse's head.

Scarlett

Climb up in back, Mammy.

Mammy climbs up in the back seat.

Scarlett (to Frank)

My, you must be smart! And it certainly is a pleasure to find one old friend with gumption in him. It agrees with you, too! You look downright handsome, Frank!....I think you'd better stay for supper tonight, too. I'm sure Aunt Pitty would be agreeable, and I know I'd like a good long visit with you!

Frank

You act on me just like a tonic, Miss Scarlett! And will you tell me all the news? All the news of Miss Suellen?

He is helping her into the buggy. Scarlett looks down at him, then turns guiltily away. Is evidently upset.
Frank is frightened.

Frank

What's the matter, Miss Scarlett? Miss Suellen's not ill, is she?

Mammy turns in surprise.

Scarlett

Oh, no! No! Oh, I thought surely she'd written you! Oh, how mean to do such a thing to a fine man like you!

Frank

What's she done?

Scarlett

She didn't write you? Oh, I guess she was too ashamed to write you! She should be ashamed! Oh, to have such a mean sister!

Frank is now beside himself with terror. He hurries around the buggy, climbs up beside her, picks up the reins, but before he starts the horse:

Frank

You must tell me, Miss Scarlett! Don't leave me on tenter-hooks!

Scarlett

Well, she's going to marry one of the County boys, next month! She just got tired of waiting, and she was afraid she'd be an old maid. Oh, I'm sorry to be the one to tell you!

(with an intimate gesture)

It's so cold and I left my muff at home. Would you mind if I put my hand in your coat pocket?

Frank is stunned. Mammy's eyes are very large, indeed, as the buggy drives out of the scene.

FADE OUT.

513A

DISSOLVE IN:
INSERT: BANK DRAUGHT -

for \$300.00 made to the order of the Tax Collector of Clayton County. Scarlett's hand is just finishing writing her signature: Scarlett O'Hara Kennedy.

DISSOLVE TO:

514

INT. HALL - TARA - DAY (WINTER 1865-1866)

Suellen and Melanie have just come out of Ellen's study and are crossing the hall. Suellen is sobbing and Melanie is trying to comfort her.

Suellen (sobbing)

She's gone and married my Mr. Kennedy! He was my beau and she's gone and married him!

Melanie (her arm around Suellen, comforting)

She did it to save Tara. You must understand that, Suellen.

Suellen

I hate Tara! And I hate Scarlett! She's the only thing I hate worse than Tara.

During the last speech CAMERA HAS STARTED TO MOVE PAST THEM into ELLEN'S STUDY where we find Ashley and Scarlett facing each other.

Ashley

I should have committed highway robbery to get that tax money for you!

Scarlett

I couldn't let you do anything like that! And anyway, it's done now.

Ashley (bitterly)

Yes, it's done now.

(he strolls to window, talking as he goes, his back to Scarlett)

You wouldn't have let me do anything dishonorable. But you would sell yourself in marriage to a man you didn't love... Well, at least you won't have to worry about my helplessness any more.

Scarlett (suddenly)

What do you mean?

Ashley

I'm going to New York. I've arranged to get a position in a bank there.

Scarlett (panicky)

But you can't do that!...

(she desperately reaches for an idea)

I counted on you to help me start a lumber business... I counted on you!

Ashley (still looking out the window; his shoulders present a picture of defeat)

I'd be no good to you, Scarlett. I know nothing about the lumber business.

Scarlett (frantic)

You know as much as you do about banking.

(gets sudden idea)

I'll give you half the business.

Ashley (embarrassed at being unable to say "yes," and pleadingly in the hope he can make her somehow understand)

That's generous of you, Scarlett. But it isn't that - If I go to Atlanta and take help from you again, I bury forever any hope of standing alone.

Scarlett (suddenly angry)
How can you be so hateful and bull-headed!

Melanie enters, now with little Beau clinging to her skirts. Scarlett quickly throws herself down on the sofa and bursts into wild crying.

Melanie (sitting next to her)
Scarlett! What is it?

Scarlett (blubbering)
He won't lift a finger to help me! He doesn't care if I starve!

(she burrows her head into Melanie's shoulder)

Ashley closes his eyes in pain.

Melanie
How can you refuse her, Ashley, after all she's done for us?
How unchivalrous of you!

Scarlett peeps out slyly to see the effect on Ashley of her performance and of Melanie's arguments.

Ashley
Melanie...
(he throws out his hands helplessly)

Melanie (vigorously)
Think, Ashley, think!
(then, pleadingly)
If it hadn't been for Scarlett I'd have died in Atlanta - and maybe we wouldn't have little Beau.

(she strokes the child's head)
And she - yes, she killed a Yankee defending us! Did you know that? She killed a man for us! And when I think of her picking cotton and plowing just to keep food in our mouths, I could just

(she looks at Scarlett, kisses her hair in fierce loyalty)
Oh, my darling!

Ashley, who has been taking this attack with his back to us, turns slowly. He looks, then speaks with resignation.

Ashley (quietly)
All right, Melanie...I will go to Atlanta...I cannot fight you both.

He turns, walks out of room. In his eyes (and also in his posture) we see the same look we have seen when he spoke about being lost forever if he went to Atlanta. This is Ashley's final defeat. All hope of his ever being a man able to face the new world is gone.

FADE OUT.

515

FADE IN: -
EXT. LUMBER MILL - NIGHT - SUMMER

Open on CLOSE SHOT idle buzz-saw lighted only by a couple of oil lanterns which have been set on the ground. PAN CAMERA OVER to BOARD FENCE on which we see the shadows of a file of convict laborers, as we hear their chains on the sound track.

CAMERA MOVES BACK to reveal the convicts - a line of miserable white men silently trudging through the yard, starved, bent and weary. They are of all ages, but one thing they have in common: all are emaciated. Many of the men glisten with perspiration; they are unkempt and to varying degrees, unshaven.

A man stands over them, a tough, evil looking little Irishman - Johnny Gallegher.

Gallegher

Halt!

The men stop in front of Scarlett who is standing at the side of the building, in a doorway leading into the mill office. Her figure is silhouetted against the light behind her. She stands like a general, feet spread, her hands behind her, looking down at the line of men, hard and business-like. Behind her stand a terrified Frank Kennedy and a horrified Ashley. In the course of the scene Ashley dejectedly leaves and goes back into the office.

Gallegher approaches Scarlett.

Gallegher

Here's your mill hands, Mrs. Kennedy. The pick of the best jails in Georgia.

Scarlett (hard and cold)

Humph! They look pretty thin and weak to me, Gallegher.

Gallegher

They're the best you can lease. And if you'll just give Johnny Gallegher a free hand, you'll get what you want out of 'em.

Scarlett

All right, you're the foreman. All I ask is that you keep the mill running and deliver my lumber when I want it.

Gallegher

Johnny Gallegher's your man, Miss -- but remember, no questions and no interference.

Scarlett

That's a bargain. Start them in the morning, Gallegher.

She turns back into the mill office.

516

INT. MILL OFFICE

As Scarlett walks into the office we see that Ashley has gone over to a corner, immersed in his thoughts and in horror at what he has just seen.

Gallegher's voice (from outside)
Hey, you there on the end! Get a move on!

We hear the clank of chains as the men start away.

Frank timidly approaches Scarlett.

Frank
But, Scarlett, this isn't right and you know it! It's bad enough for a woman to be in business at all, but --

Scarlett (interrupting sharply)
What are you complaining about? You never would have owned a mill if I hadn't taken things over.

Frank
But I didn't want a mill in the first place! And we couldn't have bought it if you hadn't pressed all our friends for the money they owed me.
(looks over at Ashley)
Isn't that right, Ashley?

516A

CLOSE SHOT - ASHLEY

He doesn't answer. Only lowers his head and covers his eyes with his hands.

517

TWO SHOT - SCARLETT AND FRANK

Scarlett (to Frank)
What are you running -- a charitable institution? Now go back to the store, Frank -- and then go home and take your medicine. You're not looking very well.
(she gives Frank a little kiss on the ear or nose)

Frank
But, Sugar, don't you think you'd better come home with me?

Scarlett (disgusted and in a temper)
Great balls of fire! Don't bother me any more! And don't call me 'Sugar'!

Frank
All right, all right.

He withdraws, picks up his hat, calls to Ashley:

Frank
Goodnight, Ashley.....

Ashley doesn't reply. Frank exits, shaking his head.

Frank (on his way out)
My, my! She can get mad quicker than any woman I ever saw!

518 TWO SHOT - ASHLEY AND SCARLETT

Ashley (looks up as Scarlett walks toward him)
Scarlett, I don't like to interfere, but I do wish you'd let me hire free darkies instead of using convicts. I believe we could do better.

Scarlett
Darkies! Why, their pay would break us! Convicts are dirt cheap. If we just give Gallagher a free hand with them --

Ashley (bitterly)
A free hand! You know what that means? He'll starve them and whip them -- Didn't you see them, Scarlett? Some of them are sick, underfed ---

Scarlett (impatiently)
Oh, Ashley, how you do run on! If I let you alone you'd be giving them chicken three times a day and tucking them to sleep with eiderdown quilts.

Ashley
Scarlett, I cannot make money from the enforced labor and misery of others.

Scarlett
But you weren't so particular about owning slaves!

Ashley
That was different. We didn't treat them that way. And besides, I'd have freed them all when Father died if the war hadn't already freed them.

Scarlett goes to him with some gentleness and some patience. After all, it is Ashley.

Scarlett
I'm sorry, Ashley. But have you forgotten so soon what it was like without money?...I found out that money is the most important thing in the world and I don't intend ever to be without it again! I'm going to have money enough so the Yankees can never take Tara away from me! And I'm going to get it the only way I know how!

Ashley
But we're not the only Southerners who've suffered, Scarlett. Look at all our friends. They're keeping their honor, and their kindness, too.

Scarlett
Yes, and they're starving. I've no use for fools who won't help themselves. Oh, I know what they're saying about me, and I don't care! I'm going to make friends with the Yankee carpetbaggers, and I'm going to beat them at their own game -- and you're going to beat them with me!

519

SERIES OF MONTAGE DISSOLVES (TILT ANGLES)
CLOSE TWO SHOT - MRS. MEADE AND MRS. MERRIWETHER

Mrs. Meade

And did you know, Dolly Merriwether, that Dr. Meade actually saw her peddling lumber to those Yankees herself!

Mrs. Merriwether

And that isn't all! India Wilkes says that she's taken tea with the Yankees in their own homes!

DISSOLVE TO:

519A

CLOSE TWO SHOT - AUNT PITTYPAT AND INDIA

India (with ill-concealed rage)

I think it's shocking what she's doing to my brother Ashley!

Aunt Pittypat (tearfully)

And she's even taken to driving her own buggy! Oh, I wish I'd never come back to Atlanta.

DISSOLVE TO:

519B

CLOSE TWO SHOT - MELANIE AND SCARLETT

Melanie

Scarlett, it was these same people who robbed us and tortured us and left us to starve!

Scarlett

All that's past, Melly -- and I intend to make the best of things, even if they're Yankee things.

DISSOLVE TO:

520

EXT. KENNEDY STORE - DAY - SUMMER

CAMERA IS SHOOTING UP at two workmen hanging a large, new sign over the store front, which has been enlarged to twice its original size. The sign reads:

WILKES and KENNEDY

Contractors, High Grade Lumber, Builders' Supplies

See us for furniture

Scarlett's voice

That's it! Move it a little to one side.

CAMERA MOVES BACK AND DOWN to reveal Scarlett standing on the street directing the hanging of the sign. We note that the store has been enlarged and is very prosperous: customers are seen going in and coming out of the store.

A flashily dressed Yankee approaches Scarlett.

Yankee

'Afternoon, Mrs. Kennedy. Business is certainly growing, ain't it?

bf

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED (2)

Scarlett (turning on her sweetest smile)
It certainly is....I'm expecting to see you about that new saloon you're going to put up.

Yankee
You will, Mrs. Kennedy. Wouldn't think of doing business with anyone else.

He leaves with a wink to go into the store, Scarlett sending him on his way with a coy smile. She turns to go toward the curb and stops dead in her tracks in amazement.

520A CLOSE SHOT - RHETT- (FROM SCARLETT'S ANGLE)

With his back to Frank Kennedy's old buggy which now bears the sign "Wilkes and Kennedy," Rhett stands at the curb smiling at Scarlett. He is elegantly outfitted and is casually smoking a cigar.

521 TWO SHOT - RHETT AND SCARLETT

Rhett (stepping forward)
My dear Mrs. Kennedy. My very dear Mrs. Kennedy!

Scarlett
I don't see how you have the gall to face me!

Rhett
And when I think that you could have had my millions if you'd just waited a little while!

(Shakes his head and clucks in mock regret)
Ah, how fickle is woman!

Scarlett, in her indignation, speaks rapidly like a business woman. Rhett takes his time about his questions and behaves as though they were something of the greatest importance.

Scarlett
What is it you want? I've important things to do.

Rhett
Would you mind satisfying my curiosity on a point which has bothered me for some time?

Scarlett
Well, what is it? Be quick.

Rhett
Tell me, Scarlett, do you never shrink from marrying men you don't love?

Scarlett (in a rage)
How did you ever get out of jail! Why didn't they hang you?

CONTINUED:

Rhett (coolly)

Oh, that! Not much trouble. There's nothing much that money won't buy, Scarlett.

(motions to the sign with his head)

I observe it's even bought you the honorable Mr. Wilkes.

Scarlett closes her lips tightly and narrows her eyes, but controls herself and speaks coolly:

Scarlett

So you still hate Ashley Wilkes! ... Do you know, I believe you're jealous of him!

Rhett (throws back his head and laughs)

You'll never get over being the belle of the county, will you? You'll always think you're the cutest little trick in shoe leather and that every man you meet is dying of love for you.

Scarlett (brushing by him, advancing with contempt)

Let me by.

She climbs into her buggy. Rhett elaborately helps her in, talking as he does:

Rhett

Don't get angry, Scarlett ... Tell me, where are you going?

Scarlett

I'm going out to the mill, if it's any of your business.

Rhett

Through Shantytown? Alone? ... Haven't you been told it's dangerous for you to drive alone through all that riff-raff?

Scarlett

Oh, fiddle-dee-dee!

(She takes a pistol from under the cushion of the buggy and shows it to him)

Don't worry about me. I can shoot straight if I don't have to shoot too far.

She cracks the whip on the horse and drives off, leaving Rhett standing looking after her admiringly, shaking his head.

Rhett

What a woman!

DISSOLVE TO:

X522

EXTREME LONG SHOT - SHANTYTOWN (COSGROVE)

522

EXT. SECTION OF SHANTYTOWN - DUSK - FULL SHOT

In b.g., amongst the trees are dirty tents and lean-tos, and around a number of open fires degenerate looking whites and blacks are discovered, some lounging, others munching hungrily.

In the foreground is the silhouetted form of a powerfully built negro lying with his back to the CAMERA, his shoulder and head pillowed against a log, his slouch hat pulled over his eyes as he sleeps. This is Big Sam, but his features are not recognizable at this time. Just beyond Big Sam another big black is seen adding sticks to a fire, under a whisky still, while an evil-looking white man tips an old five-gallon oil can and discovers that they are out of water. Picking up a stick close by he passes it through the handle of the bucket and, nudging a colored man by the fire, speaks:

White Man
Hep me tote some water.

The black man takes one end of the stick while the white grips the other. Both exit with the bucket. CAMERA PANS IN OPPOSITE DIRECTION, so that we see the road through the trees on the edge of the settlement, and see a buggy in the far distance as it comes along the road.

522 A

EXT. WOODS ROAD - PROCESS - CLOSE SHOT - DUSK

Scarlett, seen driving along in a buggy, is nearing the vicinity of Shantytown. She glances ahead and casually around as if in fear of passing through this section alone. She clucks to the horse and loosens the reins, urging the horse into a trot. A carriage robe is over her lap.

X522A

PROCESS PLATE

For background action for preceding scene.

522 B

EXT. SHANTYTOWN - ANOTHER ANGLE LONG SHOT

Big Sam is still sleeping in the foreground. The general background action of Shantytown figures progresses as in previous scene.

In the b.g., Scarlett's buggy is seen again through the trees, going much faster than in previous scene.

523

EXT. SMALL STREAM - DUSK - MEDIUM SHOT

The two men, carrying the can on a stick, are just starting to fill the can with water. The black man is filling the bucket as the white man stands, attracted by something off scene. He taps the black man on the shoulder calling his attention to the off scene buggy approaching. Both look as we

CUT TO:

523 A

EXT. WOODS ROAD NEAR STREAM - MEDIUM FULL PAN SHOT

Scarlett (double) in buggy is seen driving into view from a thickly wooded background section, still keeping her horse at a good trot.

523 B

CLOSE SHOT - SCARLETT - (PROCESS)

She glances back as if making sure that no one is following her, and turns back to the horse as if relieved in having passed the Shantytown section.

X523 B

PROCESS PLATE

For background action for preceding scene.

524

EXT. WOODS ROAD NEAR STREAM - LONG SHOT
(double except for voice)

Scarlett slows the horse down slightly as she goes to cross a small, crudely-built bridge. As the wheels of the buggy start over the bridge Scarlett is startled by the sudden appearance of the two men standing at the stream where they were filling the bucket. The two men start up the bank toward the opposite end of the bridge. Scarlett clucks to her horse, and, at the same time, reaches for her whip. As the horse lunges, the white man springs onto the road with a leap, grabbing the horse's reins and pulling him to a sudden stop. The rear end of the buggy has just cleared the bridge.

Scarlett (thoroughly frightened)
What do you want?

524 A

EXT. WOODS AT STREAM - DUSK - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT -

With CAMERA SHOOTING FROM A DOWN ANGLE over Scarlett's back.

LAP SCENE AND DIALOGUE and show white man grabbing the horse. He faces Scarlett after Scarlett speaks.

White Man (answering)
Lady, can you give me a quarter? I'm sure hungry.

524 B

EXT. WOODS AT STREAM - CLOSE PROCESS OF SCARLETT

LAP ACTION AND DIALOGUE of preceding scene.

Scarlett
I haven't got any money.
(then addressing the negro off scene)
Let go of my horse!

X524 B

STATIONARY PROCESS PLATE -

To cover action and dialogue as described in preceding scene.

524C

MED. CLOSE SHOT -

On white man from Scarlett's angle. He stands at the horse's head gripping a rein in one hand and eyeing the off-scene Scarlett.

Scarlett's voice (off-scene)

Let go, I tell you!

The off-scene sound of a whip is heard lashing the horse and causing him to lunge, but the white man grips the reins firmly in both hands, with jaws set, as he holds the horse, turning to off-scene black man, and speaks:

White Man

Hold this horse!

The black man enters, grips reins.
White man exits toward side of buggy.

524D

EXT. STREAM - MEDIUM FULL SHOT

LAP ACTION from where Scarlett (Double) starts to lash horse.

The black man is attempting to hold the horse, which lunges and rears. The white man crosses and grapples with Scarlett, who now turns the whip on him. He grabs her whip hand and is attempting to pull her from the buggy. Scarlett fights like a wild cat, grabs gun and starts to level it, but the white man grips girl's wrist.

524E

CLOSE ON GUN -

As white man's hand twists gun from Scarlett's hand, gun falls to floor of buggy.

525

CLOSE SHOT - BIG SAM

Still in silhouette, his features unrecognizable, Big Sam rouses lazily from his slumbering position, starts to stretch and yawn. His hat comes off. The faint off-scene noises of Scarlett's voice are heard:

Scarlett's voice

Help! Help!

The huge black man is attracted by the faint off-scene calls. As he leaps to his feet, his hat falls to the ground and for the first time we see his face. He starts out of the scene toward the sound of the voice.

525A

LONG SHOT

As Big Sam runs toward the road.

525B

SCARLETT (DOUBLE) AND WHITE MAN

Still in desperate struggle, in silhouette. The excited horse starts backing towards the bridge. One

525B

CONTINUED (2)

of the rear wheels drops off the side of the bridge and is on the verge of tipping over with Scarlett, dropping to floor of buggy, fighting like a wild cat.

525C

LOW PIT SHOT

On belly of rearing horse.

525D

MEDIUM SHOT - BUGGY

The buggy is now tipping at an angle. Scarlett (double) has fallen to the floor of the buggy and is hanging to it desperately and bracing herself against the white man's pull, who stands on the bridge and tries to drag her from the buggy.

525E

CLOSE SHOT - SCARLETT (PROCESS)

To intercut into above action.

X525E

PROCESS PLATE

For above close shot Scarlett.

526

EXT. THE BRIDGE - MED. CLOSE SHOT - DUSK

LOW SET UP WITH CAMERA ANGLING UP over the rear wheels while the rig tips at an angle with one wheel off the bridge and the other one moving back and forth; with each backward move it gets closer and closer to the edge. It is just on the verge of going off as the full figure of Big Sam appears from thicket in background - he rushes toward bridge and buggy - then for a later cut the legs of Big Sam are seen rushing to the rear of the buggy. He braces himself as he grips bed of buggy with hands - strains and both wheels are lifted and swung onto the floor of the bridge.

526A

EXT. OF BRIDGE - CLOSE SHOT - DUSK

Shooting over Scarlett's back and into the face of the white man. The rig is now in a more level position. The white man is about to drag Scarlett from the rig as a big hand enters the scene and grips the white man's throat and a huge, black fist cracks against the white man's chin causing him to snap back & go out of scene. As the white man's face disappears the huge black swings into the scene with his back to the CAMERA. He glances down at his fallen opponent, then turns looking toward the CAMERA. For the first time his face is clearly visible - it is Big Sam, who used to be foreman at Tara. He starts to raise Scarlett, who is in a half-fainting condition.

Big Sam

pb

Is you hu't? Is you hu't, lady?

526 B CLOSE UP - SCARLETT (PROCESS)

-unconscious - Big Sam's hands lift her and her face sinks back to his full view.

X 526 B PROCESS PLATE

for above closeup of Scarlett.

526 C TWO SHOT - BIG SAM AND SCARLETT

The sight of Scarlett's face, which is raised to his, causes Big Sam to stop and stare as if almost unable to believe his eyes. He starts to speak, but he is interrupted at this point by the other black who crashes into the scene from behind, locking both arms around Big Sam's throat and taking him off balance and dragging him back out of scene.

526 D EXT. THE BRIDGE - CLOSE PROCESS ON SCARLETT

Scarlett sinks back against the seat, comes out of her daze, glances around, frightened, sees the two men off-scene fighting - but does not recognize Big Sam - and, for a later cut, quickly gathers herself together. In her hurried excitement, she grabs one rein and starts driving out.

X 526 D STATIONARY PROCESS PLATE -

To cover action as described in preceding scene.

526 E EXT. THE BRIDGE - MEDIUM SHOT - DUSK

As seen from Scarlett's angle. Big Sam and the black man are in a desperate struggle close to the edge of the bridge. Big Sam swings to break his opponent's throat hold and in doing so loses his balance, falls from the bridge and drags the other black man with him.

526 F EXT. THE BRIDGE - MEDIUM FULL SHOT - DUSK

The two men are partially seen just after their fall from the bridge and are battling desperately. Big Sam hurls the other negro over his head onto the ground.

526 G EXT. AT BRIDGE - MEDIUM FULL SHOT - DUSK

Scarlett (double) in her excitement, grips one rein, starting the horse out.

526 H LOW SETUP

The white man's body has fallen in position where the wheels of the buggy pass over his body.

526J

EXT. AT BRIDGE - MED. FULL SHOT

The horse moves forward and Scarlett pulls up on one rein. The horse turns out of the road and heads at a gallop out of scene into the woods.

Big Sam rises to his feet, the other negro remaining motionless near the stream. Big Sam clambers up onto the bridge quickly looking off in the direction taken by Scarlett. Then, calling, as he exits:

Big Sam
Miss Scarlett! Miss Scarlett....

527

EXT. OPEN WOODS - LONG SHOT - DUSK

This is seen from Big Sam's angle. The horse is running away from the CAMERA at a gallop, making its way crazily through the trees, and Scarlett holding one rein helplessly as far as stopping him is concerned. The horse takes a half circle route, exits from scene heading toward the embankment of the stream.

Just before the buggy exits from view, Big Sam enters from back of CAMERA and runs in the direction of the buggy, then cuts off sharply to right as if making a short cut in his attempt to help Scarlett.

527A

EXT. WOODS - MED. CLOSE PROCESS ON SCARLETT

Scarlett grips the one rein, her eyes wide with frantic fear as she realizes her helpless position, as she calls:

Scarlett
Whoa! Whoa!

She pulls on the rein, then releases it quickly as if hardly knowing what to do. Then, as if the wheels had crashed over a log or a boulder, she is almost thrown from the buggy. She drops to the floor of the buggy, gripping the dashboard, getting back into the seat, frantically trying to stop the runaway.

X527A

FAST MOVING PROCESS PLATE -

for action as described in preceding scene.

527B

EXT. - BOULDER SECTION OF WOODS

The horse, seen coming at a runaway gallop, dashes toward the CAMERA, missing trees, fallen logs, or boulders by narrow margins. As the horse is nearing the CAMERA PANS down to a fallen log, boulder, or other obstruction, showing the wheels crossing over it causing the rig to almost upset.

527 C EXT. THE STREAM AND GULLY - MEDIUM FULL SHOT - DUSK

Scarlett is still in the buggy as the runaway tears into the trees, coming to a sharp drop off the edge of the gully. The horse is forced to leap, carrying the buggy with him. Scarlett falls out as the rig goes into a spectacular tip-over and crash against opposite bank.

527 D CLOSE SHOT - SCARLETT (PROCESS)

She completes her roll into the scene and sits up, frightened and half dazed. Then for a later cut she looks back and sees the huge figure of Big Sam after her, still not recognizing him.

X527 D PROCESS PLATE - FOR ABOVE CLOSE SHOT of SCARLETT

527 E EXT. WOODS - CLOSE SHOT - DUSK

BIG CLOSE FLASH of Big Sam's legs running through woods.

(NOTE: This intercuts with Scarlett's scene 527D)

527 F LONG SHOT - BIG SAM - (FROM SCARLETT'S ANGLE)

Running toward her.

527 G CLOSE SHOT - SCARLETT - (PROCESS)

Running in panic - thinking only that another negro is chasing her.

X527 G PROCESS PLATE - FOR ABOVE CLOSE SHOT of SCARLETT

527 H MEDIUM SHOT - BIG SAM

Running after Scarlett, shouting:

Big Sam
Wait, Miss Scarlett!

527 J CLOSE SHOT - SCARLETT

Big Sam's voice
Miss Scarlett! Miss Scarlett! It's Sam - Big Sam from Tara!

Finally this penetrates. Scarlett stops, turns and stares off, unable to believe her own eyes. Big Sam enters. His clothes are torn and there is blood and sweat on his face.

527 J

CONTINUED (2)

Scarlett (incredulously)

Sam...

(she starts to cry)

Big Sam

It sure is good to see some of the family again...

Scarlett can do nothing but cry and say:

Scarlett (hysterically)

Sam!...

Big Sam

Don' you start cryin', Miss Scarlett. Quit yo' cryin'. Big Sam'll git yo' out o' dis in a jiffy.

(glances back)

Ah din' wait ter fine out ef ah killed dem. But ef dey's hahmed yo', ah's gwine back an make sho of it.

Scarlett (sobbing)

No, Sam, no! I'm not hurt! Don't leave me! Don't leave me!

As Sam turns back toward her,

FADE OUT.

X527 J

PROCESS PLATE - FOR ABOVE ACTION.

527L

INT. AUNT PITY'S PARLOR - NIGHT.

Open on CLOSE SHOT SCARLETT, dressed as she was when we last saw her near Shantytown, her dress torn and her hair awry. She is frightened and is biting her nails nervously and watching Big Sam and Kennedy out of the corner of her eye.

CAMERA PANS OVER TOWARD BIG SAM AND KENNEDY, on the way passing Mammy and Pity who are also listening. Mammy is sitting gloomily following the activity with wary eyes and occasionally stealing glances out of the corner of her eyes at Scarlett. Pity sits tearfully sniffing at her smelling salts.

Frank's voice (as Camera moves)

You're a good boy, Sam, and I won't forget what you've done..

CAMERA HAS NOW REACHED BIG SAM AND FRANK who stand nearer the doorway. Big Sam is frightened, but Frank is curiously and unprecedentedly calm. He is wearing a light overcoat, ready to go out.

Big Sam

Ah sho wish Ah could git outta 'Lanta. The Yankees is awful friendly with them folks at Shantytown.

Frank (handing him some money)

You go to Tara just as quick as you can -- and stay there!

Big Sam

Ah sho' will. Ah's had ernuff o' dem carpetbaggers. Thank you, Mistuh Frank...

(turns to Scarlett)

Goodbye, Miss Scarlett.

(he exits as we hear Scarlett's voice)

Scarlett's voice

Goodbye, Sam, and thank you.

We hear the front door close behind Sam as the CAMERA MOVES WITH FRANK OVER TO SCARLETT. Frank, for the first time in their married life, is not the henpecked husband. He is kindly and sweet but speaks with authority:

Frank

Scarlett, change your dress and go over to Miss Melly's for the evening. I have to go to a political meeting.

Scarlett (in a rage)

Political meeting! How can you go to a political meeting after what I've been through today!

(she bursts into tears of rage)

Frank (leans over and kisses her on the cheek)

Now, Sugar, you're more scared than hurt.

He exits and the CAMERA MOVES IN TO A CLOSEUP OF SCARLETT, looking from right to left at Mammy and Pity, complainingly, feeling very much the martyr at the lack of attention.

Scarlett

Nobody cares about me! You all act as though it was nothing at all!

DISSOLVE IN:

INT. MELANIE'S HOUSE - THE PARLOR - NIGHT

It is a poor little room, cheaply, even pathetically underfurnished. Melanie, Mrs. Meade and India Wilkes and Scarlett sit around the stove sewing. Mammy sits by the door apart. Tension. Music, an ominous strain.

We hold this scene through a period of silence broken only by the ticking of a clock. Scarlett looks up and around the room, her nerves strained to the breaking point - and finally she can stand it no longer.

Scarlett

I'm too nervous to sew! I'm nervous enough to scream! All the men talk, talk, talk about protecting our women! Then after what happened to me this afternoon, Frank has to go to a political meeting!

She looks around the room, but there is no reaction from anyone except from India, who sits coldly staring at her with hatred in her eyes.

Scarlett (looks at India, her eyes snapping)
And if it won't pain you too much, India Wilkes, I'd be much obliged if you'd tell me why you're staring at me? Has my face turned green or something?

India (venomously)

It won't pain me! I'll do it with pleasure! If you cared about being protected you'd never have exposed yourself as you've been doing all these months! What happened this afternoon is just what you deserved! If there was any justice you'd have gotten worse!

Melanie (impatiently)

Oh, India! Hush!

Scarlett

Let her talk, Melanie! She's always hated me! Ever since I took your brother, Charles, away from her! But she was too much of a hypocrite to admit it! If she thought anyone would take after her she'd walk the streets naked!

India has hated too long to speak quickly. When she does speak, her words are filled with venom.

India

I do hate you! You've done all you could to lower the prestige of decent people! And you've put our men's lives in danger because they've got to...

Melanie (fortissimo)

India!

Now India does stop.

Mrs. Meade

I don't think we'd better say any more or one of us will be saying too much.

Now Scarlett rises and looks about her.

Scarlett
What's going on that I don't know about?

But Mammy is on her feet.

Mammy
Shh!

The women all turn to her. She indicates the door and they all turn, frightened, as we hear the sound of footsteps.

Mammy
Somebody comin' up de walk. Somebody dat ain' Mist' Ashley!

Melanie (she rises calmly)
Will you hand me the pistol, please, Mrs. Meade?
(and, as Mrs. Meade obeys)
Now, whoever this is, remember we know nothing.

529

INT. MELANIE'S HOUSE - THE PARLOR - CLOSE SHOT - NIGHT

Melanie, Mrs. Meade, India Wilkes, Scarlett, and Mammy.

Scarlett is now completely bewildered. Off screen is a knock on the door.

530

INT. MELANIE'S HOUSE - THE PARLOR - NIGHT

Melanie, Scarlett, Mrs. Meade, Mammy, and India Wilkes as before.

Mammy
Who dar?

Rhett's voice
It's Captain Butler. Let me in.

Melanie goes to the door and opens it quickly. Rhett enters. He does not trouble to remove his hat, but speaks directly to Melanie.

Rhett
Where have they gone? Now you've got to tell me! It's life or death!

India
Don't tell him anything! He's a Yankee spy!

Rhett
Quickly, please! There may still be time!

Scarlett (bewildered)
What on earth ---

Melanie

How did you know?

Rhett

I've been playing poker with two Yankee captains! The Yankees knew there'd be trouble tonight. They've sent their Cavalry out to be ready for it! Your husband and his friends are walking into a trap!

India

Don't tell him! He's trying to trap you!

Melanie pays no attention. She is looking Rhett steadily in the eye and he is returning her gaze. After a moment, she speaks:

Melanie (very steadily)

Out the Decatur Road. The old Sullivan plantation. The house is burned. They're meeting in the cellar.

Rhett

I'll do what I can.
(he goes)

Scarlett

What's it all about? If you don't tell me, I'll go crazy!

Melanie

We thought it best not to tell you, Scarlett. Ashley and Frank and the others have gone to clean out those woods where you were attacked. It's what a great many of our Southern gentlemen have had to do lately for our protection.

India concentrates her hatred in a low hiss.

India

And if they're captured, they'll be hanged, Scarlett. And it will be your fault!

Melanie (with quiet but cold authority)

Another word and you go out of this house, India. Scarlett did what she thought she had to do. And our men are doing what they think they have to do.

Scarlett (she is dazed)

Frank!...And Ashley!...It isn't possible...
(she sinks dazed into a chair)

A horse neighs off screen and the sound of a Cavalry detachment is heard from the street.

Mammy

Dar's hawses, Miss Melly. Hyah dey come.

Melanie sits in her chair and resumes her sewing.

Melanie

Quickly! Sew!

The women all follow suit. There is a knock on the door. Melanie's eye imposes discipline, then:

Melanie
Will you open the door, Mammy?

The door opened, a Captain and two other federal soldiers enter.

Captain
Good evening, Mrs. Kennedy. And which of you ladies is Mrs. Wilkes?

Melanie (with great dignity)
I am Mrs. Wilkes. And to what do I owe this intrusion?

Captain (looks around the room quickly as tho
searching for male occupancy)
I should like to speak to Mr. Wilkes, if you please.

Melanie
He's not here.

Captain
Are you sure?

Mammy
Don' you question Miz Wilkes' word!

Captain
I meant no disrespect, Mrs. Wilkes. Give me your word, and I won't search the house.

Melanie
Search if you like. But Mr. Wilkes is at a political meeting at Mr. Kennedy's store.

Captain (grimly)
He's not at the store. There's no meeting tonight! No political meeting! We'll wait outside till he and his friends return.

He bows stiffly and goes out. Then his voice is heard off screen.

Captain's voice
Surround the house. Put a man at each door and window. Keep back out of sight among the bushes.

Silence, then:

Melanie
Go on with your sewing, ladies, and I'll read aloud.
(she opens the book)
"As the Cathedral clock struck two, Jean Valjean awoke..."

A sound from Scarlett startles her. She looks up.

As she forces herself to resume her sewing.

532

CLOSE SHOT - MELANIE

Her finger on the page. She looks down at the page. The CAMERA goes close to the page. It is page 19 of "Les Miserables."

DISSOLVE TO:

533

"LES MISERABLES" page 27.

The CAMERA BACKS AWAY while Melanie is reading:

Melanie

"Ah, there you are," said he, looking towards Jean Valjean, "I am glad to see you. But! I gave you the candlesticks also, which are silver like the rest, and would bring two hundred francs. Why did you not take them along with your plates?"

Over this sound track we have the following cuts:

534-538

INDIA'S FACE, terrified.

MRS. MEADE'S FACE, terrified.

SCARLETT'S FACE, terrified.

(Each Close Up is larger than the others -
Scarlett's Close Up being only her eyes.)

HANDS SEWING.

FEET TAPPING NERVOUSLY.

THE PENDULUM OF A CLOCK SWINGING.

539

BACK TO GROUP

From off screen comes the sound of drunken singing, distant at first, then drawing nearer - the voices of Rhett, Dr. Meade, and Ashley - and the melody of "Marching Through Georgia."...

Voice of Yankee Captain

Halt! You're under arrest!

The women jump to their feet frantically - only Melanie calm. Scarlett starts running toward the door.

Melanie

Leave this to me, Scarlett. And please say nothing.

540

INT. MELANIE'S HOUSE - THE HALL - NIGHT

Melanie enters, and opens the front door.

Melanie (like a very annoyed wife)
So you've got my husband intoxicated again, Captain Butler!
Well, bring him in.

But it is the Yankee Captain who appears in the doorway instead of Rhett.

Captain
I'm sorry, Mrs. Wilkes, but your husband's under arrest.

Melanie (quite steady)
If you arrest all the men who get intoxicated in Atlanta, you must have a good many Yankees in jail, Captain. Bring him in, Captain Butler, if you can walk yourself.

Now Rhett, weaving drunkenly himself, supports Ashley through the open door.

541

INT. MELANIE'S PARLOR - NIGHT

Scarlett, Mrs. Meade, Mamma and India Wilkes as before.

Ashley is still singing drunkenly as Rhett supports him into the room. Rhett is also acting like a wild drunk. Melanie follows them.

Melanie
Put him there in that chair.

Rhett obeys and Ashley forthwith collapses, most convincingly drunk.

542

INT. MELANIE'S PARLOR - CLOSE SHOT - NIGHT

Scarlett stares at Ashley, her eyes wide in incredulous horror. Ashley's mumbling and drunken singing continues off screen.

543

INT. MELANIE'S PARLOR - GROUP - NIGHT

The group as before.

Dr. Meade lurches into the room, the Yankee Captain bringing up the rear. Three or four of his men wait in the hallway. Melanie turns to Rhett:

Melanie
Now will you leave my house, please, Captain Butler? And try to remember not to come here again?

Rhett seizes the back of the chair as through trying to steady himself.

CONTINUED:

Rhett (somewhat drunkenly)
That's fine thanks I get for bringing him home, and not leaving him on the streets in this shameful condition!

Dr. Meade picks up the singing where Ashley's voice has dwindled off.

Melanie
As for you, Dr. Meade, I'm astonished at you!
(then, to Ashley)
Oh, Ashley, how can you do this to me?

Rhett jogs Ashley, who makes a hazy effort to look up.

Ashley
I ain't so very drunk, Melly.

Melanie (she bursts into tears)
Help him into the bedroom, Mammy. Lay him out on the bed.

Mammy steps forward. So does the Yankee Captain.

Captain
Don't touch him! He's under arrest!
(he calls out)
Sergeant!

(the sergeant steps forward into the room)
Rhett, seemingly to steady himself, lays a hand on the Captain's arm.

Rhett
Now, Tom! What do you want to arrest him for? I've seen him drunker! I've seen you drunker! You've seen me...

Captain
He can lie in the gutter for all I care. I'm not a policeman. But he led a raid tonight on that shanty town out on the Decatur Road where Mrs. Kennedy got into trouble this afternoon!

544

INT. MELANIE'S PARLOR - TWO SHOT - NIGHT

Scarlett stiffens and is about to break out. Melanie stops her.

545

INT. MELANIE'S PARLOR - GROUP - NIGHT

The group as before.

Captain
A lot of poor people's shanties got burned tonight, and a couple of men got killed. It's about time you Rebels learned you can't take the law into your own hands!

Rhett begins to laugh so hard that he has to sit on the sofa and hold his head in his hands.

Captain
What are you laughing at?

Rhett (he is laughing)
This isn't your night to teach that lesson, Tom! These two
have been with me tonight! Yessir! Ever since eight
o'clock when they were supposed to be at a meeting...
(he roars with laughter)

Captain
With you, Rhett?
(he is skeptical)
Where?

Rhett
I don't like to say -- in the presence of ladies.

Captain
You'd better say.

Rhett
Come out on the porch and I'll tell you.

Melanie
Speak out, please, Captain Butler! I've a right to know
where my husband's been!

A pause for embarrassment before Rhett answers.

Rhett
Well, ma'am, we dropped in on a friend of mine...and the
Captain's. A Mrs. Belle Watling... We played cards, drank
champagne...

A gesture leaves the rest to the imagination.

Dr. Meade
Now you've done it! Did you have to give me away in front
of my wife?

Rhett snickers.

Rhett
I hope you're satisfied, Tom! None of these ladies will be
on speaking terms with her husband tomorrow!

Now it is the Yankee's turn for embarrassment.

Captain (regretfully)
Rhett! I had no idea!... Look here! Do you take your
oath they've been with you at -- er --
(with embarrassment)
--Belle's?

Rhett (very steadily)
Ask Belle if you don't believe me. She'll tell you, Captain.

CONTINUED:

Captain (abashed)
Do you give me your word as a gentleman?

Rhett
As a gentleman?
(he grins)
Why certainly, Tom.

He extends his hand; the Yankee Captain takes it.

Captain
W-well... If I've made a mistake, I'm sorry...
(sheepishly, his eyes avoiding Melanie's)
I hope you'll forgive me, Mrs. Wilkes.

Melanie (stiffly but with dignity)
If you'll just go and leave us alone...

Captain (backing away)
I regret exceedingly... Indeed I do...

He backs out, his men accompanying him.

Scarlett, her knees shaking, catches hold of a chair beside which she has been standing. The front door closed, Dr. Meade springs to Ashley.

Rhett (to Mammy)
Lock that door! Draw the curtains!
(Mammy and Mrs. Meade obey)

But Dr. Meade has already opened Ashley's coat and the shirt is seen to be blood-stained. Scarlett points.

Scarlett
Look! Ashley's hurt!

India
You fool! Did you think he was really drunk?

Dr. Meade
It's only through the shoulder. Get him to bed where I can dress the wound.

But Ashley has revived.

Ashley
I think I can walk.

He gets to his feet unsteadily, and promptly collapses. Rhett catches him and picks him up like a child.

Rhett
It's not worth the effort. Which way is the bedroom?

Melanie (pointing)
Out here.

CONTINUED:

Rhett carries Ashley out. Melanie snatches a water pitcher and a napkin from the table and follows. Scarlett brings up the rear. Dr. Meade turns to the others in the room.

Dr. Meade
I'll want some hot water. Boiling water, Mammy!
(Mammy hurries out)
And towels. And lint for bandages.

India
I'll find them.
(she goes)

Dr. Meade
What can I find to use for a probe! If only I had my kit...
But Mrs. Meade is staring at him.

Mrs. Meade (in a distracted whisper)
Were you really there? What did it look like? Does she have cut-glass chandeliers and plush curtains and dozens of mirrors?

Dr. Meade
Good heavens, Mrs. Meade! Remember yourself!

546-552 INT. MELANIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ashley is stretched out full length on the bed. Melanie sits beside him washing his face with the napkin which she dabs in the water pitcher. Rhett stands beside her. Scarlett looks on from the foot of the bed.

Melanie
Now please tell me what happened, Captain Butler. All that happened! Captain!

Rhett
I was too late. When I got to the old Sullivan place, there'd already been a skirmish with the Yankees. I found Mr. Wilkes wounded and Dr. Meade with him. I had to prove they'd been somewhere. Any place but where they were. So I took them to Belle's.

Melanie
And she took them in?

Rhett
She's by way of being an old friend of mine.

Melanie (her eyes fall)
I'm sorry.

Rhett
I'm sorry I couldn't think up a more dignified alibi.

Melanie's candor is never more clear or lovely as she rises to take his hand.

Melanie

This isn't the first time you've come between me and disaster, Captain Butler. I'm not likely to question any device of yours. I'll go help the Doctor find what he needs...
(she goes out)

Scarlett

Oh, Ashley, Ashley!

Rhett looks steadily at her across the unconscious Ashley.

Rhett

Have you no interest in what's become of your own husband, Mrs. Kennedy?

Scarlett snickers nervously:

Scarlett

Was Frank at Belle Watling's with you?

Rhett

No.

The least pause.

Scarlett

Where is he?

Rhett (quietly and without melodrama)

He's lying out there on Decatur Road, shot through the head...He's dead.

Scarlett reacts in horror, as we

FADE OUT.

552 A-J

FADE IN:
SERIES OF LARGE CLOSE UPS
(AGAINST FLATS - NO SETS REQUIRED)

CLOSE UP - PROVOST MARSHAL - DAY
(AGAINST BACKGROUND OF AMERICAN FLAG)

Provost Marshal
Are you ladies prepared to testify that the accused spent
last evening at Mrs. Watling's?

WIPE TO:

CLOSE UP - GIRL - DAY

- arranging her hair and rolling her eyes around in very
un-courtroomlike attitude:

Girl
.... the whole evening ... I never had a better time!

WIPE TO:

CLOSE UP - ANOTHER GIRL - DAY

Girl
But of course we were drinking. What do you take me for,
Your Honor?

WIPE TO:

CLOSE UP - YOUNG NEGRESS - DAY

Young Negress
Yassir ... Ah's Miss Belle's maid ... and Ah can indemnify
'em, every one.

WIPE TO:

CLOSE UP - PROVOST MARSHAL - DAY

Provost Marshal
But, Dr. Meade, aren't you a little old for such goings on?

WIPE TO:

CLOSE UP - BELLE WATLING - DAY

Belle (a little too angry)
What I want to know is -- who's goin' to pay for the mirrors
they broke ...

WIPE TO:

CLOSE UP - PROVOST MARSHAL - DAY

Provost Marshal (disgustedly)
There's always fifty witnesses to prove a Southerner was
someplace he wasn't ... All right ... Dismissed!

WIPE TO:

CLOSE UP - INDIA - NIGHT

India

I'd rather they'd have hanged than be under obligation to that Butler man!

WIPE TO:

CLOSE UP - MRS. MEADE - NIGHT

Mrs. Meade

...And that Watling woman!...It's intolerable!

WIPE TO:

CLOSE UP - AUNT PITTY - NIGHT

Aunt Pitty

Well, what if they were drinking all night?

DISSOLVE TO:

552 K

CLOSE UP - MELANIE
(SAME SIZE AS PRECEDING CLOSE UPS)

Melanie

Won't you come in the house, Mrs. Watling?

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal that we are in BELLE'S CARRIAGE. Melanie is peering in from outside through the open door; and Belle is within the carriage, sitting covertly back or in the corner of the carriage so as not to be seen by passersby.

Belle (embarrassed)

Oh, I couldn't do that, Miz Wilkes. You climb in here and set a minute with me.

Melanie enters the carriage, closing the door behind her, and sits down beside Belle, reaching for her hand.

Melanie

How can I ever thank you enough, Mrs. Watling, for what you did today? How can any of us thank you enough!

Belle (embarrassed, changes the subject)

I got your note this morning sayin' you was goin' to call on me to thank me. Miz Wilkes, you must of lost your mind! I come up here as soon as 'twas dark to tell you you mustn't think of any sech thing. Why, I - why, you - it wouldn't be fittin' at all.

Melanie

It wouldn't be fitting for me to call and thank a kind woman who saved my husband's life!

Belle

I'll bet the other ladies don't thank me none - and I'll bet they don't thank Captain Butler neither.

Belle (cont'd)

(with sudden venom)

I wouldn't of minded if all their husbands got hung. But I did mind about Mr. Wilkes. There ain't never been a lady in this town nice to me like you was - about the money for the hospital, you know - and I don't forget a kindness. And I thought about you bein' left a widder with a little boy if Mr. Wilkes got hung, and --

(wistfully)

I seen your little boy once. He's a nice little boy, Miz Wilkes. I got a boy myself, and so I --

Melanie

Oh, you have? Does he live here in ...

Belle

Oh, no'm! He ain't here in Atlanta. He ain't never been here. He's off at school. I ain't seen him since he was little.

(her mind and her eyes wander for a moment, then she remembers herself and quickly changes her tone)

Well, anyway - I got to be goin'. I'm afraid somebody might recognize this carriage if I stayed here longer and that wouldn't do you no good. And, Miz Wilkes, if you ever see me on the street, you - you don't have to speak to me. I'll understand...

Melanie

I shall be proud to speak to you. Proud to be under obligation to you. I hope - I hope we meet again.

Belle

No. That wouldn't be fittin' neither... And, Miz Wilkes --
(looks at Melanie tentatively)

Melanie (kindly)

Yes, Mrs. Watling?

Belle

Meanin' no offense - I don't like Miz Kennedy much - but would you tell her I'm sorry about Mr. Kennedy?

Melanie presses her hand in thanks.

Belle

Goodnight, Miz Wilkes.

DISSOLVE TO:

563

FADE IN:
EXT. MISS PITTY'S HOUSE - THE FRONT DOOR - DAY
(SPRING, 1866)

CLOSE SHOT - A WREATH

- of immortelles with a crepe bow on the door. Through the center of the wreath,

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE UP - OF BRANDY BOTTLE

564

INT. SCARLETT'S BEDROOM AT AUNT PITTY'S

Scarlett's hand comes into shot, lifts up bottle. PULL BACK CAMERA - to see Scarlett, with a slight jag on, pouring drink into a glass. She takes a big swig...hears carriage wheels from outside - runs to the window and looks out.

565

EXT. HOUSE (FROM HER ANGLE)

Rhett stepping from his elegant carriage, and walking up the path to the front door.

566

BACK TO SCARLETT

She runs back to the mirror - smooths her hair hurriedly - thinks of her breath - holds her hand in front of her mouth - blows on it - grimaces as she sniffs the odor on her hand from her breath - goes hurriedly to the dresser from which she takes cologne bottle - tilts it back and gargles cologne from the bottle.

A knock is heard on her door.

Mammy's voice (disgustedly)

Miss Scarlett! Cap'n Butler here to see you. I told him you were prostrate with grief.

Scarlett affects a tragic voice which belies her appearance and her hasty attempts to straighten herself up.

Scarlett

I'll be right down, Mammy.

567

INT. AUNT PITTY'S LIVING ROOM

Rhett has been pacing the living room floor. Mammy comes in the door - gives Rhett a dirty look.

Mammy

She says she's comin'. I don't know why she's comin', but she's comin'.

Rhett smiles, then looks at her reprovngly.

hs

CONTINUED:

Rhett

You don't like me, Mammy.

(Mammy snorts)

Now don't argue with me. You don't - you really don't.

Mammy exits in a huff as Scarlett enters. Rhett goes forward to meet her.

Scarlett enters to Rhett, slightly tipsy, putting on a great act of the grieving widow. She extends her hand to Rhett. He bows over it very low, kisses it, and sniffs.

Rhett (as he rises from her hand)

It's no good, Scarlett.

Scarlett

What?

(she starts guiltily)

Rhett

The cologne.

Scarlett

I'm sure I don't know what you mean!

Rhett

I mean you've been drinking.

(goes toward her to look more closely)

Brandy. Quite a lot.

Scarlett (bridles)

What if I have? Is that any of your affair?

Rhett (bows)

Don't drink alone, Scarlett. People always find out and it ruins the reputation.

He looks at her, amused, as she crosses into the room, still acting like mad.

Rhett

May I close the doors?

Scarlett doesn't answer - just sniffs into her handkerchief, sobbing brokenly. He goes over and pulls the sliding doors together, turns back to her.
(COVER WITH CUT OF SCARLETT)

Rhett

What is it, Scarlett? This is more than losing old Frank.

Scarlett (she looks up pathetically)

Oh, Rhett, I'm so afraid!

Rhett (he smiles)

I don't believe it. You've never been afraid in your life.

Scarlett (she insists)

I'm afraid now. I'm afraid of dying and going to hell.

He wants to laugh and rises and moves away to restrain himself. Then:

Rhett
You look pretty healthy. And maybe there isn't any hell.

Scarlett looks up shocked and injured.

Scarlett (very earnestly)
Oh, but there is! I know there is! I was raised on it!

Rhett
Far be it from me to question the teachings of childhood. Tell me what you've done that hell yawns before you.

Scarlett
I ought never to have married Frank to begin with. He was Suellen's beau, and he loved her, not me. And I made him miserable and I killed him! Yes, I did! I killed him! Oh, Rhett, for the first time I'm finding out what it is to be sorry for something I've done! For the first time I'm glad that Mother died!
(she dissolves into tears again)

Rhett
Here.
(he offers his handkerchief)
Dry your eyes. If you had it all to do over again, you'd do no differently. You're like the thief who isn't the least bit sorry he stole, but is terribly, terribly sorry he's going to jail.

(Scarlett looks up enraged)
What's more, you're on the verge of a crying jag.
(she rises, furious, but still he continues)
So I'll change the subject and say what I came to say.

Scarlett
Say it, then, and get out!
(then, in spite of herself)
What is it?

Rhett
That I can't go on any longer without you.

Scarlett (slowly; the great lady)
You really are the most ill-bred man to come here at a time like this with your filthy....

Rhett (interrupting and completely disregarding her performance)
I made up my mind that you were the woman for me, Scarlett, the first time I saw you at Twelve Oaks...Now you've got your lumber mill and Frank's money, you won't come to me as you did to the jail...So I see that I shall have to marry you.

Scarlett
Why, I never heard of such bad taste! I...

Rhett (interrupting)

Would you be more convinced if I fell on my knees?

(he kneels and takes her hand. She tries to draw it back, but he holds it fast)

Scarlett

Turn me loose, you varmint, and get out of here!

Rhett (play-acting)

Forgive me for startling you with my sentiments, my dear Scarlett - I mean, my dear Mrs. Kennedy. But it cannot have escaped your notice that for some time past the friendship I have felt for you has ripened into a deeper feeling. A feeling more beautiful, more pure, more sacred...Dare I name it? Can it be love?

Scarlett (furious)

Get up off your knees. I don't like your common jokes!

Rhett

Scarlett, this is an honorable proposal of marriage, made at what I consider a most opportune moment.

(he rises)

I can't go all my life waiting to catch you between husbands.

Scarlett

You're coarse and conceited, and I think this conversation has gone far enough!....

(afterthought)

Besides, I shall never marry again.

Rhett

Oh yes you will, Scarlett. And you'll marry me.

Scarlett

You! You! I don't love you...And I don't like being married.

Rhett

Did you ever think of marrying just for fun?

Scarlett

Marriage fun? Fiddle-dee-dee! Fun for men, you mean!
(this time he does laugh heartily and she is frightened)

Hush up! Do you want them to hear outside?

Rhett

You've been married to a boy and an old man. Why not try a husband of the right age, with a way with women?

Scarlett

You're a fool, Rhett Butler, when you know I shall always love another man...

Rhett

Stop it!

(then, in a low voice, shaken, though, by the violence of his feeling)

Do you hear me, Scarlett? Stop it! No more of that talk!

567
ALREADY
SHOT

CONTINUED (5)

He takes her in his arms, bends her head back across his arm and kisses her hard on the mouth again and again, till she struggles for breath.

Scarlett
Rhett, don't! I'll faint!

Rhett
I want you to faint. This is what you were meant for, Scarlett! None of the fools you've known have kissed you like this, have they?
(continues kissing her)
Well, have they? Your Charles or your Frank or your stupid Ashley?

Scarlett
Rhett!

Rhett
Yes, I said Ashley! What does he know about you? But I know you, Scarlett! I know you! And you're going to marry me - and we'll put everything else behind us and out of our minds! You hear me, Scarlett?

He kisses her again and slowly Scarlett's arms go around him. At long last Scarlett O'Hara has surrendered. Through the embrace we hear her mumble.

Scarlett
Rhett...Rhett...

ADDED SCENE 568 INT. AUNT PITY'S PARLOR - CLOSE TWO SHOT - RHETT & SCARLETT

Rhett draws back from the embrace.

Rhett(hoarsely)
Say you're going to marry me! Say 'Yes'! Say 'Yes'!

Scarlett (whispers)
Yes.

She closes her eyes preparing for another kiss. He starts to kiss her again, then draws back and looks at her. Scarlett opens her eyes.

Rhett
You're sure you meant it? You don't want to take it back?

Scarlett
No.

He puts his hand under her chin and lifts her face to his.

Rhett

Look at me. And try to tell me the truth! Did you say 'yes' because of my money?

Scarlett (taken aback)

Well -- yes, partly.

Rhett (looks at her sourly)

Partly!

He drops his arms and walks away from her a few steps.

Scarlett (floundering)

Well, money does help, you know, Rhett -- and then, of course -- well, I am fond of you --

Rhett

Fond of me!

Scarlett

Well, if I said I was madly in love with you, you'd know I was lying. But you've always said we had a lot in common.

As she talks, Rhett bites his lip and shakes his head in despair, with which is mixed a degree of humor at what he's putting up with to get this woman. In the face of what she says he has no alternative but to control his emotions and assume as casual an attitude as hers.

Rhett

That's right, my dear. And I'm not in love with you any more than you are with me. God help the man who ever really loves you! Well, what kind of a ring would you like, my darling?

Scarlett

Ooo -- a diamond ring! And Rhett, do buy a great big one!

Rhett

You shall have the biggest and most vulgar ring in Atlanta ... and I'll take you to New Orleans for the most expensive honeymoon my ill-gotten gains can buy.

Scarlett

Oh, Rhett, that would be just heavenly!

Rhett

And I think I'll buy your trousseau for you, too.

Scarlett

Oh, that would be wonderful!

(on second thought)

But you won't tell anybody, will you, Rhett?

Rhett (looking at her with slightly sour amusement)

Still the little hypocrite!...

(he laughs, starts out of room Scarlett running after him)

569

INT. HALL

Scarlett running in, after Rhett who is at the door.

Scarlett

Rhett! Aren't you going to kiss me goodbye?

Rhett

Don't you think you've had enough kissing for one afternoon?

Scarlett

Oh, you're impossible! You can go and I don't care if you never come back!

She turns and flounces toward the stairs, peering over her shoulder expecting Rhett to come after her. But he simply opens the door and calls:

Rhett

But I will come back.

He closes the door after him and we

DISSOLVE TO:

570

LONG SHOT - RIVER BOAT ON THE MISSISSIPPI

Negroes are singing off scene and the singing continues through next scene.

571

CLOSE UP - WEDDING RING AND ENORMOUS DIAMOND & EMERALD RING ON SCARLETT'S FINGER

CAMERA PULLS BACK, and we see that Scarlett is lying in bed in a cabin of an elegant river boat of the period, dimly lighted. Rhett enters, or is found already sitting on the edge of her bed, in dressing gown. Scarlett looks up at him, smiling and coy.

Scarlett

Oh, Rhett, I'm so happy!

Rhett

I'm glad, darling --

She throws her head back luxuriously and thoughtfully on the pillow. She makes a very provocative picture.

Rhett (softly and romantically)

What are you thinking about, Scarlett?

Scarlett (she closes her eyes romantically, and after a second, speaks)

I'm thinking about how rich we are.

Taken aback, Rhett cannot help laughing nevertheless.

Scarlett (suddenly nervous)

And, Rhett - I can keep the lumber business, too, can't I?

571

CONTINUED (2)

Rhett (tolerantly, as to an adored and spoiled child)

Yes, of course you can...if it amuses you. And now that you're so rich, you can tell everybody to go to the devil as you always said you wanted to.

Scarlett

But you were the main one I wanted to tell to go to the devil.

Rhett (laughs)

Well, do it whenever you like, if it makes you happy.

Scarlett (confused)

But it doesn't make me specially happy.

Rhett, laughing adoringly, takes her in his arms, as we

DISSOLVE TO:

572

INT. NEW ORLEANS CAFE

CLOSE SHOT - A LINE OF CREOLE DANCING GIRLS, about seven-eighths covered by the smoke. The Cafe is gas lighted and there are many shadows.

Pull Back to reveal Scarlett and Rhett in profile across from each other at a table. Rhett is smoking a long cigar.

On the table is the most elaborate possible food - an elegantly prepared dove, etc., etc. ... wine glasses... two or three kinds - and buckets of wine.

Scarlett's plate is almost empty. Rhett's is half-eaten but he has finished. She is stuffing herself and scraping her plate, and in between times gobbling champagne as though it were water. She is as tight as a tick.

Rhett

Don't scrape the plate, Scarlett. I'm sure there's more in the kitchen.

At this moment Scarlett sees a waiter go by with an elaborate tray of pastries.

Scarlett

Oooh, Rhett! Can I have some of those chocolate ones stuffed with meringue?

Rhett

If you don't stop being such a glutton you'll get as fat as a Cuban lady. And then I'll divorce you.

CONTINUED:

A waiter enters and lifts the tureen, revealing something particularly succulent and amazingly beautiful. Through the tureen and behind the food, we see Scarlett, her wide eyes devouring already this next course. Her eyes turn questioningly to Rhett, turn back to the new dish. She wets her lips in anticipation and swallows more wine, as we

DISSOLVE TO:

573

INT. NEW ORLEANS HOTEL - LIVING ROOM OF SUITE - DAY.

Open on CLOSE SHOT of bed and floor and chairs strewn with finery Scarlett has bought, and with boxes, wrappings, etc. There are nightgowns, chemises, evening gowns, furs, high-heeled shoes, silk stockings, etc. There is also a big box of liberally colored candies. During the scene Scarlett stuffs herself with candies while she pirouettes in front of the mirrors with all the things she has bought.

Rhett's voice (lightly kidding)
Are you quite sure you bought enough, Scarlett?

AS CAMERA STARTS TO PULL BACK we hear:

Scarlett's voice (doubtfully)
Well - maybe I ought to have some more of those high-heeled shoes - and more of those real silk stockings without cotton tops.

By this time CAMERA IS FULL BACK.

During the scene Scarlett holds things up in front of herself, tries on hats, etc. There is probably other business that will suggest itself for both Rhett and Scarlett during this scene with the props of the clothes.

Rhett
Buy whatever you want, darling, and more than you need... but don't you think it would be nice if you bought something for Mammy, too?

Scarlett
Why should I buy her a present? When she called us both mules?

Rhett (laughing)
Mules? Why mules?

Scarlett
Yes - She said we could give ourselves airs and get all slicked up like race horses, but we were only mules in horse harness, and we didn't fool anybody.

Rhett
I never heard anything more true. Mammy's a smart old soul and one of the few people I know whose respect I'd like to have.

Scarlett

Well, I won't take her a thing! She doesn't deserve it!

Rhett

Then I'll take her a petticoat....I remember my mammy always said that when she went to Heaven she wanted a red taffeta petticoat so stiff that it would stand by itself and so rustly that the Lord would think it was made of angels' wings.

Scarlett

She won't take it from you! She'd rather die than wear it!

Rhett

That may be, but I'm making the gesture just the same.

DISSOLVE TO:

574

INT. HOTEL BEDROOM - CLOSE SHOT - SCARLETT TOSSING IN
BED - NIGHT

Scarlett tossing in bed. The room is dark, lighted only by moonlight streaming across Scarlett's face. Her eyes are closed. She is screaming.
Rhett's hand comes in and shakes her.

Rhett

Wake up, Scarlett! Wake up!

Scarlett opens her eyes. Rhett is sitting on the edge of the bed.

Rhett

You were having another nightmare.

Scarlett looks about her, then turns to Rhett with little girl terror.

Scarlett

Oh, Rhett, I was so cold and hungry...and so tired! And I couldn't find it! I ran through the mist but I couldn't find it!

Rhett

Find what, honey?

Scarlett

I don't know. I always dream the same dream and I never know! It's always hidden in the mist.

Rhett

Darling!

(he kisses her)

Scarlett

Do you think I'll ever dream that I've found it - and that I'm safe?

Rhett shakes his head, smiling tenderly at her.

Rhett

Dreams don't work that way. But when you're used to being safe and warm, you'll stop dreaming that dream...And, Scarlett, I'm going to see that you are safe....
(he holds her in his arms)

CONTINUED:

Scarlett

Oh, Rhett, would you do something for me if I asked you?

Rhett

You know I will.

Scarlett

Take me away from here.

Rhett

Don't you like New Orleans?

Scarlett

I love New Orleans, but I want to go home and visit Tara - Will you take me to Tara?

Rhett

Yes, Scarlett. Of course I will. We'll go tomorrow.

As Scarlett holds herself close to him, we

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FRONT OF TARA - LONG SHOT - DAY

CAMERA PULLS BACK until Rhett and Scarlett are revealed standing in the f.g.

Scarlett

It was that last night before the war. "Land's the only thing that matters," Pa said. "Because it's the only thing in the world that lasts."

Rhett (moodily)

He was right.

(he turns to Scarlett)

You get your strength from this red earth of Tara, Scarlett. You're part of it, and it's part of you.

Scarlett (nostaligically, almost with a cry of pain and hope)

Oh, Rhett, I'd give anything to have Tara the way it was before the war!

Rhett (kindly)

Would you?...Then go ahead and make it that way. Spend whatever you want to make it as fine a plantation as it ever was.

Scarlett looks at him unbelieving.

Scarlett

Oh, Rhett, you are good to me!

(she throws her arms around his neck)

And can we still have our big new house in Atlanta?

Rhett

Yes: (laughing)

And it'll be as ornate as you want it...Marble terraces and stained glass windows and all.

CONTINUED:

575

CONTINUED (2)

Scarlett

Oh, Rhett, won't everybody be jealous! I want everybody who's been mean to me to be pea-green with envy!

DISSOLVE TO:

576-577

EXT. BUTLER HOUSE -(COSGROVE)

In the background through the trees we see the elegant new house. In the f.g., Pork, Mammy, and Prissy are standing agape, looking up at the house, bags in hand. Their luggage consists of old-fashioned worn leather suitcases, which had probably belonged to the O'Hara family. Pork totes a small, square leather hat trunk of the period, which he holds by its handle.

Pork

Great Jehosophat!

Prissy

Lawzee! We sho' is rich now.

Mammy

Huh! Dat fancy buildin' ain' no quality house lak Miss Ellen's wuz. Naw suh! Not lak Tara - naw suh!

DISSOLVE TO:

578

FADE IN:

INT. RHETT'S ROOM - NIGHT - SPRING 1867

CLOSEUP RHETT'S FEET pacing the floor - surrounded by cigar butts on the fine carpet. As another is thrown down on the carpet:

Rhett's voice

But it's ridiculous! Why can't I go in?

CAMERA HAS PANNED UP and we are now on a CLOSE SHOT of Rhett.

Rhett (continuing)

I'm entitled to at least see what my own child looks like.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to show us that Rhett is in his room talking to Mammy. The door to the hall is open.

Mammy

You control yo'seff, Mist' Rhett -- you'll be seein' it fer a long time.

Rhett continues mumbling, goes over and pours himself a drink and drinks it during Mammy's following speech.

Mammy

Ah'd lak to 'pologize, Mist' Rhett, 'bout it's not bein a boy.

Rhett

Hush your mouth, Mammy. Who wants a boy. Boys aren't any use to anybody. Don't you think I'm proof of that?

Mammy laughs uproariously at Rhett's joke. He pours a drink into another glass and hands it to Mammy.

Rhett (suddenly worried)

She is beautiful, isn't she, Mammy?

Mammy takes the drink, peering around and looking through the open door to see no one is looking.

Mammy (gulps it down)

She sho' is.

Rhett (still worried)

Did you ever see a prettier one?

Mammy

Well, suh, Miss Scarlett wuz mos' near as pretty when she come, but not quite.

Rhett (his worries assuaged)

Have another glass, Mammy.

He takes the glass from her, starts pouring another drink. Mammy takes a step or two forward toward him, her skirts rustling.

Rhett (sternly, but with twinkling eyes)

And Mammy...what's that rustling noise I hear?

Mammy

Lawsy, Mist' Rhett, dat ain' nothin' but mah red silk petticoat you gave me.

(she giggles and swishes till her huge bulk shakes.
She drinks)

Rhett

Nothing but your petticoat! I don't believe it. Let me see. Pull up your skirt.

Mammy

Mist' Rhett, you is bad! Yeah-O-Lawd!

She gives a little shriek and retreats about a yard, modestly lifting her dress a few inches to show the ruffle of her red taffeta petticoat.

Rhett (grumbling)

You took long enough about wearing it.

Mammy

Yassuh, too long.

Rhett

No more mule in horse harness?

Mammy

Mist' Rhett, Miss Scarlett wuz bad to tell you dat. You ain' holdin' dat 'gainst Ol' Mammy?

Rhett

No, I'm not holding it - I just wanted to know. Have another drink, Mammy - have the whole bottle.

Melanie appears at the door.

Melanie

Dr. Meade says you may go in now, Captain Butler.

Rhett exits as though he'd been shot.

Mammy (to Melanie)

Dis sho is a happy day ter me. I done diapered three ginrations of dis fambly's girls, and it sho is a happy day.

Melanie

Oh, yes, Mammy. The happiest days are when babies come. I wish....

Mammy looks at her keenly. Melanie is suddenly aware of her look.

Melanie

Oh, Mammy, she's beautiful! What do you think they'll name her?

As Mammy starts to answer, CAMERA STARTS TO MOVE UP CLOSER TO HER:

578

CONTINUED (3)

Mammy

Miss Scarlett tol' me effen it wuz a girl she wuz goin' to name it Eugenie Victoria!

For the last words we are on a LARGE CLOSE UP OF MAMMY'S FACE, and from her big, black face, we

DISSOLVE TO:

579

CLOSE UP - THE BABY'S TINY WHITE FACE - (AS IT LIES IN ITS CRIB) - DAY

Over it we hear Rhett's voice talking baby talk.

Rhett's voice

I'm going to buy you a pony the likes of which they've never seen in this town! I'm going to send you to the best school in Charleston -- and you'll be received by the best families in the South --

As CAMERA STARTS TO DRAW BACK, his arms come into the scene and lift the baby from its crib.

580-583

INT. SCARLETT'S BEDROOM - DAY - REVERSE SHOT RHETT -

(The door to the hall is open)

- picking up the baby, still talking baby talk.

Rhett (continuing)

-- and when it comes time for you to marry -- well, you'll be a little princess.

CAMERA PANS OVER TO SCARLETT who lies in the nearby bed.

Scarlett (irritably)

You're certainly making a fool of yourself.

Rhett

And why shouldn't I? She's the first person who's ever belonged completely to me.

Scarlett

Great balls of fire! I had the baby, didn't I? Besides, don't I belong to you?

Rhett looks over at her and smiles queerly.

Rhett (with just a hint of sarcasm)

Do you, my dear?

A knock is heard. Scarlett and Rhett turn to see Melanie standing in the open doorway.

Scarlett

Come in, Melly.

bf

CONTINUED:

580-583
ALREADY
SHOT

CONTINUED (2)

Rhett

Yes. Come in and look at my daughter's beautiful blue eyes.

Melanie (crossing and laughing)

But, Captain Butler, most babies have blue eyes when they're born.

Scarlett

Don't try to tell him anything, Melly. He knows everything about babies.

Rhett

Nevertheless, her eyes are blue and they're going to stay blue.

Melanie (laughingly)

As blue as the Bonnie Blue Flag.

Rhett

That's it! That's what we'll call her! Bonnie Blue Butler!

584

CLOSE UP - SCARLETT

- looking at Rhett in disgust.

585

CLOSE UP - INFANT

- in Rhett's arms.

FADE OUT.

586

FADE IN:

INT. SCARLETT'S BEDROOM. - NIGHT (ABOUT SIX WEEKS LATER)

Just as in her girlhood days at Tara, Scarlett's stays have just been laced by Mammy. The lacing completed, Mammy is pulling a tape measure tight around Scarlett's waist. Mammy looks up at her mistress.

Mammy

Twenty inches.

Scarlett's jaw drops.

Scarlett

I've grown as big as Aunt Pitty! You've simply got to make it eighteen and a half again!

Mammy (shakes her head)

You done had a baby, Miss Scarlett, an' you ain' never goin' to be no eighteen an' a half inches again -- never. An' dar ain' nothin' to do 'bout it.

This statement provides Scarlett with the most unpleasant possibly food for thought. A pause while she digests it, then

586

CONTINUED (2)

Scarlett

There is something to do about it! I'm not going to get fat and old before my time! I just won't have any more babies!

Mammy

I heerd Mist' Rhett say he'll be wantin' a son next year.

Scarlett

Tell Captain Butler I've decided not to go out after all.

(she picks up a wrapper from a nearby chair and slips it on)

I'll have my supper in my room.

(meditatively, Scarlett crosses the room. She sits at dressing table and stares at herself in mirror)

587

CLOSE SHOT - MAMMY

As she goes out, sighing, and shaking her head disgustedly.

588-591

BACK TO SCENE; SCARLETT AT HER DRESSING TABLE.

Music a distant reminiscence of the old moonlight and magnolia days. Scarlett's eyes drop to a little drawer in her dressing table. She opens the drawer. Takes out a daguerreotype in its case and opens it. It is a picture of Ashley Wilkes in his major's uniform.

So absorbed is she that she does not hear Rhett's entrance. He comes toward her. Puts his hands on her shoulders tenderly. She starts and conceals the daguerreotype quickly in her lap.

Rhett

I got your message. I'll have them bring my supper up here, too.

He bends to kiss her neck. She gives a sudden quick shudder. She is on her feet. The daguerreotype slips from her lap to the rug.

Rhett (looks at her curiously)

No objection to that, I hope?

Scarlett

No. Yes. I mean, I don't care where you have your supper.

(she moves to the window, speaking over her shoulder)

Rhett....

Rhett

Yes?

Scarlett

You see -- well -- I've decided -- well --

(she blurts it out)

I hope I don't have any more children.

Startled, Rhett takes a step toward her. His foot comes into contact with the daguerreotype. He looks down,

CAMERA WITH HIM. It is open. Rhett's jaw sets. He controls himself. His tone is cold.

Rhett

My pet, as I told you before Bonnie was born, it is immaterial to me whether you have one child or twenty!

Scarlett (faces him)

You know very well --

(she is embarrassed, lowers her eyes. Then looks at him again, belligerently)

Do you know what I mean?

Rhett

I do...And do you know that I can divorce you for this?

Scarlett

You're just low enough to think of something like that! If you had any chivalry you would be nice like - well, look at Ashley Wilkes! Melanie can't have any more children and he--

Scarlett stops, unable to explain further. Rhett looks at her silently for a moment, sees through her. His face takes on a bitter little smile.

Rhett

Has Ashley Wilkes been over talking to you this afternoon?

Scarlett (guiltily)

What has that to do with it?

Rhett

Quite the little gentleman, Ashley...Pray go on, Mrs. Butler.

Scarlett (she chokes with rage, realizing the futility of any future hopes)

Oh, what's the use! You wouldn't understand!

Rhett goes over and pinches her chin playfully, attempting to cover his hurt.

Rhett

You know, I'm sorry for you, Scarlett.

Scarlett (with a sneer)

Sorry - for me?

Rhett

Yes, sorry for you - because you're throwing away happiness with both hands - and reaching out for something that would never make you happy.

Scarlett (pushing his hand down from her chin)

I don't know what you're talking about.

Rhett

You're a child crying for the moon, Scarlett - and what would a child do with the moon if he got it? What would you do with

588-591

CONTINUED (3)

Rhett (cont'd)

Ashley if you had him? If you were free, and if Miss Melly were dead and you had your precious, honorable Ashley, do you think you'd be happy with him?

(a bitter little laugh)

You'd never know him, never even understand his mind - any more than you understand anything except money.

(Rhett gives her one last look and strolls away, talking as he goes)

And the tragic part of it is that Ashley doesn't understand or even want your mind, the fool! And I don't want anything but your mind - and your heart.

Scarlett (laughs derisively)

Are you trying to tell me that's all you care about?

Rhett

Exactly. You may keep your sanctity, Scarlett. It'll work no hardship on me.

Scarlett

Oh, you're vile!

Rhett

The world is full of many things and many people...and I shan't be lonely.

Scarlett

That's fine! But I warn you, just in case you change your mind, that I intend to lock my door!

Rhett

Why trouble?

(he is on his way to the door)

If I wanted to come in, no lock could keep me out!

He opens the door with one savage kick which tears the hardware out of the splintered jam.

Scarlett gasps, staring after him.

DISSOLVE OUT.

592

FADE IN:
INT. BELLE WATLING'S PLACE

Which is a little too richly appointed. Rhett is pacing like a caged, enraged lion.
CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL BELLE, sitting at a table with her back to Rhett, moodily playing with a glass and listening to him.

Rhett (pacing)
I always knew that most women were cheats...hard and hypocritical...but this one!

Belle (without looking at him)
It ain't no use, Rhett.

Rhett (stopping short and looking at her angrily)
What do you mean?

Belle
I mean that you're poisoned with her...I don't care what she's done to you...
(moodily)
...you're still in love with her...And don't think it pleases me any to say it.

Rhett (savagely)
Maybe so! But I'm through with her, I tell you! I'm through!

Belle
You got to think of the child, Rhett. The child's worth ten of the mother.

Rhett takes this, and after a moment speaks:

Rhett
Yes, Belle, yes.
(he goes to her, pats her hand, looking at her warmly and speaking kindly)
You're a very shrewd woman, Belle, and a very nice one, and...
(he stops)

Belle (looking up at him)
Yes, Rhett?
Rhett (quietly but with a little bitterness)
Oh, I was just thinking of the difference between you and... You're both hard-headed business women and you're both successful...but -
(sincerely)
you've got a heart...and a soul.
(he picks up his hat and coat, and turns)
Goodbye, Belle.
(he is on his way out)

Belle doesn't look at him. There are tears in her eyes.

Belle (without looking up)
Goodbye, Rhett.

He leaves.

FADE OUT.

593

FADE IN:
EXT. PEACHTREE STREET. LATE SUMMER.
CLOSE UP THE FRONT OF A TOY HORSE - bouncing up and down as if travelling along street.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal that the horse is the front of a baby carriage (half toy, half baby carriage), and to reveal BONNIE, now about six or seven months old, sitting up gurgling in her carriage, holding the reins which extend back from the bridle of the toy horse.

Rhett's voice
She'll be a wonderful horsewoman....Look at those hands -- and that seat!

Scarlett's voice
Oh, fiddle-dee-dee!

CAMERA PULLS FARTHER BACK to a CLOSE TWO SHOT OF RHETT AND SCARLETT. Rhett is wheeling Bonnie's carriage; Scarlett walks alongside in an ill temper. Rhett is very blithe. As the scene progresses they talk to characters off scene whom we do not see.

Scarlett
Just why we have to wheel the baby when we have a house full of servants!.....

Rhett (bowing and tipping his hat with a little too much friendliness)
Good morning, Mrs. Merriwether.

Mrs. Merriwether's voice (coldly)
Oh, good morning, Captain Butler...Good morning, Scarlett.

Scarlett affects a very insincere smile and nods, then, giving Mrs. Merriwether time to get out of sight, her face goes back to its original expression.

Scarlett
Making fools of ourselves in front of these old buffaloes!

Rhett (angrily)
If you'd thought of your position years ago, you wouldn't have to do this. But as it is, we're going to cultivate every female dragon of the old guard in this town....
(suddenly spots someone else off scene)
Good morning, Mrs. Elsing.

Mrs. Elsing's voice (coldly)
Good morning, Captain Butler. Good morning, Scarlett.

Scarlett again smiles and nods insincerely, and when Mrs. Elsing has had time to get out of view, resumes her ill-tempered expression, and turns back to Rhett.

Scarlett
So the millionaire speculator's turning respectable!

593

CONTINUED (2)

Rhett

All our money can't buy what I want for Bonnie. Oh, I'll admit I've been at fault, too. But Bonnie's going to have a place with decent people! Yes, even if we both have to crawl on our bellies to every fat old cat.....

(he spots another, tips his hat and smiles)

Good morning, Mrs. Meade.

Mrs. Meade's Voice (also coldly)

Good morning, Captain Butler. Good morning, Scarlett.

For the third time, Scarlett affects a friendly smile and nod for the benefit of Mrs. Meade - not resuming her annoyed expression until Mrs. Meade has had time to get out of view; and as the CAMERA PULLS BACK on the domestic portrait of Rhett blithely wheeling the carriage and Scarlett by his side in a rage, we

DISSOLVE TO:

594

EXT. RESIDENTIAL PEACHTREE STREET -
CLOSE SHOT BONNIE ON HORSEBACK, shooting over horse's head. Bonnie is now two and a half. She is sucking her thumb, and her other hand grips the pommel of the saddle.

CAMERA MOVES TO A CLOSE SHOT of Rhett who is revealed in the saddle behind Bonnie. His hat is in his hand and his arm is around Bonnie. His other hand holds the reins. As we move the camera back, we hear his voice:

Rhett's voice

Mrs. Merriwether, I've always had a great regard for your knowledge, and I wonder if you could give me some advice.

THE CAMERA MOVES TO INCLUDE MRS. MERRIWETHER standing at the curb, talking up at Rhett. She is in a plumed bonnet.

Mrs. Merriwether(flattered)

Why certainly, Captain Butler.

Rhett

My Bonnie sucks her thumb. I can't make her stop it....

Mrs. Merriwether (vigorously)

You should make her stop it. It will ruin the shape of her mouth.

Rhett (sadly, shaking his head)

I know, I know.

(looking at Bonnie)

And she has such a beautiful mouth!

(turns back to Mrs. Merriwether)

I've tried putting soap under her nails.

CONTINUED:

Mrs. Merriwether
Soap! Bah! Soap's no good at all! Put quinine on her thumb
and she'll stop sucking it quick enough!

Rhett (with exaggerated astonishment and
pleasure)
Quinine!.... I never would have thought of it: I can't thank
you enough, Mrs. Merriwether! You've taken a great load off my
mind.

He bows and rides on with Bonnie, leaving Mrs. Merri-
wether looking after him with admiration and pleasure at
the acceptance of her own expert advice.

Mrs. Meade hurries along the street to Mrs. Merriwether.

Mrs. Meade
Good morning, Dolly....
(with pleasure)
Wasn't that Captain Butler?

Mrs. Merriwether
Oh, good morning, Caroline... I was just thinking -- There
must be a great deal of good in any man who loves a child so
much.

Mrs. Meade
But of course there is !
(leans over confidentially)
Did I tell you, Dolly, that Fanny Elsing told Dr. Meade that
Captain Butler finally admitted he was honored by the Con-
federate Congress for his services at the battle of Franklin?

Mrs. Merriwether (in astonished pleasure,
looking down the street)
No!... And did I tell you, Caroline, that Captain Butler made a
stupendous contribution to the Association for the Beautifi-
cation of the Graves of our Glorious Dead?

Mrs. Meade
No!

Both gaze off admiringly down the street in direction
Rhett has taken with Bonnie.

Mrs. Merriwether (proudly)
My little grandbaby, Napoleon Picard, is going to give a party
for Bonnie next week.

Mrs. Meade (indignantly)
Now, Dolly Merriwether, you know perfectly well that it was my
idea to give a party for Bonnie Butler.

Mrs. Merriwether (the old buffalo!)
Why, Caroline Meade!

And on the picture of the two women fighting as to
which of them is going to entertain Bonnie, we

DISSOLVE TO:

595

EXT. BUTLER GARDEN AND LAWNS. (COSGROVE)

In the foreground Rhett has had erected a very low bar.

Bonnie, now four, stands watching as Rhett teaches her pony to jump. Rhett is on his large horse and holds a guiding rope in his hand attached to Bonnie's pony.

Rhett

Now watch Daddy put your pony over, Bonnie.

(guiding the pony alongside a fence in the garden, toward the jump)

Now watch, -- if he's all right, you can ride him over next time.

The pony, guided by Rhett, takes a successful jump over the low hurdle. Bonnie screams in delight.

Bonnie

Daddy, let me, -- let me!

Rhett

All right, Bonnie -- you get on him.

Bonnie mounts.....Rhett riding back alongside her, still holding the guiding rope as Bonnie goes back to run for the jump.

Rhett

Now hold your reins properly, and a firm hand -- and go with your pony. You take him right down the side of this fence-- Take him down to the jump and lean forward.

Bonnie starts down the run for the jump -- Rhett riding a little off, still holding rope.... As Bonnie nears the hurdle:

Rhett

Lift his head, Bonnie!

595A

LONG SHOT

As Bonnie, on her pony, comes up to the jump and makes it unsuccessfully, knocking over the bar.

595B

CLOSE ANGLE BONNIE ON PONY

She wheels around, disappointed, as Rhett gallops up to her.

Rhett

Not afraid, are you, Bonnie?

Bonnie

Who's afraid? I'm not afraid of anything.

CONTINUED:

595B

CONTINUED (2)

Rhett (proudly)

That's my Bonnie. Now go on...try it again...

(as they ride back to the starting mark)

That was all right, Bonnie -- but you didn't pick up your pony's head enough...And you should have kicked him with your heels -- that's what sends him over the jump.

595C

CLOSE SHOT - BONNIE

as she turns her pony to try again.

Rhett's voice

Grip tightly with your legs -- and sit close...lean forward and be sure you go with him...Take him a little faster to the jump this time...That's it!.....

595D

LONG SHOT

As Bonnie tries again, this time clearing the jump beautifully. She lets out a terrific scream of delight, and Rhett does the same, "just like Apaches after successful scalpings."

595E

CLOSE SHOT

Rhett proudly gallops up to Bonnie, lifts her off her pony and onto his own horse, giving her a big hug as he talks:

Rhett

That was fine! Daddy knew you could do it... When you're a little older, I'll take you to Virginia and Kentucky. You'll be the best horsewoman in the South.

Bonnie squeals with glee.

Mammy's voice

Mist' Rhett! Mist' Rhett!

Rhett sets Bonnie back on her pony and canters easily over to Mammy who is waddling across the lawn.

595F

TWO SHOT - MAMMY AND RHETT

Rhett

Did you see her, Mammy? Wasn't she wonderful?

Mammy (impatiently)

Mist' Rhett, I done tol' you and tol' you it jus' ain' fittin' fer a girl chile to ride a-straddle wid her dress flyin' up!

Rhett (propitiating)

All right, Mammy. I'll teach her to ride side-saddle...and I'll get her a blue velvet riding habit. She'll love that.

CONTINUED:

595F

CONTINUED (2)

Mammy (grumbling)

A nice black broadcloth is whut li'l girls wear.

Rhett (arguing plaintively)

Oh, Mammy, be reasonable.

Mammy (grumbling)

Well...I don't think it's fittin', but...

Rhett laughs, leans over and pats Mammy on the back. He turns his horse to meet Bonnie who comes galloping in as Mammy waddles off.

595G

CLOSE TWO SHOT - BONNIE AND RHETT

Bonnie

I wish Mother could see me jump.

Rhett

We'll get her to watch you, Bonnie -- but not until we've learned to take some higher jumps...

Bonnie

I know, I know... but why **did she have to go to** that dirty old mill today when I want her here?

Rhett

Now, Bonnie, Mother enjoys going to the mill once in a while, just the way you enjoy riding. You want her to have fun, too, don't you?

Bonnie (pouting)

Well -- doesn't she have enough fun with me?

DISSOLVE TO:

596-598

DISSOLVE IN:

INT. LUMBER MILL OFFICE - DAY (SUMMER 1872)

Ashley, very tired, is closing the ledger as we come in on the scene. He gets up and is slipping into his coat when he is suddenly aware of the presence of Scarlett who has entered unknown to him. Though she looks no older, her face is perceptibly hardened and her whole bearing more mature.

(There has been a time lapse of several years since we have seen Scarlett.)

Ashley

Scarlett! What are you doing downtown at this time of day? Why aren't you helping Melly get ready for my surprise birthday party?

Scarlett (indignantly)

Why, Ashley Wilkes, you weren't supposed to know a thing about it! Melly will be so disappointed if you're not surprised.

Ashley

Oh, I won't let on. I promise to be the most surprised man in Atlanta...But as long as you're here, let me show you the books so you can see just how bad a business man I really am.
(he starts for the books)

Scarlett

Let's not fool with any books today! When I'm wearing a new bonnet all the figures I know go right slap out of my head.

Ashley

Figures are well lost when the bonnet's as pretty as that one.

(goes to her, takes her hands and spreads them wide, looking at her dress)

Scarlett, you get prettier all the time. You haven't changed at all since the day of our last barbecue at Twelve Oaks when you sat under a tree with a dozen beaux around you.

Scarlett (shakes her head, saddened by the memory of her girlhood)

That girl doesn't exist any more...Oh, Ashley, nothing's turned out like I expected! Nothing!

Ashley

We've traveled a long road since the old days, haven't we, Scarlett? I've come slowly, reluctantly, and you swiftly - dragging me after your chariot. Because you've always known what you wanted and I've never wanted anything but the old days back again.

Scarlett

I've wanted them, too. But they're gone, Ashley...
(pleadingly)

And you must make yourself believe these days are better.

Ashley (shaking his head sadly)

No...I'll always be haunted by the memory of a charm and a beauty that are gone forever...Oh, the lazy days and warm

596-598

CONTINUED (2)

Ashley (cont'd)
still country twilights! ... The high soft negro laughter
from the quarters! ... The golden warmth and security of those
days!

Scarlett (tears in her eyes)
Don't look back, Ashley! Don't look back! It drags at your
heart till you can't do anything but look back!

He goes to her and puts his arms around her.

Ashley
I didn't mean to make you sad, my dear.
(puts his hand under her chin and turns her face
up to his)
I'd never want you to be anything but completely happy.

He kisses the tear off her cheek. Suddenly his face
changes as he looks off in dismay. Scarlett, noticing
the change in his expression, turns her face in the
same direction in which he is looking.

WE CUT or SWING THE CAMERA to reveal the malevolent face
of India staring at them triumphantly. India raises her
head with a sneer and a smile, turns, and is gone.

599

TWO SHOT - SCARLETT AND ASHLEY

Scarlett (terrified)
Oh, Ashley!

Ashley drops his arms from around her, and as his eyes
fall in dismay and fright as he realizes the import of
the situation and the interpretation that will inevi-
tably be placed on it, he draws the back of his hand
across his head or makes some other gesture of dismay.
On the portrait of Scarlett staring at him in confusion
and dismay, we

FADE OUT.

Additions 5-18-39

600

INT. SCARLETT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Only the lamps are lit. Scarlett is in a wrapper, stretched out full length on the bed. A knock on the door and she sits up frightened.

Scarlett

Who is it?

Rhett (off scene)

Only your husband.

Scarlett gasps.

Scarlett (calls out in terrified voice)

Come in.

Rhett enters. He is dressed for the evening. His mood is cold and murderous.

Rhett

Am I actually being invited into the sanctuary?

He comes to the bed where Scarlett has shrunk back into the pillows, and jerks her upright.

Rhett

You're not ready for Melanie's party!

Scarlett (terrified)

I've a headache. You go without me, Rhett, and make my excuses to Melanie.

Rhett looks at her disgustedly for a moment, then speaks.

Rhett (drawlingly and bitinglly)

What a white-livered little coward you are!

(then:)

Get up! You're going to the party and you'll have to hurry!

Scarlett

Oh, Rhett, has India dared to....

Rhett

Yes, my dear, she has! Every woman in the town knows the story. And every man, too...

Scarlett

You should have killed them for spreading lies!

Rhett

I have a strange way of not killing people who tell the truth. ...There's no time to argue now. Get up.

Scarlett gets up, clutches her wrapper close, her eyes searching Rhett's face, but it is dark and impassive.

CONTINUED:

600

CONTINUED (2)

Scarlett

I won't go, Rhett! I can't -- until this -- this misunderstanding is cleared up.

Rhett

You're not going to cheat Miss Melly out of the satisfaction of publicly ordering you out of her house!

Scarlett

Rhett, there was nothing wrong! India hates me so! I can't go. I couldn't face it!

Rhett

If you don't show your face tonight you'll never be able to show it in this town as long as you live....And while that wouldn't bother me, you're not going to ruin Bonnie's chances!...You're going to that party if only for her sake.

Rhett takes a step toward the clothes closet.

601

CLOSE SHOT - SCARLETT

Reluctantly she gets up and trembling, starts to take off her wrapper.

601A

CLOSE SHOT - RHETT AT CLOSET

- searching through the dresses.

Rhett takes one of the gowns from the closet.

Rhett

Wear that!

(throws it at her)

Nothing modest or matronly will do for this occasion.

601B

CLOSE SHOT - SCARLETT

- in her chemise - trembling - frightened, picks up the dress from where he has thrown it.

601C

BACK TO SCENE

Rhett

And put on plenty of rouge! I want you to look your part tonight!

DISSOLVE TO:

602

DISSOLVE IN:

EXT. DOOR TO MELANIE'S HOUSE - (SHOOTING FROM INTERIOR
THROUGH OPEN DOOR) - TWO SHOT - SCARLETT & RHETT

Rhett

Now you go alone into the arena, Scarlett. The lions are hungry for you!

Scarlett

Oh, don't leave me! Don't --

Rhett bows and goes, leaving Scarlett standing in the doorway alone, looking inside.

603-607

INT. MELANIE'S PARLOR

Come in on birthday cake. The company, including Ashley, Melanie, Dr. and Mrs. Meade, and Aunt Pitty are packed around the table. Evidently Ashley has just been led up to the cake by Melanie. His manner is nervous; he is clearly under strain and clearly making all possible effort to do what is expected of him.
Ad libs:

Mrs. Meade

Now, Ashley, blow them all out but one, and leave one to grow on.

Dr. Meade

And when you cut the cake be sure Miss Pitty gets the ring.

Aunt Pitty

Oh no! The thimble for me! The thimble for me!

Ashley

And you baked this, Melly? You baked this?

Melanie

Well, I did have a little help from Aunt Pitty's Cookie.

Ad Libs (almost simultaneously)

A birthday cake's always so exciting, isn't it?...
Count the candles, count the candles!...
How do you know Ashley wants them counted?...
He's a man. Men don't care...
It's the most beautiful cake I ever saw!...
What's it going to be like inside?...
Cakes again! Even yet I can't get used to having cakes again!..
It's just like the old times!...
I'll never forget my cousin Sue's birthday in Milledgeville...
I haven't had a birthday cake since before the war. That's
ten years ago...
We always made so much of birthdays at home...
Many happy returns, Ashley! Many happy returns!...
There's got to be a toast....
We'll lift all our glasses...
Now, what is the toast?....
Speech! Speech!....

CONTINUED:

603-607

CONTINUED (2):

Someone begins to sing "For He's a Jolly Good Follow". The company joins in. Of the three musicians, the harpist leads off. Dr. Meade chimes in with his violin and Rene Picard with his flute.

The chorus is no sooner under way than Ashley takes a deep breath to blow, but he does not blow because he sees Scarlett standing in the doorway. The startled look on his face attracts Mrs. Meade's attention. Her singing stops. Then, as each one of the rest of the company turns, the song dies out. Only the harpist continuing uncertainly until she also stops.

In the meanwhile Melanie is the last to see Scarlett. She brushes quickly through the tense silence of her guests, goes to Scarlett. She slips an arm about her waist.

Melanie (very clear)

What a lovely dress, Scarlett, darling! India wasn't able to come tonight. Will you be an angel? I do need you to help me receive my guests.

Sensation!

FADE OUT.

ADDED SHOT
607

EXT. MELANIE'S HOUSE AT DOOR - CLOSE SHOT - RHETT -
NIGHT

We see that the door is still a little ajar after
Scarlett's entrance into the house.
Rhett has stood there to see how Scarlett would
be received. He hears Melanie's greeting to her,
shrugs, shakes his head in disgust, and exits.

DISSOLVE TO:

ADDED SCENE
607A

INT. SCARLETT'S BEDROOM - SAME NIGHT

CLOSE SHOT the gown Scarlett has worn to Melly's
party. It is on the floor where Scarlett has stepped
out of it. Mammy is picking it up, also a few other
articles of clothing which Scarlett has dropped --
and is talking sleepily as she does:

Mammy

Did you have a good time tonight at Miss Melly's party,
chile?

During above line CAMERA HAS PULLED BACK and now
reveals Scarlett sitting in her red dressing gown
at her dressing table.

Scarlett (impatiently)

Yes, yes!.....Now you be sure and leave word....

(nervously)

If Captain Butler asks for me when he gets home, I'm asleep.

Mammy

Yas'm.

(she gives Scarlett a suspicious look as she
exits, and we

DISSOLVE TO:

608

FADE IN:
INT. BUTLER HALL - NIGHT.

It is lit with simply one, or at the most two, of the elaborate lighting fixtures. We see long shadows of Scarlett as she comes tremblingly down the stairs. Near the bottom of the flight she stops short as she sees light coming from the dining room. She is dressed in negligee and her hair is down.

609

INT. DINING ROOM (FROM SCARLETT'S ANGLE)

A candle is burning on the dining table in the otherwise dark room.

610

CLOSE SHOT - SCARLETT

She descends a few more steps, stealthily and nervously.

Rhett's voice (thickly)
Come in Mrs. Butler.

Scarlett reacts in fright, pauses irresolutely, saying nothing.

611

INT. DINING ROOM (FROM SCARLETT'S ANGLE)

Rhett's face moves into the light of the candle. He is without a coat and his cravat hangs down on either side of his open collar. His shirt is open and his hair rumpled. He is drunk. On the table is a silver tray bearing a decanter with cut glass stopper out, surrounded by glasses. The glass from which Rhett has been drinking is on the table.

Rhett (motions roughly)
Come here!

612

TRUCKING SHOT WITH SCARLETT

Scarlett has never seen him drunk before, does not know quite what to do - but she draws a deep breath, clutches her wrapper closer to her and goes down the remaining steps and into the dining room, her head up, her heels clacking.

Rhett stands up and approaches the door with mock gallantry. He bows to her as she passes him and enters the dining room.

613

INT. DINING ROOM

--as Scarlett enters. Monstrous shadows are thrown by the candle on the high ceilinged room, making the massive furniture look like huge crouching beasts.

CONTINUED:

Rhett follows her into the room.

Rhett (curtly)

Sit down.

(Scarlett is frightened)

There's no reason why you shouldn't have your nightcap, even if I am here.

Scarlett

I didn't want a drink. I heard a noise and --

Rhett

You heard nothing of the kind. You wouldn't have come down if you'd thought I was here. You must need a drink badly...

(he picks up the decanter and sloppily pours her a drink)

Scarlett (protesting)

I do not...

Rhett

Take it!

(shoves the drink into her hand)

Oh, don't give yourself airs. I know you drink on the quiet and I know how much you drink...Do you think I care if you like your brandy?

Scarlett looks at him a moment doubtfully, then bolts down the drink, making an unbecoming grimace. She notices as she does, that Rhett has seen the grimace and that he is smiling sneeringly.

Scarlett (coldly)

You're drunk. And I'm going to bed.

Rhett

I'm very drunk, and I intend to get still drunker before the evening's over. But you aren't going to bed - not yet. Sit down!

Scarlett sits.

"His voice still held a remnant of its wonted cool drawl but beneath the words she could feel violence fighting its way to the surface, violence as cruel as the crack of a whip. She wavered irresolutely and he was at her side, his hand on her arm in a grip that hurt. He gave it a slight wrench and she hastily sat down with a little cry of pain. Now, she was afraid, more afraid than she had ever been in her life. As he leaned over her, she saw that his face was dark and flushed and his eyes still held their frightening glitter. There was something in their depths she did not recognize, could not understand, something deeper than anger, stronger than pain, something driving him until his eyes glowed redly like twin coals. He looked down at her for a long time, so long that her defiant gaze wavered and fell, and then he slumped into a chair opposite her and poured himself

CONTINUED:

613

CONTINUED (3)

another drink. She thought rapidly, trying to lay a line of defenses. But until he spoke, she would not know what to say for she did not know exactly what accusation he intended to make."

Rhett (finally)

How does it feel to have the woman you've wronged stand by you and cloak your sins for you?

She makes no comment.

Rhett

You're wondering if she knows all about you and Ashley - wondering if she did this just to save her face. And you're thinking she's a fool for doing it, even if it did save your hide, but --

Scarlett

I will not listen!---

Rhett

Yes, you'll listen. Miss Melly's a fool, but not the kind you think. It's just that there's too much honor in her to conceive of dishonor in anyone she loves. And she loves you - though just why she does, I'm sure I don't know.

Scarlett

If you were not so drunk and insulting I would explain everything.

(she rises, recovering some of her dignity)

As it is, though --

Rhett (threateningly)

If you get up out of that chair once more...

(Scarlett sits)

Of course the comic figure in all this is the long-suffering Mr. Wilkes! Mr. Wilkes - who can't be mentally faithful to his wife - and won't be unfaithful to her technically.

(takes a drink)

Why doesn't he make up his mind?

Scarlett springs to her feet with a cry. Rhett lunges from his seat, laughing softly. He is in back of her and presses her down into the chair.

614

TWO SHOT - SCARLETT AND RHETT - LARGE HEADS, ONE ABOVE THE OTHER

Scarlett sits tensely as Rhett stands behind her. He puts his hands in front of her face, flexing them.

Rhett

Observe my hands, my dear. I could tear you to pieces with them - and I'd do it, if it would take Ashley out of your mind. But it wouldn't. So I think I'll remove him from your mind forever, this way...I'll put my hands so, on each side of your head...

(he fits the deed to the word)

hs

CONTINUED:

614

CONTINUED (2)

Rhett (cont'd)

And I'll smash your skull between them like a walnut...and that will block him out.

His hands are under her flowing hair, caressing and hard. There is a moment of silence. Scarlett is frightened, but she has never been without animal courage, which supports her now.

614 A

TWO SHOT - SCARLETT AND RHETT

Scarlett narrows her eyes and speaks coldly and slowly:

Scarlett

You drunken fool! Take your hands off me!

To her surprise he does so, slowly removing them, and seating himself on the edge of the table, he pours himself another drink.

Rhett

I've always admired your spirit, my dear. Never more than now when you're cornered.

She draws her wrapper close about her body. She rises, but without haste so as not to reveal her fear - tightens the wrapper across her hips and throws her hair back from her face.

Scarlett (cuttingly)

I'm not cornered. You'll never corner me, Rhett Butler - or frighten me! You've lived in dirt so long you can't understand anything else. And you're jealous of something you can't understand. Goodnight.

She starts casually toward the door.

There is a burst of laughter from Rhett. She stops and turns. He sways across the room toward her, still laughing. He puts his hands heavily upon her and pins her shoulders to the wall.

Rhett

Jealous, am I? Yes, I suppose I am - even though I know you've been faithful to me all along. How do I know? Because I know Ashley Wilkes and his honorable breed. They're gentlemen - and that's more than I can say for you - or for me. We're not gentlemen and we have no honor - have we?

He releases her, laughs and starts for the decanter.

Scarlett stands a second then runs swiftly out into the dark hall.

615

INT. DARK HALL

Out of the darkness comes Rhett after Scarlett. He seizes her and roughly turns her around to him, holding her close.

Rhett

It's not that easy, Scarlett.

(He kisses her violently)

You turned me out while you chased Ashley Wilkes -- while you dreamed of Ashley Wilkes.-- Well, this is one time you're not turning me out!

He swings her off her feet into his arms. He starts up the stairs with her, her head crushed against his chest. She cries out frightened, but the sounds are muffled against his chest.

He carries her up the stairs -- up and up, into the increasing darkness, their shadows on the stairs.

THE CAMERA DRAWS BACK as he goes further and further up the stairs, Scarlett's cries diminishing. Then they are lost in the darkness at the top of the stairs and Scarlett's cries cease.

For a moment THE CAMERA HOLDS THE EMPTY STEPS, lit only by the hall light, then we

SLOWLY FADE OUT.

616

FADE IN:

INT. SCARLETT'S BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

Scarlett in bed, just finishing her breakfast which is on a tray. She is in a very happy mood. She wears her wedding ring. She stretches luxuriously. She hears someone approaching the door; quickly arranges herself as becomingly as possible and looks anxiously at it.

616A

CLOSE SHOT - CLOSED BEDROOM DOOR (FROM SCARLETT'S ANGLE)

The doorknob turns.

616B

BACK TO SCENE

Excited, embarrassed, nervous, Scarlett gives a quick pat to her hair, looking toward the door expectantly.

It opens and Bonnie runs in and over to her mother. A quick flash of disappointment crosses Scarlett's face.

Bonnie

Mummy, Mummy, will you come and play Confederates with Beau Wilkes and me? Beau's promised to be the Yankees and let us win!

Scarlett (distracted, absorbed in her thoughts)

I'm sorry, baby -- I can't. Go ask your Daddy.

Bonnie

And can we have some cookies?

Scarlett

Yes, yes. But run along -- I'm busy.

Bonnie wasn't expecting such an easy victory. She stops, looks at her mother, surprised, lets out a whoop of delight and runs out, almost colliding with Mammy who is coming in.

Mammy (to Bonnie)

Whut you doin'? That ain' no way fer a lady to ack...

Bonnie (on her way out)

Run along, Mammy -- I'm busy.

She disappears. Mammy gives a takum and comes into the room.

Scarlett (very gaily)

How you feeling this morning, Mammy?

Mammy

Well ... my back ain' what it useter be with this ol' miz'ry.

Scarlett, paying no attention to Mammy's complaints, starts to hum happily the first five bars of "Ben Bolt".

Mammy

You ack' mighty happy this mornin', Miss Scarlett.

616B

CONTINUED (2)

Scarlett
I am, Mammy! I am!

She picks up the song, singing softly from "Ben Bolt"
as Mammy waddles out with the tray, pulling the door to
but leaving it ajar.

617

CLOSE SHOT - SCARLETT

Scarlett (singing)
"She wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
"And trembled with fear at your frown."

As she sings, she adjusts her bedjacket more fetchingly
over her shoulders, bites her lips and pinches her
cheeks in a quick, almost forgotten gesture to bring
color to them.

She stops singing and lies back on her pillow, thinking
of the night before. Suddenly she is embarrassed -
giggles like a girl and pulls the covers up tight
around her neck.

Rhett's voice (casually)
Hello....

Scarlett looks up startled and delighted.

618

BACK TO SCENE

As Scarlett looks up she sees a very nonchalant Rhett.
He is extremely off-hand and anything but the ardent
lover she had expected. He is sober and very quietly
dressed.

Rhett (very insincerely)
I'd like to extend my apologies for my infamous conduct of
last night.

Scarlett (sitting up in disappointment)
Oh, but Rhett --

Rhett (satiric)
I was very drunk and quite swept off my feet by your charms.

618A

CLOSE UP - SCARLETT

Her expression changes. As far as she is concerned,
this is the old Rhett.

618 A

CONTINUED (2)

Scarlett (bitterly)

You needn't bother apologizing - Nothing you ever do surprises me.

618 B

TWO SHOT

Rhett approaches her.

Rhett (with a change of tone)

Scarlett, I've been thinking things over and I really believe it'd be better for both of us if we admitted we'd made a mistake and got a divorce.

Scarlett (amazed and hurt)

A divorce?

Rhett

Yes. There's no point in our holding on to each other, is there? I'll provide for you amply. You've plenty of grounds, and if you'll just give me Bonnie, you can say what you please and I won't contest it.

Scarlett (really angry now)

Thank you very much, but I wouldn't think of disgracing the family with a divorce!

Rhett (who has been quite simple and serious, now becomes angry at her hypocrisy)

You'd disgrace it quick enough if Ashley were free! It makes my head spin to think of how quickly you'd divorce me!

Scarlett doesn't answer. She is hurt and furious. Rhett looks at her, "the old, puzzling, watchful glint in his eyes - keen, eager, as though he hangs on her next words hoping they would be---"

Rhett

Wouldn't you, Scarlett?

(she doesn't answer)

Well, answer me - Wouldn't you?

Scarlett

Will you please go now and leave me alone?

Rhett

Yes, I'm going. That's what I came to tell you. I'm going to London - on a very extended trip. I'm leaving today.

Scarlett (stunned)

Oh!

Rhett

And I'm taking Bonnie with me. So you'll please get her little duds packed.

Scarlett

You'll never take my child out of this house!

618 B

CONTINUED (2)

Rhett

She's my child, too, Scarlett. And you're making a mistake if you think I'm going to leave her here with a mother who hasn't the decency to consider her own reputation!

Scarlett

You're a fine one to talk! Do you think I'll let you take that baby out of here when you'll most likely have her around with people like that Belle --

Rhett strides across the floor to her furiously.

Rhett

If you were a man I'd break your neck for that! As it is, I'll thank you to shut your stupid mouth. Do you think I don't love Bonnie - that I'd take her any place where - And as for you giving yourself pious airs about your motherhood, why a cat's a better mother than you are!

(Scarlett is terrified by his outburst)

You have her packed up and ready for me in an hour or I warn you... I've always thought a good lashing with a buggy whip would benefit you immensely!

He turns on his heel and storms out of the room.

619

INT. UPPER HALL

Rhett striding out of Scarlett's room and crossing the hall in a rage. He passes Pork and almost knocks him over.

619 A

CLOSE UP - PORK

Looking after Rhett - startled and frightened.

619 B

INT. BONNIE'S NURSERY - (SHOOTING FROM HALL)

Rhett throws open the door - revealing Bonnie and Beau playing on the floor in the nursery.
Beau sees him first.

Beau

Hello, Uncle Rhett.

As Bonnie looks up and runs to Rhett:

Rhett

Hello, Beau.

Bonnie

Daddy! Daddy! I've been waiting for you all morning! Where have you been?

Rhett

I've been hunting for a rabbit skin to wrap my little Bonnie

619 B

CONTINUED (2)

Rhett (cont'd)

in...Give your best sweetheart a kiss, Bonnie...I'm going to take you on a long trip to Fairyland.

CAMERA STARTS TO MOVE IN TO A CLOSE TWO SHOT OF BONNIE AND RHETT

Bonnie

Where? Where?

Rhett

I'm going to show you the Tower of London where the little Princes were ... and London Bridge ...

Bonnie

Oh, London Bridge! Will it be falling down?

FADE OUT.

FADE IN: (AUTUMN, 1872)
THE THAMES, LONDON

Big Ben striking a late hour. As the chimes end, the CAMERA IS DRAWING BACK through a hotel window, and as the chimes end we hear a baby's voice, terrified, screaming over them.

As we get back in the INTERIOR OF THE HOTEL ROOM we discover Bonnie in the completely dark room - absolutely dark except for the light from outside on the child's terrified face.

We hear Rhett's muffled voice from outside:

Rhett's voice

Bonnie! Bonnie! It's all right, Bonnie.

CAMERA SWINGS TO THE DOORWAY, through which Rhett enters. He wears evening clothes and a light overcoat. He crosses the dark room, the light hitting his face as he crosses.

Bonnie (screaming)

Dark! Dark!

Rhett (angrily, as he crosses)

Who put out the light? Nurse! Nurse!

Bonnie continues screaming until Rhett puts on a light.

Bonnie

Dark! Dark!

Rhett goes to her, tenderly lifts her from her bed and holds her in his arms.

Rhett

There now, what's the matter with my Bonnie?

Bonnie

A bear!

Rhett

A bear? A big bear?

Bonnie

Dretfull big! With claws, too!

Rhett

Ah, claws, too.

Bonnie

And it sat on my chest.

Rhett

Well, I shall stay here and shoot him if he comes back!

(Bonnie's tears subside)

That's better.

He kisses the child and strokes her hair tenderly. She puts her arms around his neck. He looks at her adoringly, then puts her back into her bed.

Now the nurse enters from the next room, rubbing her

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED (2)
eyes. She has obviously been asleep and is startled at seeing Rhett.

Nurse
Oh, good evening, Mr. Butler.

Rhett advances toward her, CAMERA PANNING WITH HIM.

Rhett (angrily)
Haven't I told you that you're never to leave this child alone in the dark?

Nurse
If you'll pardon me, sir, lots of children are afraid of the dark, but they get over it. If you just let her scream for a night or two --

Rhett (interrupting)
Let her scream! Either you're a fool or the most inhuman woman I've ever seen!

Nurse (stiffly)
Of course, sir, if you want her to grow up nervous and cowardly --

Rhett
Cowardly! There isn't a cowardly bone in her body! You're discharged.

(he leaves her and goes to sit on Bonnie's bed or on the chair near the bed)

Nurse (coldly)
As you say, sir...But if I may offer one last observation, sir. Fathers are frequently given to spoiling their children. Her mother would most likely agree with me.

Rhett
I don't doubt it.

The nurse turns on her heels and exits. Bonnie opens her eyes.

Bonnie
Where's mother?

Rhett (leaning over her tenderly)
Now, Bonnie, aren't you happy in London with me?

Bonnie
I want to go home. I want my pony.

Rhett (smiles tenderly)
I could send for your pony, Bonnie.

Bonnie (sleepily)
I want to go home!

Bonnie's eyes close again, she drops off to sleep, her hand around Rhett's finger. Rhett looks at her thoughtfully, leans over, kisses her on the forehead, makes a tentative attempt to release his finger, finds it caught tight. He smiles sadly, prepares for a long stay. AS CAMERA MOVES UP TO CLOSE UP of the thoughtful, depressed Rhett, we

FADE OUT.

621

INT. BUTLER HOUSE - HALL - DAY - AUTUMN 1872

Mammy is running up the stairs, holding her back which is giving her a bit of trouble with the years. (In the course of the scene the labor of running up the stairs also tells on her. The troubled years of the war and the Reconstruction, and the effort of them, have told on her. There is grey in her eyebrows and she hasn't her old spryness.)

Mammy (calling)

Miss Scarlett! Miss Scarlett! Dey's back, Miss Scarlett!

Bonnie's little figure is seen galloping up the stairs in back of Mammy, as quick as its little legs will take it. She clutches a kitten to her breast. Scarlett appears, quite beside herself with joyous excitement. She runs down a few steps.

622

CLOSE SHOT - SCARLETT

Scarlett

Bonnie! Bonnie!

623

REVERSE SHOT - (SCARLETT IN F.G., SHOOTING DOWN THE STAIRS)

Bonnie galloping up the stairs and Rhett below in the hall.

Rhett looks up at Scarlett, sweeps off his hat in a wide gesture.

624

CLOSE SHOT - SCARLETT

She reacts to this - looks back at him in chagrin. But in a second Bonnie is in her arms and Scarlett is embracing her frantically.

Scarlett

Are you glad you're home, Bonnie?

Bonnie (showing her mother the kitten)

Daddy gave me a kitten! London's a horrid place. Where's my pony? I want to go out and see my pony!

(During this speech Scarlett hungrily clutches her child, speaking: "You've been away so long -- so long!")

Rhett has come up the stair to the scene. Scarlett meets his steady, resentful look. Her eyes fall.

Scarlett

Mammy will take you, Bonnie. Go along with Mammy.

Mammy drops a curtsy and leads Bonnie out of the scene.

Bonnie (on her way out)

Have you been riding my pony, Mammy?

Rhett comes to the top of the stair.

Rhett
Mrs. Butler, I believe.

Scarlett (smiling, glad to see him)
Mammy said you'd come back.

Rhett
Only to bring Bonnie home. Apparently any mother, even a bad one, is better for a child than none.

Scarlett (dismayed)
You mean you're going away again?

Rhett
What perception, Mrs. Butler. Right away. In fact, I left my bags at the station.

Scarlett (her face betraying her great disappointment)
Oh...

Rhett stands casually, his hand on his hip, and looks her over appraisingly from head to toe, and then back again to her face.

Rhett
You're looking pale, Mrs. Butler. Is there a shortage of rouge? Or can this wanness mean that you've been missing me?

Scarlett flinches under the first word. Now she steps in, angry.

Scarlett
It's because --
(she can't go on)

Rhett
Pray continue, Mrs. Butler.

Scarlett (blurting it out)
It's because I'm going to have a baby.

In spite of himself Rhett is startled and for a moment his supercilious expression drops. He takes a step forward as though to put his hand on her arm but she twists away from him and his former mood returns. Only for a moment has the shell disappeared.

Rhett
Indeed! Well, who's the happy father?

Scarlett clutches the banister.

Scarlett (her voice shaking with sick rage)
You know it's yours! And I don't want it any more than

Scarlett (cont'd)

you do! No woman would want the child of a cad like you! I wish -- I wish it was anybody's baby but yours!

Rhett's expression changes suddenly into an expression of violent anger. He is silent for a moment, then the old impassive mask is back again.

Rhett

Cheer up. Maybe you'll have an accident!

Scarlett stands appalled. Her fists clenching in rage as Rhett looks at her coolly. Then, after a moment, she lunges for him swift as a cat - but with a startled movement he side-steps her, throwing up his arm to ward her off. And as her arm with the whole weight of her body behind it strikes his out thrust arm, she loses her balance, makes a wild clutch for the banister and misses it. She rolls down the stairs backward.

635 LARGE CLOSE UP - RHETT'S FACE.

He is aghast as he sees what has happened.

636 LONG SHOT (SHOOTING DOWN THE STAIRS PAST RHETT)

As Scarlett(double) rolls over and over to the bottom of the flight.

637 CLOSE SHOT SCARLETT'S FACE

- distorted in torture as it rolls down the final steps.

638 LONG SHOT(Same angle as 636)

THE CAMERA ZOOMS down to Scarlett's unconscious form.

FADE OUT.

638A-

DISSOLVE IN:

INT. SCARLETT'S BEDROOM - CLOSE SHOT-SCARLETT - (NIGHT)

In bed, delirious, dimly lit by one lamp in the room.
She can barely be heard in her delirium.

Scarlett (very weakly whispering)

Rhett! I want Rhett!

The door opens and she turns slightly, eagerly, but in
agony. Mammy enters the room and approaches to her.

Mammy (very gently)

Did you call somebody, chile?

Scarlett

It's no use... it's no use...

Mammy places a cold cloth on Scarlett's forehead, and as
Scarlett lapses back into semi-consciousness, we

DISSOLVE TO:

638B

INT. HALL - EXT. SCARLETT'S DOOR - MORNING.

Rhett is waiting in the hallway outside the door as Aunt
Pitty comes out from Scarlett's room.

Rhett (looking up anxiously)

Is she better?

Aunt Pitty doesn't answer, just lowers her head. Rhett
reacts desperately to this.

Rhett (pitifully)

Has she... has she asked for me?

Aunt Pitty (avoiding his eyes)

You must understand... she's delirious.

Rhett controls his deep emotion and turns away. Aunt
Pitty leans over and touches his arm gently.

Aunt Pitty

You must try to get some sleep. You'll make yourself ill.

DISSOLVE TO

(Melanie-Rhett scene in
Rhett's room)

639

INT. RHETT'S ROOM -

BEDROOM WINDOW - RAINY NIGHT - CAMERA INSIDE

Against the window frame outside a loose shutter bangs methodically in the wind. The window is partially open and rain enters the room. CAMERA PANS to the bedroom wall showing the shadow of the gas chandelier swaying back and forth. CAMERA PANS FARTHER to the table where Rhett is seated with a whisky bottle and a glass in front of him. He has been drinking and shows it. At the moment he is fondling a pistol, gazing at it in a dazed, morose way. From the hall door, now in b.g., comes the sound of someone knocking gently. He pays no attention. The knock is repeated. The sound at last penetrates his consciousness. He drops the pistol in one of his riding boots, standing by the table, or in any convenient place. Unsteadily he rises and opens the door. Melanie stands there.

NOTE:

Pistol
business
entirely
optional.

Melanie

Dr. Meade's left.

Rhett (after a moment's silence, heavily, in a
dead tone)

Scarlett's dead.

640-644

CLOSE SHOT - MELANIE

Melanie (with a gentle, sympathetic smile)

Oh no, she's much better -- really she is.

CAMERA MOVES WITH MELANIE AS SHE GOES TO RHETT.

As she moves to him she realizes that he is completely
broken.

Melanie (comforting him)

There, there, Captain Butler, you're beside yourself. She'll
very soon be well again. I promise you.

He lifts his head pitifully and we see that there are
tears in his eyes. When he speaks it is the voice of a
man who has been through a torture of self-accusation,
and whose mind is clouded with liquor. His voice be-
trays the struggle he is going through to keep from
crying.

Melanie is at first utterly uncomprehending and utterly
maternal, but as the scene progresses, she is shocked in
spite of herself by the revelation of secret things.

Rhett

You don't understand. She didn't want this baby and ---

Melanie

Not want a baby? Why, every woman wants ---

Rhett

You want children. But she doesn't. Not my children! She
told me she didn't want any more children and I --

640-644

CONTINUED (2)

Rhett (continued)

I wanted to hurt her because she had hurt me! I wanted to -- and I did --

Melanie

Hush, Captain Butler. You mustn't tell me these things. It's not fit.

Rhett (continuing, heedless of her interruption)

I didn't know about this baby until the other day - when she fell. I tell you - if I'd only known I'd have come straight home - whether she wanted me home or not.

Melanie

Of course you would.

Rhett

And when she told me - there on the steps - what did I do? - What did I say? I laughed and I said --
(he breaks)

Melanie

You didn't mean it. I know you didn't mean it.

Rhett

But I did mean it! I was crazy with jealousy! She's never cared for me! I thought I could make her care. But I couldn't!

Melanie

You're so wrong. Scarlett loves you a great deal - much more than she knows.

Rhett

Oh, if that were only true!
(pitifully hopeful)
I could wait forever. If she'd only forgive me! Forget this ever happened...

Melanie (stroking his hair)

She will. You must be patient...

Rhett (his momentary hope vanishes as he suddenly recollects)

No, no! ... It's not possible! You don't understand... If you only knew who she really loved - but you wouldn't believe it, would you?
(looks into her eyes)

Melanie (after a moment's silence, meeting his gaze squarely)

Surely, you haven't listened to idle gossip? ... No, Captain Butler...

(she shakes her head)

...I wouldn't believe you.

(he lowers his eyes. She strokes his hair)

There, there. Scarlett's going to get well. And there can be other children.

640-644

CONTINUED (3)

Rhett

No, no. She couldn't...Even if she wanted to...after what she's been through...

Melanie

But of course she could. I'm going to --

Rhett looks at her, amazed.

Rhett

No, Miss Melly, no! You mustn't risk it! It's too dangerous.

Melanie

Children are life renewing itself, Captain Butler...And when life does that, danger seems very unimportant.

Rhett (looking up at her slowly - moved,
touched, comforted, quieted)

I've never before known anyone who was really brave! I pray God things may go well with you, Miss Melly, and I thank you for all you've done for me, and for Scarlett. From my heart I thank you.

He takes her hand and kisses it. She lays her other hand on his head as though in benediction.

FADE OUT.

645

EXT. LONG SHOT - BUTLER TERRACE AND GARDEN -
DAY (COSGROVE)

Scarlett (double) dressed in a blue negligee, is stretched out in an easy chair with blankets around her and pillows at her back. Rhett enters from the house.

646

CLOSE SHOT - RHETT AND SCARLETT

Scarlett is pale and drawn from the agonies of the miscarriage from which she is recuperating. She gives Rhett one look as he approaches her, turns her face and shrinks away from him.

A moment of silence, then:

Rhett

I've come to ask your forgiveness. In the hope that we can give our life together another chance.

He is contrite, simple, serious - completely without any affectation of cynicism or any distrust of Scarlett. He is the simplest and most sincere he has been in his whole life.

Scarlett (without looking at him, sarcastically)
Our life -- together? When did we ever have a life together?

Rhett lowers his eyes. He is determined to take full blame and not to let anything Scarlett may say to him upset his final hopes.

Rhett

You're right, Scarlett. But if we could only try again - I'm sure we could be happy.

Scarlett

What is there to make us happy now?

Rhett (simply)

There's Bonnie... and ...

(quietly and simply)

I love you, Scarlett.

Scarlett (jeeringly)

When did you discover that?

Rhett

I've always loved you, but you've never given me a chance to show it...

During his speech Scarlett has been moved just a shade, despite her will not to be moved.

Scarlett (after a moment, not so bitterly)

And just what do you want me to do?

Rhett

Well...to begin with...give up the mill, Scarlett, please. We'll go away. We'll take Bonnie with us and we'll have another honeymoon.

646

CONTINUED (2)

Scarlett (indignantly, her momentary softness exploded)

Give up the mill! Why on earth should I? It's making more money than it ever did!

Rhett (patiently)

Yes -- I know. But we don't need it. Sell it, Scarlett. Or better yet, give it to Ashley. Melanie's been such a friend to both of us --

Scarlett

Melanie! Always Melanie! If you'd think a little more about me --

Rhett

I am thinking of you. And I'm thinking that -- well -- maybe it's the mill that's taking you away from me -- and from Bonnie.

Scarlett (blowing up)

I know what you're thinking. And don't try to use Bonnie in this. You're the one that's taking Bonnie away from me.

Rhett

But, Scarlett, she loves you --

Scarlett (not listening)

You've done everything possible to make her love you and not me. Why, she's so spoiled now that --

Bonnie's voice

Mother! Daddy! Watch me!

They look off.

647-648

EXT. GARDEN AND TERRACE

Bonnie on her pony, calls to them from the garden. She is riding side-saddle now, and wears a blue velvet riding habit with long flowing skirt and a plumed hat.

Scarlett

We're watching, dear.

(She looks at Bonnie admiringly)

And you're mighty pretty, precious.

Bonnie (generously)

So are you. ... I'm going to jump. Watch me, Daddy!

Rhett

I don't think you ought to do much jumping yet, Bonnie. Remember you've only just learned to ride side-saddle.

Bonnie

I will so jump! I can jump better than ever because I've grown. And I've moved the bar higher -- much, much higher!

Scarlett (alarmed)

Don't let her do it, Rhett.

Rhett (tolerantly)

Oh no, you can't Bonnie. That pony's legs aren't long enough.

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CONTINUED:

Bonnie

They are so long enough! I jumped Aunt Molly's rose bushes, didn't I? And they're 'normously high!

Rhett (with a laugh)

Well --- if you fall off, don't cry and blame me.

649

CLOSE SHOT - BONNIE

- sticking her heels into the pony's ribs and starting across the grounds, emitting a terrific yell.

650

CLOSE SHOT - SCARLETT AND RHETT

Scarlett (rising and protesting as strongly as her condition permits)

No, Bonnie, no! Rhett, stop her!

Rhett looks at Scarlett, realizes she is seriously concerned, turns and shouts:

Rhett

Bonnie!

651

CLOSE UP - BONNIE

Her eyes blazing delightedly in anticipation of the thrill she is about to get from the jump.

Bonnie

Watch me!

652

CLOSE SHOT - SCARLETT

She sinks back in her chair.

Scarlett (with annoyance)

She's just like Pa!

Suddenly terror comes into her face as she realizes the parallel. Instinctively she knows what is about to happen

Scarlett (terrified)

Just like Pa!

But it is too late. We hear Rhett's terrified voice:

Rhett's voice

Bonnie! Bonnie!

653

ANGLE AT THE HURDLE

As the pony runs up to the hurdle.

654

LARGE CLOSE UP - BONNIE

Her face coming into CAMERA, and her mouth and eyes widening in terror as the pony stops short, refusing the jump.

655

ANGLE AT HURDLE

The pony stopped short, Bonnie is thrown over his head, her little body hitting the ground flat on its back. The pony turns and gallops off in panic, kicking up splinters from the shattered bar with his hooves.

656

CLOSE SHOT - NEAR THE JUMP

Bonnie's body lies in front of the jump splinters of wood from the hurdle beside her. Her face is cut and scarred, her eyes are closed. She is dead.

As Rhett runs in and picks up the little body, and as we hear Scarlett's screams off scene, we

FADE OUT.

657

FADE IN: NIGHT

CLOSE SHOT - SMALL SPRAY OF WHITE ROSEBUDS WITH WHITE CREPE STREAMERS - ON DOOR OF THE BUTLER HOUSE

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Melanie standing waiting nervously OUTSIDE THE DOOR TO THE BUTLER HOUSE.

The door opens and she is admitted by Mammy, who is dressed entirely in black, her face puckered in sad bewilderment.

Mammy

Lawsy, Miss Melly, Ah's glad you'se come!

658-660

INT. HALL -

as Melanie enters and Mammy closes the door behind her. She helps Melanie shed her wrap and gloves, Melanie talking the while:

Melanie (sadly, looking around)

This house won't seem the same without Bonnie ... How's Miss Scarlett bearing up?

Mammy

Miss Melly, disyere done broke her heart. But Ah din' fetch you here on Miss Scarlett's account. Whut dat chile got ter stand, de good Lawd give her strength ter stand. It's Mist' Rhett Ah's worried 'bout.

(tears flow down her face; she lifts the hem of her black skirt and dries her eyes)

He done lost his mind dese last couple o' days.

Melanie

No, Mammy! No!

Mammy starts toward the stairs and Melanie accompanies her, CAMERA FOLLOWING WITH THEM.

Mammy

Ah ain' never seed no man, black or white, set sech a store by any chile. An' when Doctah Meade say her neck broke... (she stops at the memory of the awful moment) ..Mist' Rhett, he grab his gun and run right out an' shoot dat po' pony -- an' fer a minit Ah think he gwine shoot hisseff.

Tears fall again but this time Mammy doesn't bother to wipe them away. Tears come to Melanie's eyes also.

Melanie

Poor Captain Butler!

Mammy

Yas'm. An' Miss Scarlett, she call him a murderer fer teachin' dat chile to jump. She say, 'Give me mah baby whut you killt.' And he say Miss Scarlett hadn't neber keered nuthin' 'bout Miss Bonnie ... It lak ter turn mah blood cold, whut dey say ter one 'nother.

Melanie

Stop, Mammy! Don't tell me any more!

Mammy

An' dat night, Mist' Rhett lock hisseff in de nuss'ry wid Miss Bonnie an' he didn' open de do' even when Miss Scarlett beat on it an' hollered ter him. An' dat's de way it's been fer two days.

Melanie (horror-stricken)

Oh, Mammy!

Mammy (nods ominously and shivers)

An' den dis evenin' Miss Scarlett shouts through de do' dat de fune'll set fer termorrer mawnin' an' he say, 'Try dat an' Ah kills you termorrer. Does you think Ah's gwine put mah chile away in de dahk when she's so 'fraid of it?'

Mammy and Melanie have reached the head of the stairs, and the scene continues on the landing.

Melanie (distracted and grief stricken herself)

Mammy, Mammy, he has lost his mind!

Mammy

Yes, it's de Gawd's truff...He ain' gwine let us bury dat chile. You gotter help us, Miss Melly.

Melanie

But I can't intrude.

Mammy

Ef you cain' help us, who kin? Mist' Rhett always set great store by yo' 'pinion.

Melanie steels herself, terrified at the prospect of what she has to do, but realizing that she must do it. She stands a moment while Mammy looks at her pleadingly.

Melanie

I'll do what I can, Mammy.

(she goes to the door of Rhett's room and knocks softly)

Rhett's Voice

Get away from that door and leave us alone!

Melanie (she knocks again)

It's Mrs. Wilkes, Captain Butler. Please let me in. I've come to see Bonnie.

A pause, then the door is opened quickly from within and the drunken bulk of Rhett's figure, his face unshaven, haggard, looks huge and dark against the blazing forest of candles around Bonnie's bier. Grotesque shadows play on the gaily decorated walls of the nursery.

Mammy shrinks back into the window recess of the landing as Rhett looks down on Melanie for a moment; then grasps her arm and pulls her into the room, shutting the door.

CONTINUED:

658-660

CONTINUED (3)

Mammy emerges, watches a second, and then slowly, ponderously, sinks down on her knees, raising her hands and her eyes in silent prayer.

DISSOLVE TO:

661

INT. HALL - LATER THAT NIGHT
CLOSE SHOT - NURSERY DOOR

It opens and Melanie slips out. Before she closes the door quietly behind her, we see Rhett's figure in the background in the nursery, seated next to the bier, his head resting on his arm.

Mammy steps forward to Melanie from where she has been sitting in the recess. Melanie stands swaying a little, supporting herself on the doorknob. She speaks steadily, but seemingly with a little difficulty.

Melanie

I want you to go make a great deal of strong coffee, Mammy. And bring it up here to Captain Butler. I'll go and see Miss Scarlett ..

Mammy (eager for news of what has happened)

But -- ?

Melanie

Captain Butler is quite willing for the funeral...to take place...tomorrow morning..

The steadiness of her voice has not wavered, but the volume has diminished.

Mammy (raising her eyes)

Hallelujah! Ah 'specks de angels fights on yo' side, Miss Melly.

She lowers her eyes just in time to see Melanie struggle to avoid collapsing. Melanie falls forward on the floor.

Mammy (terrified)

Miss Melly! Miss Melly!

She quickly stoops down and puts her arm around Melanie for support.

661 A

CLOSE TWO SHOT

Melanie opens her eyes. Even now her competence asserts itself.

Melanie

Send for Doctor Meade, please, Mammy. And try -- try to get me home.

As she closes her eyes again, we

662

DISSOLVE IN:
INT. MELANIE'S PARLOR - NIGHT - (AUTUMN 1872)

Aunt Pitty, Scarlett and India sit at the table.
Beau's head is in his father's lap. Aunt Pitty
dabs her eyes. India is rigid. Rhett sits apart.
There is a fire in the grate.

A moment of silence broken only by Beau's sobbing.

Scarlett turns to Rhett.

Scarlett (a whisper)
But, Rhett, she can't be dying! She can't be!

Rhett (low)
She hasn't your strength. She's never had any strength.
She's never had anything but heart.

Ashley (looks up and turns to Rhett)
You knew that, too.

A gesture from Rhett as though to say "Who could
not have known it?"

Dr. Meade enters from the bedroom.

Dr. Meade
You may come in now, Scarlett.

India (goes to the doctor and puts her
hand on his sleeve)
Doctor, let me see her for a moment. I've been here
since morning. I want to tell her -- that I was wrong
about something.

Dr. Meade
She knows you were wrong.
(turns to Scarlett)
She wants to see Scarlett.
(He leads Scarlett into the hallway.)

663

HALLWAY

As Dr. Meade and Scarlett enter.

Dr. Meade
Miss Melly's going to die comfortably. I won't have
you easing your conscience by telling her things that
make no difference now! Understand?

Scarlett stops him with a gesture. Dr. Meade gives
her a little push into the bedroom and closes the
door after her.

664

INT. MELANIE'S BEDROOM

Melanie is lying very still on the bed. Her closed
eyes are sunken in twin purple circles. Her face

1b

CONTINUED:

Melanie (very faint)
Promise me...

Scarlett
What else, Melly?

Melanie
Captain Butler. Be kind to him.

Scarlett (surprised)
Rhett?

Melanie
He loves you so.

Scarlett
Yes, Melly.

Melanie
Goodbye.

Scarlett
Goodbye, Melly.

She bends over and kisses Melanie's forehead, then draws back. The eyes are closed again. A last look at Melanie then Scarlett goes. Dr. Meade follows her to the door.

665

INT. PARLOR

Scarlett and Dr. Meade enter. India and Aunt Pitty and Beau are standing now. Ashley sits at the table. Rhett looks on from the hall.

Dr. Meade (to the others)
You ladies may come in now and bring the child.

They go in with Beau. The women hold their skirts close to their sides to keep them from rustling.

Scarlett (calls to Ashley)
Oh, Ashley!

Ashley displays a worn glove.

Ashley
I don't know where the mate to this is. She must have put it away.

666

CLOSE SHOT - RHETT

The part he has played in this tragedy comes home to him. His eyes close.

667

TWO SHOT - SCARLETT AND ASHLEY

Ashley is looking pleadingly at her. Suddenly he is conscious of Rhett's presence and turns his eyes to him as though begging him to leave them alone.

668

CLOSE SHOT - RHETT

Rhett understands, bows and goes out the front door, closing it softly after him.

669

TWO SHOT - ASHLEY AND SCARLETT

Immediately Rhett is gone Ashley clutches Scarlett, pressing his head against her heart.

Scarlett

Oh, Ashley, I'm frightened! I'm so frightened!

Ashley (looks up at her, startled)

I wanted you. I would have run out of the house to find you. And here you are like a child, running frightened to me. Oh, Scarlett! What can I do? I can't live without her!

She looks at him, then the truth of things as they are comes clear to her.

Scarlett

Why, Ashley! You love her, don't you?

Ashley

She's the only dream I ever had that didn't die in the face of reality.

She backs away from him.

Scarlett

Dreams! Always dreams! Oh, for me, too. I admit it. I should have known years ago that you loved her and not me! Why didn't I? Everything would have been so different! But I wait till now, till she's dying, to find it out! I should have seen I could never have been anything more to you than ... well, than this Watling woman is to Rhett!

"Ashley winces at her words, but his eyes still meet hers, imploring silence, comfort. Every line of his face admitted the truth of her words. The very droop of his shoulders showed that his own self-castigation was more cruel than any she could give. He stood silent before her, clutching the glove as though it were an understanding hand and, in the stillness that followed her words, her indignation fell away and pity tinged with contempt, took its place."

Scarlett (continuing)

And I've loved something I made up - something that never really existed! Somehow it doesn't matter now. It doesn't matter one bit.

Ashley bonds his head sobbing. She takes him in her arms, tiptoe, to bring his cheek against hers, and smooths the back of his hair.

Scarlett

Don't cry, Ashley. She mustn't see you've been crying!

Dr. Meade enters.

Dr. Meade

Ashley!

Ashley starts up. Dr. Meade only snaps his fingers.
Ashley goes in quickly. The door is left open.
Scarlett stands listening. A cry of real anguish:

Ashley (o.s.)

Melly! Melly!

Just the least sound from the motionless Scarlett.
India comes out of the bedroom, sobbing in the most
uncontrollable grief. She goes past Scarlett to
throw herself on the sofa. Aunt Pitty follows and
goes apart, crying. Then Dr. Meade comes and closes
the door after him. Scarlett looks at the three,
then suddenly comes to life.

Scarlett

Rhett!

(she looks for him and sees that the hall is
empty. She goes to the hall)

Rhett! Where are you?

(she goes out through the open door, calling)

Rhett! Wait for me! Wait, Rhett!

(her voice dies out in the distance.)

CUT TO:

670

EXT. DOOR TO MELANIE'S HOUSE - MIST

(To cut in at point where Scarlett reaches door and to replace that part of it which was shot from the interior showing the exterior.)

Scarlett (as she throws open the door)
Rhett! Where are you! Rhett! Rhett!

It is grey and there is a heavy mist.

Scarlett enters into the mist and is almost completely enveloped by it, so that we see only her face and part of her black dress in it. We hear her voice:

Scarlett's voice
Rhett! Rhett!

671
672
673

TROLLY SHOT - IN FRONT OF SCARLETT GOING UP THE HILL

The most we ever see of her through the mist is a bit of her dress and her face, and even these are lost occasionally as we trolly before her, up, up, up the hill.

INTERCUT with this is a REVERSE ON HER BACK

In these angles she peers through the mist, attempting to see through it. She is frantic, eager to get home.

Her tempo accelerates as she gets higher on the hill.

Her hair becomes slightly awry, and she becomes increasingly breathless as she nears the top of the hill.

Also INTERCUT WITH THIS should be a LARGE CLOSEUP of her, also trollying in front of her.

674

CLOSEUP SCARLETT THROUGH THE MIST

As she nears the top of the hill the realization comes to her that she is in love with Rhett. And to her unthinking feeling of panic in her chase of him, there is added first a clarifying of her emotions which we read on her face, which slowly changes to joy at the realization of her emotions. And where before she had called to him and searched for him without knowing why, now her pace accelerates still further and she runs with eagerness and ecstasy to the man that she knows she loves.

Scarlett
I love him ... I love Rhett ... I don't know how long I've loved him, but it's true! ... If it hadn't been for Ashley I'd have realized it long ago ... Rhett! ... I love Rhett!...

(NOTE: This walk should be enormously over-shot in all angles in order to have footage for an effect which we will attempt as follows:

(674 A-F) A SERIES OF DISSOLVES

- over the latter part of Scarlett's walk, preceding and during Scarlett's realization of her love for Rhett.

This will be superimposed over the walk, possibly including Scarlett's Close Up (674); or it may be that we will eliminate that part of her Close Up in which she talks and use only the sound track to get a "Strange Interlude" type of effect.

This series of Dissolves will be short and silent repeats, half obscured by the mist over which they are superimposed, both on the film and in Scarlett's mind, of the moments in her life when Rhett has come to her help, has been kind to her, has stood by her. These will be selected from the following:

1. Comforting her in the doorway of Pittypat's home the moment of his arrival the night of the fire;
2. Riding through the fire;
3. Kissing her in the proposal scene;
4. One of the honeymoon shots;
5. Kissing her neck in front of the mirror in her bedroom;
6. Pleading with her for understanding on the terrace before Bonnie's death.

CUT TO:

675

LONG SHOT - BEHIND SCARLETT - (COSGROVE)

She reaches the top of the hill. Through the mist we see the outline of her home - hers and Rhett's (Cosgrove). Two or three burning lights in it are visible through the heavy early morning mist.

Scarlett catches up her skirts and begins to run lightly. The mist is lifting.

CUT TO:

676

EXTERIOR DOOR TO BUTLER HOUSE - CLOSE SHOT

The mist is lifting. The door is slightly ajar. Scarlett pushes it open eagerly and as the CAMERA GOES BEHIND HER, she calls:

Scarlett

Rhett! Rhett!

She looks from right to left and moving around the great hall. But there is no answer. She starts up the stairs calling:

676

CONTINUED (2)

Scarlett

Rhett! Rhett!

677

SIDE ANGLE

Scarlett half way up the stairs.

Scarlett

Rhett! Where are you?

678

ANGLE SHOOTING DOWN THE STAIRS

Scarlett has reached the top of the stairs.

Scarlett

Rhett! Rhett!

She goes to the door to Rhett's room and throws it open without knocking. She stops short.

679

INT. RHETT'S ROOM - (FROM SCARLETT'S ANGLE)

He sits morosely in a chair. Beside him is a decanter and a glass, but the glass is unused and the stopper is in place. He turns slowly and looks at her steadily. There is no mockery in his eyes. His emotion is that of a man who is saddened, first by the passing of Melanie for whom he has had deep feeling, and second by the realization that an important phase of his life is ended.

Rhett (quietly)

Come and sit down. Melanie ... she is ... ?

Scarlett nods. She enters slowly and uncertainly. Without rising, Rhett pushes back a chair with his foot. She sinks into it.

Rhett (heavily)

Well ... God rest her. She was the only completely kind person I ever knew...A great lady...a very great lady.

Scarlett shivers slightly. It is difficult for her to say what is in her heart. Rhett's eyes come back to her. He speaks again. This time his voice is changed and he is now light and cool, more like himself.

Rhett

So she's dead. That makes it nice for you, doesn't it?

Scarlett is stunned and tears come to her eyes.

Scarlett

Oh, how can you say such a thing! You know how I loved her!

Rhett

No, I can't say I did. But at least it's to your credit that you could appreciate her at the end.

Scarlett

Of course I appreciated her! She thought of everybody except herself -- why, her last words were about you.

Rhett turns to her. There is genuine feeling in his eyes.

Rhett (after a moment, quietly; he again drops his mockery)

What did she say?

Scarlett

She said, "Be kind to Captain Butler. He loves you so."

Rhett drops his eyes. Suddenly he rises and goes to the window.

Rhett

Did she say anything else?

Scarlett

She said - she asked me to look after Ashley, too.

He is silent for a moment, and then he laughs softly.

Rhett

It's convenient to have the first wife's permission, isn't it?

He walks out of the shot.

Scarlett

What do you mean?

(Suddenly she sees something)

Rhett! What are you doing?

680

RHETT - IN ANOTHER PART OF THE ROOM

He is standing over a partly packed bag in a part of the room which we have not yet photographed in this sequence, and which Scarlett has not yet seen in this sequence. He is throwing into the bag toilet articles and a few other small things.

Scarlett rises to her feet, frantically.

Rhett (continuing with his packing)

I'm leaving you forever....All you need now is a divorce - and your dreams of Ashley can come true.

Scarlett

Divorce? No! No!

(She runs to him)

Oh, you're wrong! Terribly wrong! I don't want a divorce - I --

(following Rhett's steps as he packs)

Scarlett (cont'd)

Oh, Rhett, tonight when I knew - when I knew I loved you I ran home to tell you - Oh, darling, I ---

Rhett

Scarlett, please don't go on with this. Leave us some dignity to remember out of our marriage. Spare us this last.

(he continues packing)

Scarlett

"This last?" ... But, Rhett, listen to me! Rhett, I must have loved you for years and I was such a stupid fool I didn't know it. Rhett, you must believe me!

Rhett (stops and turns, satirically)

And what about Ashley Wilkes?

Scarlett (impatiently)

Ashley!...I'm sure I haven't cared anything about him for ages. He's so helpless and so weak...

Rhett

No. If you finally see Ashley as he really is, at least do him justice. He's only a man caught in a world he doesn't belong in, trying to make the best of it by the rules of a world that's gone.

Scarlett

Oh, Rhett, what does he matter now? Aren't you glad that I -- You must care! Melly said you did.

Rhett

She was right as far as she knew. But, Scarlett, did it ever occur to you that even the most deathless love could wear out?

Scarlett

But love can't wear out!

Rhett (stops packing again, laughs a bit rather bitterly)

How like you, Scarlett, to believe that! You're so brutal to those who love you. You take their love and hold it over their heads like a whip ... No, Scarlett, I tried everything, and if you'd only met me half way, even when I came back from London...

Scarlett

Oh, Rhett, I was so glad to see you! I was, Rhett! But you were so nasty!

Rhett

And when you were sick and it was all my fault, I hoped against hope that you'd call me, but you didn't.

Scarlett

Oh, I did want you, Rhett - I wanted you desperately! But I didn't think you wanted me.

Rhett

Oh, well. It seems we've been at cross purposes, doesn't it? But it's no use now. As long as there was Bonnie there was a chance we might be happy. I liked to think that Bonnie was you, a little girl again, before the war and poverty had done things to you. She was so like you - and I could pet her and spoil her, as I wanted to spoil you ... When she went, she took everything.

(finished packing, he closes his bag)

Scarlett (crying frantically)

Rhett, please don't say that! I'm so sorry for everything --

Rhett

My darling, you're such a child. You think that by saying "I'm sorry," all the errors and all the hurts can be corrected ... Here, take my handkerchief. Never, at any crisis of your life, have I known you to have a handkerchief.

She takes the handkerchief, blows her nose and sits down. Rhett picks up his bag, goes to the door, and exits. Scarlett leaps up and runs after him.

681

INT. HALL

Scarlett runs out to Rhett on the landing, crying:

Scarlett

Rhett! Rhett! You're deserting me!

Rhett continues on down the stairs, Scarlett following him.

Rhett

Don't be the neglected, dramatic wife, Scarlett. The role isn't becoming.

Scarlett

But where are you going?

Rhett

I'm going to Charleston, back where I was born.

Scarlett

Please - take me with you!

Rhett

No. I'm through with everything here. I want something different - something, my dear, that I'm afraid you can't give me.

Scarlett

But what - what is it you want?

They have now reached the bottom of the stairs. Rhett sets down his bag, stops, and looks at Scarlett.

Rhett (with a far-away look; it is a new Rhett
--new to us and new to him)

I want peace, Scarlett...peace - and a little dignity. I want
to see if there isn't something left in life of charm and
grace...

(with just a trace of amusement)

Do you know what I'm talking about?

Scarlett

No. All I know is that I love you.

Rhett (picking up his bag)

That's your misfortune.

(goes toward the door)

Scarlett (after him)

But, darling, if you go away, what shall I do? Where shall I
go?

Rhett (at the door)

I wish I could care what you do or where you go, but I can't.

(opens the door)

Frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn.

He goes out into the mist, Scarlett looking after him.

682 (CLOSE SHOT - SCARLETT

Shoot (She is left stunned. She looks around, crushed by this
also (blow, and speaks aloud:

the (Scarlett

alter- (But I can't let him go! There must be some way I can hold him!

nate ((she walks around the room thinking, moving jerkily

ending (and without design)

to this (But I can't think about that now! I'll go crazy if I do!...I'll

sequence (think about it tomorrow...

on page

#251 (But the thought of it will not drown. She throws herself
(on the stairs, defeated and with nothing to look forward
(to. She lies face down with her head on her hands. CAMERA
(MOVES UP TO A CLOSE UP of Scarlett sobbing and HOLDS FOR
(A MOMENT:

Scarlett

But I must think about it! I must think about it! What is
there to do? What is there that matters?

Suddenly on the sound track we hear Gerald's voice:

Gerald's voice

Do you mean to tell me, Katie Scarlett O'Hara, that Tara
doesn't mean anything to you?

Scarlett's sobbing ceases. She lifts her tear-stained
face slowly, but does not rise.

Gerald's voice (continues)

Why, land's the only thing that matters - because it's the
only thing that lasts.

This thought commences to be absorbed by Scarlett's grief stricken brain. Suddenly there is another voice:

Ashley's voice
Something you love better than me, though you may not know it
-- Tara!

Scarlett absorbs the thought a little more. There is a third voice:

Rhett's voice
It's this from which you get your strength - this - the red earth of Tara.

Slowly Scarlett rises from the stairs. We hear again the three voices in succession. This time they speak a little faster and the volume is a little greater - and the space between them a little less.

Gerald's voice
Why, land's the only thing that matters - because it's the only thing that lasts.

Ashley's voice
Something you love better than me, though you may not know it - Tara!

Rhett's voice
It's this from which you get your strength - this - the red earth of Tara.

Scarlett walks slowly across the hall, thinking, thinking. Once again we hear the three voices repeating the same lines. The volume is still louder, the space between them still less, the speed of their repetition still faster:

Gerald's voice
Why, land's the only thing that matters ---

Ashley's voice
Something you love better than me, --

Rhett's voice
The red earth of Tara.

CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY UP to a LARGE CLOSE UP of SCARLETT'S FACE as we hear:

Gerald's voice
Tara!
Ashley's voice (louder than Gerald's)
Tara!
Rhett's voice (louder than either)
Tara!

And we

DISSOLVE TO:

(SCENE 683 AT TARA)

CLOSE SHOT - SCARLETT

She is left stunned. She stands listening to him go down the stairs - listening to the front door closing behind him. She looks around, crushed by this blow, and speaks aloud:

Scarlett

But I can't let him go! There must be some way I can hold him!

She walks around the room thinking, moving jerkily and without design until suddenly she stops. AS THE CAMERA MOVES UP TO HER:

Scarlett

But I can't think about that now! I'll go crazy if I do!...I'll think about it tomorrow. I'll go home to Tara and I'll think of some way to get him back! After all, tomorrow is - another day!

CAMERA MOVES IN TO AN EXTREMELY LARGE CLOSE UP of SCARLETT'S FACE, as we either Fade Out for the end of the picture, or Dissolve to the Tag at Tara.

XX

683

DISSOLVE IN:

FULL SHOT - TARA LANDSCAPE - SUNSET

-with the huge tree where Gerald has spoken to Scarlett. From behind the hill comes the silhouetted figure of Scarlett (double), until she stands outlined along the sky. She turns halfway and stands looking over the broad acres. Wind blows her skirts slightly.

684

CLOSE UP - SCARLETT

The sunset rim-lights her face. She is ecstatic with the realization that she still has what is most deeply rooted in her affections.

685

BACK TO SUNSET SHOT

CAMERA DRAWS BACK as we once did on Scarlett and Gerald, until the tiny silhouetted figure of Scarlett is outlined against Gerald's Tara.

FADE OUT.

ALTERNATE ENDING:

684 A

CLOSE UP - SCARLETT

(When shooting the Close Up indicated in 684 above, add to it in such a manner that it can be dropped, the following line:)

Scarlett (raising her chin)

Rhett!...Rhett!...You'll come back. You'll come back...I know you will!...

(CUT BACK TO 685, and FADE OUT.)

